

**To Live a Normal Life? How preposterous!**  
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[John Egbert/Dave Strider](#), [Cronus Ampora/Kankri Vantas](#), [Dave's Bro | Beta Dirk Strider/John Egbert](#), [Jake English/Karkat Vantas \(Pale\)](#), [Karkat Vantas/Sollux Captor](#), [Dirk Strider/Jake English](#)

**Character:**

[John Egbert](#), [Dave Strider](#), [Dirk Strider](#), [Dave's Bro | Beta Dirk Strider](#), [Jane Crocker](#), [Jake English](#), [Rose Lalonde](#), [Roxy Lalonde](#), [Dad Egbert](#), [Dad Crocker](#), [The Trolls \(Homestuck\)](#), [Karkat Vantas](#), [Rose's Mom | Beta Roxy Lalonde](#), [Grandpa Harley | Beta Jake English](#), [Jade Harley](#), [Dammek \(Hiveswap\)](#), [Xefros Tritoh](#)

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[out over Karkat's self-harming and misunderstandings](#), [Karkat being so done](#), [Jake is there to help but he's not really helping](#), [Jake is a good moirail though](#), [The adults are concerned](#), [Pale Romance](#) | [Moirallegiance](#), [Flushed Romance](#) | [Matesprits](#), [Caliginous Romance](#) | [Kismesis](#), [Ashen Romance](#) | [Auspistice](#), [Social Media](#)

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# To Live a Normal Life? How preposterous!

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

## Summary

They had did it, they had won... so why don't the other's remember? Why are they back on earth with their powers? What the hell is going on?

John, Dave, Jake, Roxy and Karkat are the only ones who remember the game. That and their powers are still with them and they seem to be in another goddamn universe, so many things are different. They have families now that don't know anything about the game, Dave having to deal with two brothers at the same time now and John dealing having his dad back things are hard for the 5 of them and watch them try to live a *somewhat* normal life.

However it seems that their fighting days aren't over as the Condesce keeps sending drones and imps keep appearing! So they form a secret group that will try their hardest to keep Earth safe!

But the Condesce is coming and their friends and family become more and more suspicious, oh how their lives are soo complicated!

# They Didn't Lose, But They Didn't Win Either

~~~~~\*~~~~~

They were all smiling as he opened the door, they were finally done. They were finally free!

Or...

So they thought they were. Turns out, not all of them made it to the other side completely and the universe that they claimed as their prize was very different.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Dave gasped as he sat awoke, his eyes frantic as he looked around the dark room in disbelief "Wha.." he trailed off as he looked around even more. It almost looked like his old room from his old apartment, only less wires and shit. His mind was going a mile per minute and his breathing was getting faster 'What the hell' he thought and forced himself to calm down.

He took in a deep breath and got of his bed, *his sheets were still there and not being worn by the local nakodiles*, and looked into the mirror of his room. He twitched, he de-aged. He had been a ripe 19 before in the game, now he looked to be around what, 15? 16?

'16' his mind whispered and the time player lurched forward, groaning and clutching his head as his head mentally bursts with another set of memories.

'Shit' he thought faintly and didn't hear his door creak open and was too busy nursing his aching head against the smooth and cold mirror.

"Yo Dave, you alright there?"

He froze and looked back, ignoring the headache for now. It sounded like Dirk... but it wasn't. His breath hitched as the light from the outside of his

room poured into his own dark room, the dude that opened his door and letting in the light was someone he thought he would never see again. *Not after he fucking died.*

"Bro..." he whispered and winced as his brain lurched and groaned into his hand, his 'Bro' looked alarmed and entered the room completely.

"Fuck, dude. You alright? Wha's the matter wit' you?" Bro asked and Dave bit back a pained groan or maybe it was a sob? He didn't know he didn't want it coming out of his mouth.

"M'fine" Dave mumbled out and quietly groaned when Bro laid a hand on his shoulder, the elder looked at him sternly "The fuck you are" was what he got in reply. He

"The fuck's wrong with him" Now *that* sounded like Dirk, and this time it was. Both males looked up to see Dirk leaning against the door's frame with a frown, it was then that Dave noticed that they were all shade-less aka no shades were adorning their faces.

*'What the fuck? My shades... I still wear my shades here, them too, fuuuck this fucking sucks shit, hurts too'* Dave thought distractedly as Dirk entered his room as well, both Bro and Dirk were talking to each other but Dave wasn't listening.

"I have no fucking idea, he was like this when I opened the door"

"Really? Dave, fuck bro you look like hell, you listening to us?"

Dave breathed through his nose and nodded "Yeah, m'fine though. Just, give me a minute" he told them biting back a groan as his brain let out another wave of pain and information. He was hella in deep shit and fuckery right now. Both brothers sent him a deadpanned look *'Like Hell You Are!'* it said.

He ignored that and shrugged off their concern and went out his room, still dressed in a plain shit and red boxers that he woke up in. He needed a glass

of water, to clear his head, *and to find out if anyone else was in the same shit he was in.*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

There were in fact 4 people who were experiencing the *same shit* as he was in.

Roxy stared at her 'mother' and her 'mother', her 'mother' as in 'daughter-sister-mother' but her mind was saying 'older-sister' was quietly asking if she was alright while her 'mother' as in 'mother-her-beta' who was drunk but still sober enough to ask if she was alright as well. She wanted and probably needed a drink, like *right now*.

Jake was in his bathroom staring down at his hands as his head ran through another set of memories that he seemed to gain, *memories that shouldn't really exist*. Jade his 'grandmother-sister-daughter' was his 'older-sister' now in his head clearly from his memories but now he also had a grandfather as in 'grandfather-him-beta' who wasn't dead and they weren't even living on an island! He needed someone to talk to about this, *right now*.

Karkat stared at himself in the mirror, mouthing curses as he clutched his head in pain and confusion and probably some fear. He was human, *but he isn't supposed to be human* but his memories kept insisting both! Fuck! He growled and landed his forehead against the mirror with a quiet thud, he didn't want to wake up his *family*. He had a family now, and they were human and they weren't supposed to be human as they were supposed to be his dancestor and ancestor! He needed to talk with Egderp and Stride-ass like *right fucking now*.

John clutched at his pillow, whimpering in pain, sadness, confusion and fuck his mind was hurting but he kept quiet as his previously *dead* dad was sleeping and he didn't want to wake him up. His heart clenched as he remembered seeing his own father's *corpse* just laying on the ground and, *fuck*. His head was swirling and he was in turmoil and he was barely keeping his powers under control, *why does he still have his powers?!*, as wind circled around the room. He needed to talk to someone, most preferably Dave, *right now before he causes a tornado in the middle of*

*fucking summer*. Oh and apparently his 'daughter-grandma-sister' was now his cousin.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Dave laid on top of the roof, staring at the sky. His mind still racing despite its previous pain this early morning. It was now just morning but still quite early. His 'brothers' still asked what was wrong and he just told them he was fine.

He wasn't.

A frustrated noise blocked his throat as his fists clenched, the 19-now-16 year old was *really fucking frustrated*. He had two sets of memories, his God Tier Powers were still a thing, he *has* his sylladex but according to the new set of memories there was *no such thing* and ***his dead bro is alive and Dirk is his actual little brother***. Sure there were a lot of statements to that but right now he just wanted to know what in fuck's name was going on.

"Hey"

He continued looking at the sky, he knew who it was. He sensed him coming in, without looking he replied with a deadpanned "Hey".

His future-self, dressed in their God Tier clothes no less, sat himself down besides him. There was a brief silence before he broke it.

"So" Dave started "Who's in the same shit as we are? Or are we alone in this fuckery, tried Rose but she thought I was being, you know, *me* and shit but she obviously doesn't remember or know. Jade too, she thinks I'm messing with her and Joh won't answer his pesterchum" he said if a little bitter of everything.

"Yeah, things are fucked up and weird. Bro and Dirk have no fucking clue, don't tell them about this shit for now. Also, there are 4 others that are in the same fuckery and shit we're in. Roxy, Jake, Karkat and finally John. John's not answering right now because he's dealing with it all badly and is going to cause a giant fucking tornado storm soon if you don't get your ass over to

his ass and shooshpap the ever-loving shit out of him." Future Dave replied casually though there was always the under-tone to it like always, they both knew.

Dave sat up and breathed deeply "So, we can still fly or what? Sylladex's aren't supposed to exist here yet we have them and guessing by the clothes we still have our God Tier pow-wows?" he asked getting a raised eyebrow deadpanned from his future incarnate making him chuckle "Sweet" he said as he changed his normal clothes into his God Tier ones and floated off the roof.

He took out his phone and sent a text towards his bro's to let them know he was just out for now.

"Be sure to start a memo by the way, also get ready. Our fight's not over" Future Dave said as he disappeared in a red cog, Dave sighed but shook his head.

He needed to focus now, his boyfriend needed him right now or else a giant tornado would completely trash Washington DC.

"Hang on John, I'mma coming" Dave murmured as he flew off.

They would get through this, somehow, they always have and always will.

~~~~~\*~~~~~



# New Lives and Memos

## Chapter Summary

Dave manages to calm John down. A look into the new lives. A private memo starts as well as future plans and problems.

~~~~\*~~~~

Dave flew above the clouds, making sure to stay out of sight from anyone from below. Going at top speed to reach John's house, luckily it was still where John had said where his house was way back then too. Dave observed the neighborhood, looking to see if there was anyone that might see him. Once he made sure he flew down to John's window, he peered through the window and sees John just curled up on his bed clinging to his pillow not to mention he could actually feel and see John's windy thing making a mess of his room. Papers are traveling through the air, a few posters torn from the walls and a few small items but it was steadily growing.

Dave frowns and knocks the window glass, he does it again only louder when it didn't work. It seemed to get his attention, the swirling ray of objects stopped but they stayed in the air as John slowly looks over to him. Dave gave his windy boyfriend a small grin and a salute, instantly John's sad expression is wiped away and replaced with confusion, awe, disbelief, *love and relief*.

The practical wind god was instantly at the window floating off the ground and manhandled the window open and pulling the blonde time player inside instantly within the room of the windy boy, all the floating objects dropped to the floor. Dave smiled as his lover acted like koala, clinging to his person and babbling about subjects he paid half an ear to listen towards. There was the John he knew and loved, he hated it whenever John stopped being... well, *himself*.

"Dave, my dad's *alive*" John finally blurted out his expression dimming causing the blonde boy to nod slowly a murmured "Thought so" escaped him as both males landed unto John's bed with John still clinging and now cuddling with him.

At the look of John's confusion he started to speak "Bro's back... along with Dirk, but this time he's actually my 14 year old little brother" that was somewhat weird to say because of lots of circumstances, one being that both Bro and Dirk were *supposed to be the same fucking person*.

"John?"

Both teens jolted at the sudden knock and voice coming from John's door, it was John's dad. John gulped and buried his face into Dave's side though he calmed as Dave raked his hands through his hair.

"Y-Yeah?" John asked loudly, voice nearly cracking.

"*Are you alright? I heard noises, something wrong?*"

'*A thousand wrongs yes, one most being that you're supposed to be **dead***' John thought mentally biting back from actually saying it out loud and opted with "Yeah! Just, fall from the bed... *again*" he stressed out hoping his father would be satisfied with it.

"... *Alright*" huh, it worked "*Anyway, I'll be heading to work now. Breakfast is on the table when you get out. Oh! And Jane's coming over in a few days with your uncle. They'll be staying for a few weeks until their furniture arrives!*"

John winced as information flooded his head, he quietly groaned into Dave's side with the blonde rubbing his back in known sympathy. The headaches were a bitch to deal with.

"John?"

"Yeah! Jane! Got it! Sorry, just spaced out for a sec!" John replied back, he heard his dad grunt and greet him goodbye in which he returned in kind.

Both him and Dave waited until they heard Dad Egbert's car start and for him to leave the driveway and into the streets.

"Turns out Jane's my cousin here, her dad and my.. dad are brothers" John told him with a wince as he rubbed his head but giggled as Dave pressed his lips into his hair.

John looked up to Dave after the shades-wearing teen leaned back "So, what the fuck is going on here?" he asked bluntly causing Dave to smirk a bit before his face smoothed to his casual and usually blank mask.

"That's what I want to know too, but it's not just you and me in this shit fuckery John"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Roxy groaned as she curled into a ball on her bed as a currently alive and normal Jaspers curled beside her in his usual fluffy suit. Oh how she *needed* a drink right now but currently she couldn't even touch a single *drop* with her new 'mother', who was in reality *Beta Her*, guarding the liquor protectively.

She was too *sober* to handle this, not to mention being drunk meant getting these headaches to ache less! But nope! Mama Beta was firmly against her two underage daughters from touching a drop of liquor until they were at *least* 19 or something. Which was absolute *bullshit*.

"Fuuuck, I hate thiis" Roxy whined quietly and promptly snatched Jaspers from beside her, the black cat didn't seem to mind and cuddled into her making her mood lighten somewhat. She pouted in silence before an idea popped into her head "Hmm... I wonder..." she whispers as she slowly sat up with Jaspers in her arms.

She called on her Void powers, feeling the familiar tingle in her skin, her *very being* and **Poof!** in came a small flask of one of her favorite vodkas. She had a shit eating grin on her face as she nuzzled into Jaspers with a squeal escaping her "I am fucking *awesome!* Win for Rogue of the Void!" she cheered and took a swig.

She nearly purred at the familiar feel of liquid burning her throat, well at least her tolerance for liquor came along with her powers and sylladex!

Roxy paused before slowly opening her sylladex and groaned as she realized her sylladex actually held booze "I am *not* awesome, I iz idiot" she groaned purposely ruining her sentence, it was something she was most comfortable with that and she was almost always drunk anyway.

She took another swig from her flask and then captchalogued it and rose from her bed with Jaspers in her arms, she wasn't drunk but she wasn't as sober as she was before as the headache receded soon after the alcohol entered her system.

Yes, booze was definitely the meaning of life. She paused once again and peeked into her sylladex and groaned, why was the rum always gone?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

bros, went out, will bb 'round dinner or sumthin

-Dave

Bro frowned as he stared at the text his younger brother sent him, something didn't really seem *right* with it but... he shrugged and replied, saying that he better be or else he was going to go after his ass. The eldest Strider then pocketed his phone and continued watching the TV in the living room, beside him was Cal chilling like always.

Dirk was in his own room probably pestering his own friends, Dave was out doing who knows what and he himself was just relaxing against their living room couch. His mind started to wander back to this morning, his frown deepened as he remembered Dave acting up. He insists that it was just a bad headache and that it went away just as he came back into his room and thrown them out.

Hopefully the middle brother was right and it was *just* a bad headache, should anything happen to him... He breathed lowly and shook his head, nah Dave was fine. It was probably just puberty acting up again, that shit

was a horrorterror to experience and he felt sympathy for both his brothers but it would be worth it because Striders made puberty their *bitch*.

Bro chuckled and smirked and focused back towards the television.

In his room Dirk pocketed his cell as he finished reading Dave's text, Bro probably replied for the both of them anyway. He turned back to his computer, he was currently coding something for Jane's birthday that was coming in the next few months. Might as well get things done earlier so he doesn't have to do jack shit as soon as her birthday came in. The teen genius continued coding as well as fiddling with a technological device on his desk.

Dave was fine. Everything was cool.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"Jake? Are you sure you're okay? I mean, you haven't come out of your room since breakfast!"*

Jake smiled at Jade's concern "Yes! I'm alright gr-*ahem*-Sis!" he insisted, catching himself before he would accidentally call her grandma. His Jade had let him call her that, often calling him her grandson but this was *also his Jade*. Fuck, it hurts to think.

*"...Well, okay. Boys are so weird today, first Dave asks me of some game I've never heard off now my tiny bro-bro won't come out of his room! Is this was puberty for boys are like?"*

Jake flushed at the mention of puberty, dammit! He remembered he was now a *14 year old lad now*. It was already a nightmare going through it once, now he has to do it all over again! Granted it was just him before on the island, maybe it would be better now that he actually had help? Wait a tick, what did Jade say about Dave?!

Could it be? Dare he hope? Yes he dares because he's the goddamn Page of Hope!

*"Jake? Jake my boy, you still in there?"*

Jake blinked, that should be Beta him yes? That was still an odd concept to get used to, even odder *now* that his Beta self was now outside his door.

*"Hmm, I don't suppose I've yet to give you the Talk yet yes? I remember huddling into my own room just like you once before"*

Jake froze, no. Dear lord, *please don't tell me.*

*"I might as well give it to you now, oh no need to open the door Jake it's alright. Might help a little I guess, why my Father gave me the Talk through the door as well! Maybe this could be a new family tradition, no?"*

Oh fuckin' hell, he really was going to do it?! No! He's sat through this once before, granted it was actually *during* the Sburb game and *John* of all people gave it to him filling in the paternal part and it was even worse when Dave joined in as well!

The young teen groaned into his pillow as his alternate-self began to talk... and talk... and talk...

Jake was not fine, nor was it cool.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"GO THE FUCK AWAY, I ALREADY TOLD YOU I'M FINE!! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE FOR FUCK'S SAKE!!"

*"Karkat! What have I told you about that kind of language in this household! Honestly, do you have no decency for other people who have triggers for such crude language?! You must really consider other people's **bluh bluh BLUH...**"*

Karkat groaned into his hands as he ignored his ancestor's lectures, wait no his *brother's* lectures. Son of grubfucker, everything was so *wrong*. The Cancer ex-troll looked at his pinkish tinted hands, the lack of claws, the different pigment, the lack of horns and his mouth felt weird at the dulled teeth.

That and his bulge and nook were missing! Just this... *thing* tucked in his boxers within his pants, fucking hell everything felt so *weird and downright wrong!*

And yet at the same time it felt almost like the same! Jegus.

Karkat groaned and curled more unto the pile of clothes he just made within his closet which was closed, he ignored the pings he got from his computer that were probably from his now-human-and-not-troll friends. They don't even fucking remember! Not to mention everyone dead was now alive, *including* the ancestors who were now in one way or another related to their dancestors.

He had tried to prod the other's about the game but everyone had no clue in what the hell you were talking about and now they probably think you had a loose screw in your thinkpan! Fuck, *this sucked ass.*

"Hey Kankri~"

***Ngah shit, fuck no.***

"Ack! Cronus?! You let yourself in again didn't you?! How many times do I have to tell you to knock and wait for me or Karkat to open the door for you. You can't keep doing this, it's just basic etiquette!"

"Heh, anyway. What's up with Karkat?"

"Oh, I have no idea. He refuses to get out of his room, he's been in there for the whole morning and ***bluh bluh...*** "

Karkat shivered as he curled up even more, wincing at the pain his thinkpan was throwing at him. It wasn't even the sudden burst of information that caused him to shiver, not it was the thought of his ancestor-now-brother hooking up with *Cronus Ampora*. Seriously why with that douche?!

He turned over to the other side of his clothes pile and took out one of his sickles from his strife specibus, he rolled up his sleeve and made a deep cut. Enough to get blood flowing, he barely winced and wasn't as panicky as

before to bleed now. He was the Knight of Blood for goodness sake! He smirked as he moved his blood along to his will, using what little blood that escaped to form his blood sign.

He puts back his sickles into his strife specibus and deck and just toyed around with his blood, the cut healing but leaving a lasting scar on his wrist.

He wonders if the humans at least remembered but opted to wait for one of them to contact him instead, putting down his husktop as well. It was superior to the computer that was on the desk outside the closet. The closet was luckily big enough to fit three people in comfortably, he had shoved all the other shit in his closet besides his clothes underneath his bed. He doubts that he would use the actual bed, not really used to human beds and even on the meteor he slept on piles or on the couch, rarely did he sleep in a human bed.

He missed his recuperacoon.

After about like 14 minutes or something he perked as he soaked the floating blood into a random piece of cloth, he'll clean that later, as he was invited to a memo. A private memo by *Dave*, welp looks like Strider was with you on this.

~~(A)~~

turntechGodhead [TG] opened PRIVATE memo Okay WTF

turntechGodhead [TG] invites ectoBiologist [EG] to the memo

turntechGodhead [TG] invites carcinoGeneticist [CG] to the memo

turntechGodhead [TG] invites golgathasTerror [GT] to the memo

turntechGodhead [TG] invites tipsyGnostalgic [TG] to the memo

TG: alright, let's get to business... what the fuck is happening and what the fuck do we do

~~(A)~~



# Memos and Pestering

## Chapter Summary

A chapter continuing last chapter's memo and other pesterlogs and the start of trouble.

## Chapter Notes

Longest chapter I've ever written, plus all the chat logs :/ But those were actually kinda fun to do :]

Also, pardon the ooc from the characters but it's kind of necessary

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

turntechGodhead [TG] opened PRIVATE memo Okay WTF

turntechGodhead [TG] invites ectoBiologist [EG] to the memo

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turntechGodhead [TG] invites tipsyGnostalgic [TG] to the memo

TG: alright, let's get to business... what the fuck is happening and what the fuck do we do

TG: i mean, everything's definitely different and shit and we're all in this shit fuckery together

CG: HOLY FUCK, IS IT REALLY JUST THE FIVE OF US WHO REMEMBER'S THE GAME? YOU HAVE GOT TO SHITTING ME

EB: oh hey karkat! yeah it pretty much looks like it

EB: um, wait a minute. karkat, are you still a troll and in alternia or what?

CG: NO, NO I AM NO A TROLL. AT LEAST NOT ANYMORE, FUCK I FEEL ALL WEIRD AND GROSS.

CG: HOW DO GUYS STAND THIS SHIT?! I FEEL REALLY REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE AND I'M ACTUALLY PREFERRING TO BE A MUTANT AGAIN IF IT MEANS NOT BEING A FUCKING HUMAN

TG: hey! uz huumans are prefectly, comferable

TG: \*comfort table

GT: Oh dear, roxy are you drinking? That's not good, we're only 14 years old now.

TG: oh shoosh you! i waz too soper to deal wit this shit! i'z not like i didn't drink befur, i stated when i was 13 for gog's sake!

GT: Oh yeah, now i remember. I kept worrying about you because of that, i read about how drinking was bad for you and that you could die of alcohol poisoning.

TG: awww, i can't stay mad at you jake :)

CG: PLEASE STOP WITH ALL THE PALE FUCKING FEELINGS PLEASE, WE HAVE A FUCKING CRISIS HERE. JOHN, WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE WAKING UP TO SHIT WAS YOU OPENING THE DOOR. WHAT IN FUCK'S NAME DID YOU DO?!

EB: hey! i didn't do nothing!

EB: I think... er

EB: the last thing i remember was pretty much what you just said, opening the door to the new universe. after that it's pretty much blank till we all woke up to this...

EB: well, WE'RE awake but i guess the others aren't? everything's weeeiird.

GT: I don't think that's the case, i'm pretty sure something else is going on here. Did you all wake up with a second set of memories that YOU'RE SURE you never went through but at the same time did?

TG: :O omg that EXACTLY whut happened after i woke up XO

TG: yeah pretty much, that and the worst fucking headache ever

CG: I'M STILL HAVING THAT, IT'S A PAIN IN THE FUCKING ASS. NONE OF THE OTHERS REMEMBER SGRUB OR SBURB, NOT TO FUCKING MENTION OUR ANCESTORS ARE ALIVE AND ARE RELATED TO ALL OF US. KANKRI'S WITH FUCKING CRONUS OF ALL PEOPLE! WTF SERIOUSLY, IT JUST HAD TO BE AMPORA THE FIRST OF DUKE DOUCHE-LAND.

CG: IN FACT BOTH THOSE ASSES ARE OUTSIDE MY RESPITEBLOCK, KANKRI'S STILL LECTURING THE SHIT OUT OF ME BUT I THINK IT SHIFTED OVER TO CRON-ASS AFTER CRONUS INTERRUPTED HIM FOR FUCK KNOWS WHAT.

GT: Hmm, trully mysterious!

TG: mysterious or not i'm actually with karkles on this, it's a fucking pain in

the ass

CG: FUCK YOU STRIDER, DON'T CALL ME KARKLES YOU  
GOGDAMNED BUGLESUCKER

EB: um, karkat? What do you mean your ancestors are alive? does that  
mean every troll is now a human?

EB: hey, send a picture so we can see human you!

CG: OH FUCK OFF EGDERP, BUT YEAH. PRETTY MUCH  
EVERYONE'S A HUMAN VERSION OF THEMSELVES NOW, IT'S  
PRETTY FUCKING WEIRD. NOT TO MENTION THAT SOME  
THINGS ABOUT THEM CHANGED, HUMAN TAVROS IS NOT  
PARALYZED HUMAN VRISKA JUST BROKE HIS LEG LESS THAN  
A SWEEP OR SO.

CG: TEREZI'S STILL BLIND, KINDA? SHE SAYS SHE'S GONNA GET  
SOME FUCK OF A THING CALLED 'SURGERY' IN A PERIGEE OR  
SOMETHING. SHE STILL SMELLS THINGS AND LICKS THINGS  
BUT THE UPSIDE TO THIS FUCKERY IS THAT SHE LICKS THINGS  
WAAY FUCKING LESS THAN SHE USUALLY DOES.

CG: VRISKA LOST AN EYE BUT NOT AN ARM, SHE'S STILL A  
MAJOR SPIDERGRUBBING BITCH. KANAYA'S NOT A RAINBOW  
DRINKER AS FAR AS I KNOW, GAMZEE'S STILL A JUGGALO  
FREAKING IDIOT, BUT EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS TO BE PRETTY  
MUCH THE FUCKING SAME.

CG: ASIDE, YOU KNOW, BEING LAME ASS HUMANS AND SHIT.

EB: huh, cool but seriously, send a pic! we wanna know what you look like  
as a human

TG: yeah, let us see karkles

CG: FUCK OFF. ALL OF YOU, JUST FUCK OFF

TG: aaaw cmon karkit, were gonna know wut u look lik sooper or later! just  
send a pic already!

GT: I admit, i am quite curious.

CG: NGAAAAH!!!!

CG: FUCK ALRIGHT FIIINE

CG: FUICANPJSFHOIASYDGF

--carcinoGeneticist [CG] FUCKYOUALLHERE.image--

EB:...

TG:...

TG:...

GT:...

CG: WELL?! HAPPY NOW YOU FUCKS?!

TG: karkat, you are one pretty motherfucker tbh

TG: not as pretty as my bae here but pretty daaamn close

EB: i'm not even going to argue with dave on this because he's right, YOU being pretty i mean. not me.

TG: heheheh, wow karklez u look sooo cute XD

CG: WHAT?! I AM NOT FUCKING CUTE NOR AM I PRETTY

GT: I will admit, before you were just as adorable as a midget troll but you look quite as adorable as a human \*tugs at collar nervously\*

CG: FUCK YOU GUYS. JUST. FUCK YOU ALL.

CG: CAN WE JUST GET BACK TO THE FUCKING POINT

ALREADY?! WHAT IN FUCK'S NAME DO WE DO ABOUT ALL THIS SHIT?!

EB: Oh yeah... what DO we do? i mean, we're done with sburb right? i opened the door, it's a new universe and all...

EB: but, no one else remembers but us :(

GT: Yes, it is quite sad isn't it? I quite miss chatting with Dirk about before but it doesn't seem to be the same anymore.

TG: ye, evrything sucks.

TG: \*everything

TG: well, it's not over yet

CG: AND WHAT EXACTLY DOES THAT FUCKING MEAN STRIDER?

TG: future me says the fight ain't done yet, so hang on to your butts. looks like we're far from done here

GT: Oh bollocks

TG: LE GASP

TG: language jake!!!}:p

TG: oh and ta fihting thing... that sucks :[ i thugt we werez done wit that?

TG: \*fighting \*thought

CG: OH THIS IS A RELIEF. I HONESTLY THOUGHT WE WERE LIKE OVER WITH THIS, NO MORE FIGHTING, ECHELADDERS, IMPS, OH WHAT A FUCKING BULGESUCKING RELIEF!!!!!!

EB: oh dear... so, what's there to fight now?

EB: don't tell me... it's the condesce again?

TG: i have no fucking idea, i left before i got to tell me. so, that happens

CG: OH IT BETTER NOT BE LORD ENGLISH AGAIN. FUCK THIS IS SO FUCKING RIDICULOUS AND SO GOGDAMNED TEDIOUS!! IT WASN'T ENOUGH THAT THE SESSIONS COMBINED FROM LIKE 4 DIFFERENT ONES TO ONE WHOLE FUCKING NOOKSUCKING MESS THAT TRANSCENDED FROM FUCK-ASS STATUS TO GOD-SHIT-MOTHERFUCK-ASS-WHY-THE-ACTUAL-FUCK STATUS.

CG: THE UNIVERSE JUST LOVES TO SHIT ON US HUH? FUCK I REALLY NEED A FEELINGSJAM OR AN ACTUAL SHOOSHPAP. THIS IS TOO FUCKING MUCH I...

EB: oh karkat...

GT: Oh dear, are you... will you be fine karkat?

CG: NO.

CG: YES.

CG: FUCK IF I KNOW. I HAVE NO QUADRANTS ANYMORE, LIKE I HAD ANY TO TRULY BEGIN WITH, MY FRIENDS ARE LIKE FUCKING STRANGERS TO ME NOW SO I CAN'T REALLY GO TO THEM RIGHT NOW AND MY THINKPAN AND BLOODPUSHER HURT LIKE FUCKING HELL.

CG: I JUST... i'm just so tired... of everything... and i just... fuck

TG: :(((( oh karkitty...

TG: fuck don't we all know the feeling? we're all tired, fuck it this is going to sound sappy as shit but.

TG: know that the 4 of us will be here for you yeah? we're all in this together, and we're going to stick to together and fuck all if we don't go through this together

EB: hehe, yeah that was pretty sappy dave :)

EB: but dave's right! we're in this together karkat!

GT: Yes, that's right! We're now a team! And together we'll get through this adventure victoriously!

TG: yeeaaaah!! cheer up karkz, well get thru this :DDDD

CG:...

CG: You...

CG: YOU ALL SUCK YOU KNOW THAT?!

TG: wow, try to be supportive and you get insulted. false alarm, here's the karkat we all know and all find an asshole

CG: HUMANS SUCK AND THEIR TRANSPARENT LIQUID  
ESCAPING MY VIEWSPHERES IS A WEIRD CONCEPT. THERE'S NO  
COLOR WHATSOEVER. YOU GUYS SUCK, HOW DARE YOU ALL  
AND FUCK YOU FOR MAKING ME FEEL PALE FEELINGS.

GOGDAMNIT!

EB: wait, karkat are you... crying?

CG: SHUT UP

TG: awww, karkz i stand by my stutmant befor! you are sooo cuuute! ^-^

GT: Dear me! We're sorry karkat, we didn't mean to make you cry honest!

TG: holy shit dude. wow

CG: ALL OF YOU SHUT UP. GOG, FUCK.

EB: hehe, welcome to the human side of reality dude!

TG: we got cookies, apple juice, smuppets, adventure, booze and emotional  
baggage that's so fucking complicated you could spend an eternity just  
thinking of our vast emotions.

TG: once you go human, there's no turning back dude

CG: ONCE AGAIN. ALL OF YOU, SHUT THE FUCK UP

EB: heheh :B we love you too karkat!

CG: AJSDGKJF

CG: SHUT UP JOHN

TG: XDD lmaaaoooo!!

TG: karkz is just our littelk rage babe that saz all these meann wors but in  
reilyt he luvs us ;DD

TG: \*little \*words \*reality

CG: FUCK NO, LALONDE YOU ARE FUCKING DRUNK. YOU HAVE  
NO JURISDICTION ON THAT FUCKING MATTER

TG: ;]

TG: okay, all that feelings bullshit aside

TG: what's next

Dave was interrupted as the ground shook causing both John and him to  
jump in surprise and fall to the quaking ground. Around them things shook  
hard, objects fell to the ground, John quickly floated up with Dave in his  
arms as he watched in disbelief as the surroundings around them shook and  
quaked. Heck, John could feel the vibrations in the wind and air!

"What's going on?!" John shouted as they both floated in the middle of the room, Dave snatched his shades that fell when they did from the quaking ground.

"I have no fucking idea but looks like future me was right!" Dave replied loudly as he peered out of the window and out into the neighborhood "Our fight's not over yet!" he continued as he sees and *feels* something tear through the air slicing space *as well as time*.

A giant tear appeared in the middle of the street, dimensional and temporal energy was leaking out and something was crossing through the tear. *Multiple* somethings.

John peered beside him his eyes widening "Aren't those?!" he gasped in shock and disbelief. Dave's eyes narrowed behind his shades.

"Motherfucking *denizens*"

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

--gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT]--

TT: Hello Jade

GG: hiya rose! :B

TT: What can I do for you Jade?

GG: just wanted to say hi is all!!

TT: Hmm, is that all?

GG:um, actually

GG: no

GG: has dave pestered you recently?

GG: he acted kinda strange when he pestered me a while ago this morning

TT: Ah yes, in fact he has. He was asking about some kind of game?

TT: He made quite the fuss over it.

GG: :O he asked the same thing to me too!!!

GG: what was it called?

GG: sburb right?

TT: Correct

TT: But the thing is, I have tried to search for this mystery game but it does

not seem to exist

GG: really??

GG: weird, i wonder why he asked if we knew a game that doesn't exist

TT: I wonder if he asked John as well

GG: John's not online, he hasn't been all morning!! :/

GG: it's kinda strange because usually he's on EVERY morning to pester us!

GG: maybe he's busy or something??

TT: Perhaps

GG: !!

TT: What is it Jade?

GG: John's online :D

TT: It seems so

GG: ...

TT: ?

GG: he's online but he's not answering me >:|

TT: Hmm

"Rose, Roxy! Come in here, quickly!" Rose paused and looked away from her laptop briefly, her mother was calling her into the living room.

"Coming mother!" she replied

TT: My apologies Jade, my mother is currently calling me away for a moment.

GG: that's okay! i'll just wait here :B

TT: Alright, be back in a moment

Rose stepped away from her laptop and entered the living room, her younger sister doing the same and acted a bit odd. Her steps were slightly stumbled and her face was lightly flushed but before she could comment on that the ground shook lightly making them both stumble a bit.

"What on earth?!" Rose gasped as she and Roxy managed to safely go into the living room. Her mother stood by the couch with their television on and the news program already on.



***"Breaking news! Sudden quakes have occurred and citizens everywhere are wondering why. But this day's top story is within Washington DC as the earthquake there hits it the strongest for reasons unknown"***

"Washington DC...? That's where John lives!" Rose exclaimed as the news went on, now showing a shaking camera shot with a frightened looking reporter in Washington DC reporting about the large quakes that he himself was experiencing. It looked like the reporter was near John's neighborhood as well!

Suddenly there were screams in the background and the camera turned to see the commotion. All three blonde Lalondes couldn't believe their eyes but suddenly a there was a giant tear in the middle of the street, it was as if the air there was made of fabric and something made a gigantic tear!

And soon enough something seemed to escape the tear! They were creatures that they had never seen before, they were certainly snake-like beings as their tails slipped through the tear but their heads and looks were quite bizarre but at the same time they looked terrifying as the camera caught on their roars. There were four in total, one even going as far as having wings!

"Holy shit, that's impossible..." Rose heard Roxy murmur, was it her imagining the slight slur in those words? But she couldn't help but agree herself, those creatures were an impossibility! But unknown to her Roxy was thinking otherwise.

"Wait, that's John's neighborhood! John!" Rose gasped causing both Roxy and her mother to snap their necks to look at her but she was already running back to her laptop. She needed to contact John!

GG: ROSE THE NEWS!!!! DD:

TT: I know, I saw!

TT: We need to talk to John quickly!

TT: He may be in imminent danger!

GG: OH JOHN!! D:}

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TT: John!

TT: John are you there?!

TT: John please!!

TT: Fuck, please be okay

TT: John!!!!

TT: Jonathan Egbert reply right this instant!!

TT: Fuck

TT: Fuck fuck fuck

TT: JOHN FUCKING EGBERT PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE OKAY!!!!

Rose was near to tears as the tv relayed the screams of terror from the news, her friend was in danger! Mother Lalonde was still frozen and watching the tv with horror, her daughters had left the living room but unknown to both her and Rose Roxy was actually going to do something.

The Rogue of the Void would make her first appearance along with four other soon-to-be-known heroes.

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

gallowsCalibrator [GC] has opened PRIVATE memo OK4Y SOM3TH1NG 1S UP--

gallowsCalibrator [GC] has invited EVERYONE except carcinoGeneticist [CG] to the memo

GC: OK4Y 1M GOING STR41GHT TO THE PO1NT

GC: HAVE YOU 4LL NOT1CE K4RK4T'S ODD B3H4V1OR?

grimAuxillatrix [GA] has joined the memo

GA: Um, Quite

GA: I Supposed It Would Be About The Fact Of Him Asking If You Know A Game Called 'Sburb'?

GC: EX4CTLY

twinArmageddons [TA] has joined the memo  
adiosToreader [AT] has joined the memo

AT: yEAH,, hE UH ASKED ME THAT TOO

A: me two no iidea why

TA: ii 2earchd for thii2 '2burb' thiing but iit doe2n't exi2t

TA: at all

terminallyCapricious [TC] has joined the memo

TC: WaS uP mY bRoThErs :O)

TC: HoNk

GC: G4MZ33 WH4T'S UP WITH K4RK4T? D1D H3 4SK YOU 4BOUT  
SOM3 G4M3 TOO??

TA: BeSt FrIeNd?

TC: yEaH, hE aLl Up AnD aSkEd Me ThAt TyPe Of QuEsTiOn My BlInD  
sIs

TC: BuT tHiS mOtHeRfUcKeR dOn'T kNoW nOtHiNg In WhY oR wHaT  
iT wAs

AT: uH,, hEY GAMZEE :O)

TC: TaVbRo! AwW yOu DiD mY tHiNg

TC: mOtHeRfUcKiNg AwEsOme :O)

TC: hOnK hOnK

cuttlefishCuller [CC] has joined the memo

TA: Oh FiSh SiS! hOw'S iT gOiNg?

CC: Glub glub! )(iya Gamzee!

CC: --Everyfins going great here! And yes! Karkat's asked me and --Eridan  
about that game too

GC: >:I

GC: 1 WOND3R WH4T'S GO1NG ON W1TH H1M

TA: heya fef, how'2 the a22hole doiing?

CC: )(ey Sol! --Eridan's fin! )(is fever's lighten up and all thanks for asking  
sol :D

TA: good, he owe2 me money

CC: Soool >:/

TA: what? he owe2 me twenty buck2

caligulasAquarium [CA] has joined the memo

CA: oh fuck off lisp-ass, i havve a headache the size of your ego noww  
kindly get fucked in the a wwith a chainsaww

caligulasAquarium [CA] has left the memo

TA: a22

AT: wELL,, iTS NICE TO SEE ERIDANS,, uM,, aLRIGHT??

GA: Eridan Seems Well

TC: hEhEhEhE hOnK

CC: >:O --ERIDAN!! SOLLUX!! I T)(OUG)(T YOU GUYS W--ER--E G-  
-ETTING ALONG

TA: 2hiit

CC: Do I have to get out the friend-cuffs?!

TA: Fef no, not tho2e thiing2

CC: I will if I have to >:(((

GC: OK4Y 4S1D3 FROM TH4T

arachnidsGrip [AG] has the joined the memo

AG: Heeeeeeeey guys

AG: Redglare it's nice to see you again

GC: M1NDF4NG >:D

GC: 4CTU4LLY L3T'S NOT DO THE ROL3PL4Y R1GHT NOW  
VR1SK4, SO H4S K4RKL3S S4Y 4NYTH1NG TO YOU TOO?

AG: Actually yeah, some thing about Sgru8? W8t the heck is that by the  
way?

TA: iit doe2n't exii2t, and iit2 '2burb'

AG: Really now

TC: sPiDeR sIs, YoU aLrIgHt In ThE eYe?

AG: Oh hey Gaaaaaaaamzee. My eye's not hurting anymore 8ut I should get  
my sight back in a few months. Thanks again for that Terezi

GC: YOUR W3LCOME, TH1NK OF 1T 4S TH4NKS FOR MY OWN  
3Y3S }:]

GA: Vriska Might You Know Where Nepeta And The Others Are?

GA: She, Equuis And Aradia Aren't Online And I Believe You Are The  
Closest To Their Location

AG: Oh hi Kan, Nepeta and Equuis are in the mountains and what not. I don't know where the hell Aradia is.

AT: hEY VRISKA,,

AG: Oh heeeeeeeey Tavros :::) how's your leg doing?

AT: sTILL BROKEN,, tHANKS TO YOU OF COURSE

AG: heeeeeeeey I said I was sorry :::(

AT: i KNOW,, iT JUST REALLY SUCKS TO BE LIMPING AROUND LIKE THIS

AG: I guess.....

Suddenly the ground shook in cue, everyone yelped and where stumbling around from the shock

However two certain people were experiencing the quake at its most. They see the tear through their shaking windows and see otherworldly creatures slipping through the tear.

AG: IOASHDFO

AG: HELP

AG: MY NEIGHBORHOOD IS UNDERATTACK BY ALIENS OR SOME SHIT

TC: wHaT?

TA: what the fuck? no way, there2 only an earthquake happeniing vriiska

AT: no shes right

TC: Tavbro?

AT: fuck its hard to type on the floor

AG: there are monsters on our streets here!

AG: we're not kidding!

AT: HERE

-- adiosToreader [AT] sends imagepic.image--

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] sends video.hd--

GC: WH4T TH3 H3LL

AT: It's not photoshopped we swear!

AG: Look we're not even using our typing quirks!!

GA: Oh dear, get out of there!

AT: I can't! My cane broke and Rufioh's went out with Horuss!

TC: shit. HANG ON TAVROS  
TA: Holy hell, this cannot be happening  
CC: I'm afraid it is! Turn on the news!  
AG: OASUDHFN  
GA: Vriska??  
GC: Vriska are you okay?!?!?  
AG: im fine sorta  
AG: my wall's been torn down by one of their tails  
AG: the sharp end scraped my arm, im fine  
AG: im heading downstairs, fuck sis is still out with damara  
AT: shitshitshithsitasd  
CC: Oh no, Tavros??  
TC: SHIT  
TC: tavros, shit motherfuck  
AT: ow  
AT: im fine. i dragged myself out of the living room and just in time  
AG: Tav you alright there?  
AT: yeah, nearly died as one of them moved through our house  
GC: This cannot be happening! Fuck, fuck fuck... wait  
GC: Karkat! Isn't he near your neighborhood too?!  
AT: oh fuck  
AG: i, shit

gallowsCalibrator [GC] invites carcinoGeneticists [CG] to the memo

GC: KARKAT  
TC: MOTHERUCKING BEST FRIEND YOU ALRIGHT  
AG: Come on..  
AT: He's got to be okay  
GA: Please be alright  
TA: C'mon KK reply dammit  
CC: Karkat please!

caligulasAquarium [CA] joined the memo

CA: i saw the news, read the memo and fell off the bed from the earthquake  
CA: shit come on karkat

carcinoGeneticist [CG] is an adle chum!

Both Vriska and Tavros felt fear and dread place themselves in their chests as they clutched at their phones, hiding somewhere where they hoped they were safe from the attacking creatures. Vriska panted and pressed against her bloodied arm, scraped her arm her ass, she had a piece of wall digging into her arm! Tavros in the meanwhile was trying to breath normally as the pain of his already broken leg pulsed with pain and panic thrummed in his veins.

They both winced as they heard inhuman roars occur, it was like they were in pain. Maybe the government or the police finally came? They took the risk and couldn't believe their eyes.

AG: HOLY SHIT

AT: No fucking way

TC: what the fuck is happening over there?!

GA: What is it now?!

GC: ohshitohshitohshit

AG: You won't believe this but some people are actually fighting those things! And are kinda winning?! I don't know, it's hard to tell!

TA: Did the police finally show up?!

AT: Police?! What police?! There are two people fighting those things!

Fucking hell they got superpowers

CA: You're fucking with us

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] sent video.mov--

TC: Mother Fucking Miracles

AG: Another one showed up! A hero I mean, fuck this is terrifying and exciting. Theres two reds and one blue!

TA: What the fuck is going on?! Is reality a fucking anime now?!

GC: I don't really care who they are but they're helping and keeping both Tavros and Vriska alive!

GA: I feel quite the same here!

carcinoGeneticist [CG] has smashed their computer!

TC:

GC: no

GA: FUCK

TA: kk kk kk kk KK KK

CA: kar?? come on dude please

CC: pleasebeokaybleadbeaoliv

AG: shiT

AT: This means nothing, he's fine, hes fine he will be

Vriska and Tavros ignored the fight as they stared at their respective phones, they wouldn't believe that their friend was dead. The angry midget was determined and he would be fine, he would be alive. They ignored the new arrivals of the latest 'superhero' team, a single female in blue and a male in yellow.

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

When the shaking started, Kankri was banging up a storm for his brother to open up. Somewhere before that he and Cronus were quite distracted by their own... *devices (coughcough Snog coughcough)* and when the earthquake started they were instantly apart and were attempting to get Kankri's anger issued little brother out of the room and all three of them would get to safer ground.

The creatures that appeared outside were of no help to quell Kankri's and by extension Cronus's fears.

"Fuck it! Move aside Kanks, I'm breaking down the door!" Cronus snapped, Kankri wasn't even triggered as paranoia laced his veins.

**BANG**

"KARKAT!!" Kankri shrieked and felt his heart stopped as he didn't see his brother in his room, *the window was open.*

Kankri wasn't given a chance to speak again as his boyfriend snatches him up and flings them both out of the room just in time for a creature's head to smash through his brother's room effectively destroying everything and had



destroyed the open computer on his brother's desk. What caught his eye though was the *mysterious person* on the creatures head, a hooded male that had a freaking *sword stabbed right through the creatures head*.

The creature trashed and both it and the male got out of the his brother's now destroyed room. He couldn't see the male's face because of the hood and red and black eye mask on his face. He wore a red outfit with a darker red cog smack-dabbed in the middle of his chest.

Both Kankri and Cronus sat on their asses at the doorway of the destroyed room of Karkat's now demolished room and without thinking at all, the eldest Vantas spoke.

"What the ever loving *fuck* just happened?"

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

*"Uh Kar? Sorry but I think I destroyed your room. Sorry about that bro"*

***"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY DAVID ELIZ-A-FUCKING-BETH STRIDER?!"***

*"Karkat sshh! No one's supposed to know who we are!!"*

*"Come on guuyzz, we need to kill these fuckerz 'member?"*

*"Oh dear, I was afraid this would happen..."*

# The Fight And Other Reactions

## Chapter Summary

The first of many battles and a look at the reactions of others.

## Chapter Notes

Bluh, late update X( I don't like that!!! Sorry, busy with the other fics (*recently created a new one*) and school, and it was kinda hard to think of this chapter. I'm not that much of an action writer so pardon the scenes, I'm still learning :P.



When Karkat first felt the tremors he had fallen off his pile, his husktop falling with him. There was a sense of dread in him as his instincts barked at him to prepare.

Through out the game he learned to trust his instincts, as his room shook he donned his godtier clothing and captchalogued his husktop. The human version of his husktop dinged as he looked out the window beside it, he ignored it as he swore.

What were the games *denizens* doing here?! And they were all of the slitherbeast kind as well, one of the harder bosses.

He bit his lip as his door's banging suddenly continued, they had stopped a while ago for some reason he didn't want to know, he could hear Kankri's concerned shouting but he decided to ignore that for now. There were more important issues to get acknowledge right now.

From where he could see, there was a tear way further down the road right at the corner but he manages to see them fine. The monstrous beasts were quickly coming through the sudden tear of reality, he continues to swear colorfully as the tear finally seemed to close up but left no less than four different slitherbeast-denizens. Hell one even had fucking *wings*!! Fuck!

Karkat is out the window instantly as the denizens started to rampage through the human settlement, god tier clothes equipped with its hood draped over his head. He flew off into the monster's direction, he could see the flying forms of Egbert and Strider fighting their own chosen denizens. John had went for the one with the wings and was trying to get it back to the ground using the wind at his beck and call.

His sickles are out as he aims for one that had just slithered through the newly destroyed house. Later on he would freak out a bit as he would remember that the house that the denizen destroyed was actually Tavros's house, and then freak out more as he found out the same thing happened with Vriska.

But right now you were too focused on the denizens that were slithering wildly and causing damage among the environment.

"Hey Karkat!" John greets him brightly as the windy boy uses the wind to restrict the winged denizen to the ground before doing the same with Karkat's chosen denizen, probably so they can actually talk or something.

"Egdork" Karkat deadpanned before sending the windy boy a glare "Are you sure you have no *actual fucking* idea on what the *actual fuck* happened?" he demanded as both he and John floated in the air.

John nodded his head, the Hammer of Zillyhoo clenched in one fist and the other directed at the two wind-chained denizens that continued to thrash around wildly "I'm serious! The last thing I remember is opening the door! I don't know *how* this happened!!" he insisted.

Karkat's glare lessened before he sighed "Fuck, okay. I believe you" he grumbles before shooting off fight his actual chosen opponent. John let up the wind as Karkat flew around the denizen, dodging the lashing tail and managing to make deep cuts along the body. The yellow slitherbeast-like denizen hissed at him, its eyes blazing with rage and filled with destruction.

Yeah, this was no normal behavior for denizens even back at the game! There was nothing but mindless rage and the urge of destruction! Not a lick

of intelligence either!

"Karkles~" the Knight of Blood groans as a fellow but mostly hated Knight appears by his side, sword drawn and hood up "How's it going babe?"

Karkat hissed at the smirking blonde "Fuck off Strider! And don't call me babe you nookeating asswipe! Strider, take your glasses off unless you want some ass to recognize the shit out of you!"

"What? Fuck n-.... holy shit you are actually right about something. Fuck, *fine*, here, god tier powers activate. Motherfucking *pomf*, black eye-mask for the fucking win."

True to his useless blabbering for once, gone were the sunglasses, replaced with the black eyemask that covered his upper face entirely. God tier clothing were complex but hey who was he to judge it now that its usefulness was going to be exploited now? Karkat did the same, swiftly covering his upper face with a very dark red face mask.

"Shut the hell up Strider! Just be fucking glad for the complete utter shit stain stupidity of the game for actually adding this kind of shit to the God Tiers functionality! Shit! Grr, we'll have to tell the others about this shi-*Nook eating motherfuckers!*" Karkat screeched as both he and Dave were surrounded by three denizens, two of their original targets and the unclaimed fourth one.

John was a bit busy trying to reign in the winged one again, sometimes sending out sharp bursts of concentrated wind towards its wings as well as trying to do his 'Windy Thing' and appear behind it to hit it in the back. For being so huge, the denizen was actually kind of graceful in the air and annoyingly dodging John's attacks and attempts.

"Tally ho!" the fourth unclaimed denizen shrieked as its face was suddenly assaulted with bullets as the sound of pistols and gunfire firing off followed it "We flew in as fast as we could! No retched beast will claim the lives of

my beloved comrades!" says one Jake English with a giggling Roxy flying behind him.

*Thankfully*, it seemed that Jake's... lower clothing, had changed and wasn't that... *erm piece of clothing*, that it was in the game. It seemed to be the leggings that were used for Prospit dreamers, good! Like everyone else including Roxy his hood was up as well. It seemed everyone was thinking of the same thing, with this new world and all it was best they kept their powers a secret for now what with the government surely having a fit with the current situation.

"Hehehehee, how heroc you are Jakey!" Roxy cheered, slurring a little bit as she followed him. Her trusty gun in her hand as she aimed for the denizen "Sorby we were latte guys!" she told them with a grin as both her and Jake floated beside them.

All four jolted as the winged denizen suddenly crashed down unto the ground with a sheepish looking John following closely, looks like he got hit on the cheek by the sharp tail "Hehe, whoops?"

Karkat failed to bite back a sigh. This'll take a moment or so... hopefully.

~~~~~~~(A)~~~~~~~

Jack 'Jackal' Egbert was already at work when it happened. Doing serious business a dad like him was supposed to do in an adults life, he had been glad his twin brother Joe 'Jonathan' Egbert-now Crocker was coming with little Jane in tow.

Both Jane and John would have a hoot living together for years to come. That and it's been a while since he and Joe had a good cup of coffee together while exchanging war stories, *prank* war stories. Ah yes, his boy was quite the prankster and Jane was following quite closely as well!

Why just the day before John had ended their little war with a cream pie, a leaf blower, a tube of toilet paper and some plastic wrappings. His son would be great in the future he can just feel it! His son was his whole world

just like Jane was Joe's whole world, and god forbid *anything* that might happen to both Jane and John.

It was why immediately after the earthquake had started he called his son, John didn't answer and that was already triggering the alarms in his head. His brother called him, Jack insisted he was fine but then told him he couldn't get to John.

Both of them had alarms in their heads as they tried getting into contact with his son, Jane as well. Using Pesterchum to try and see if John was alright.

It was when the news mentioned actual god to damned *monsters* appearing in *his* neighborhood, a neighborhood he and *his son* were living in, did he did a rare unthinkable thing: he high tailed it out work and back home.

The screaming the news provided over the radio as he drove in his car did not help settle him, when *traffic* dared to stop him he ran because *damnit his son was in that mess!*

Gah! Why did he have to work so far away from their house?! Nonetheless it did not deter him! John was in danger!

---

Joe and Jane stirred with worry, Joe was going at it with his PDA with Jane going into Pesterchum to see if her dear cousin was alright. Even conversing with Dirk and the others about it!

-- gutsyGumshoe [GG] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT] --

GG: Oh dear oh dear oh dear

TT: Jane? Jane, what's wrong

GG: Dirk! Can Dave get to John? He's not answering his chumhandle!

TT: Both my bro and John aren't online Jane, why

TT:

TT: Oh

GG: We can't contact John! Oh dear oh dear oh dear

TT: Well fuck

TT: Is this actually happening?

TT: This suddenly feels like one of my animes for reasons obviously unknown

GG: DIRK

TT: Right, sorry about that

TT: Dave's out and we don't know where the hell he is right now

GG: :( Oh nooooo

TT: Calm down, Dave is fine he can handle something like this

TT: Besides, we're not in Washington remember? And as far as we know this event is happening only in Washington DC

GG: :((((

GG: But Dirk, John! He's in Washington DC remember?!

GG: Uncle Jack is trying to get back home to see if he's okay! And we can't contact him to know if he's really okay or not!

TT: Oh

TT: I can

TT: Wait

TT: What the actual fuck

GG: What is it?!

GG:

TT:

TT: It's official, real life is an anime

GG: What in the world is going on?! WHAT?!??!

TT: Holy fuck, look at them go

GG: What's going on?! Dad and I are only listening to the radio! We can't see what's happening! But it's saying some flying superheroes are there saving people???? What??!!

TT: Basically everything is going to be sugoi and shit as magical-esque teens appear out of nowhere to battle demons from another world

TT: There are four of them but the camera is shaking too much to see them

GG: This cannot be happening! This is madness!

TT: This

GG: Dirk

TT: Is

GG: Dirk no, I swear

TT: ANIME

GG: Oh bollocks

TT: Language Jane

GG: My apologies but please be serious Dirk!

GG: Regardless on what's happening John is still in danger!

TT: No worries, and don't worry about John knowing anime and all he'll be fine

TT: Maybe he's one of those magical teen heroes?

GG: Dirk, I know it seems to be like one of your anime shows things but this is still reality!

GG: John can't possibly be one of them, but then by association Dave must be one of them too but it would be ridiculous and stupid!

TT: No it would awesome and a dream come true

TT: But you are right

GG: That I am

TT:

TT: But what if though?

GG: AAAAUUUGGGH

GG: Dirk! Joooohnnn!!!!

TT: Right, yeah sorry about that

Jane could only sigh and look out the car's window "Oh John, please be okay" she whispered as she and her father drove on the road.

~~~~~(A)~~~~~

Despite what Jane might think, Dirk and Bro were actually worried about Dave. The teen wasn't answering their texts and calls, but regardless they stayed in their apartment and watched the news and worried for John too.

"Okay, holy fuck. So far I think the blue one's power is the wind? The other's haven't shown their powers yet but it's safe to say that the blue boy with the... *windsock* has control over wind... and also wields a hammer like motherfucking Thor Odinson" Dirk said as both he and his eldest brother sat in the living room. At the same time he was also pestering Jane with his newly made iShades that he created like a week ago.



They were going to get richer later on with Dirk's newest product. Dirk will release it in like a year or something, they were already rich enough and shit.

Bro grunted as he fixed a torn smuppet, there were a few of those lying around the apartment but most of them were stored away in Bro's room. Bro was not ashamed of his hobby of filming puppet porn nor his puppet fetish and all, his brothers were a little discomforted about it but were fine over all and requested that he put most of it in his room rather than having them all strewn about all over the place and he complied like the good brother that he is.

But sometimes he would be a shit brother and would pile them before their rooms and be amused as they dig their way through promiscuous puppet ass felt. That and lay them around random places of their apartment.

Though on most times Bro was a big shot DJ at a club he owned a few streets from their apartment, something his little brothers enjoyed very much. They would admit with no shame nor jealousy that their bro's sick beats were the sickest of them all, even theirs. And that made Bro smirk proudly every time.

Putting down the smuppet for a bit he checked his phone again.

Nothing.

"Seriously though, where the fuck is Dave? He isn't answering the texts, my calls, little shit should've done *something* to let us know he's good and all" Bro deadpanned but Dirk could see the downward twitch his stoic lip was hiding, Dirk frowned instead.

The 14 year old teen shook his head "I'm sure he's fine, with your training he can take it. Dave's not some prick-ass prima donna queen" he told him, Bro nodded but his lips were still at a fine line.

All three Striders knew how to fight, all three of them could fight really well. Especially with katanas and swords, both Bro and Dirk were anime

fans they admit it and while Dave wasn't an anime fan he still enjoyed it especially the fight scenes.

Bro made sure that both his little brothers knew how to handle a fight, made sure they exercised and were at tip-top shape. They mostly fought on the roof, it was more than big enough for all three of them to have a battle royal and all.

"Okay, so two of them fight with... guns. Another fights with, sickles? Then the last two fight with swords and a hammer. Hot damn" Dirk murmurs and jolts a bit when the camera jolts wildly and the screams grow louder as it looks like the monster is closer, both Striders mentally breathes a sigh of relief when the creature is pulled back by.... red chains? They can't see where it's coming from.

Bro breathes deeply and checks his phone again, starting to get a little frustrated with Dave's lack of response.

Dave was going to explain what the fuck he was doing that was so busy as to not answer his goddamned texts, and it better be one hell of an excuse.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Dave was going to have one hell of a time coming up with an excuse later on for his brothers. Ignoring the fact it felt a little weird to say *brothers* and all, his iShades dinged occasionally as he rode on the rampaging denizen with CaledScratch stabbed deep into its head.

He can hear Karkat cursing in the distance as he used his Blood Aspect to reign in his own denizen and stopped it from attacking a nearby film crew that shouldn't even be there! What the fuck were they doing there anyway?! Shouldn't they be running like all the other sane human beings?!

He grunts as the injured denizen thrashed wildly with him on its head, he grits his teeth and yelps when the denizen *smashes* itself into a house, demolishing whatever room that once there and he sees an older human but different Karkat with some greaser-looking douche-feeling guy with him looking at them both through the demolished dust of the room.

'*Fuck is that Kankri?*' was his thought as he tightly gripped caledscratch and tugged at it, driving it more into the denizen and moving down a bit. It screeches in agony and gets its head out of the destroyed bedroom. Fuck was that Karkat's bedroom?

Shit.

His train of thought was cut off as he was thrown off the rampaging denizen, caledscratch still deep in its head. He grunted as he slammed down unto the pavement, instantly rolling to the side as the denizen's spiky tail and was soon on his knees and into the air once again. Tugging at his hood, making sure it was over his head and covering his head properly.

They did *not* want to deal with the government going after their asses when all this was over, it would be too soon. Hell, this whole *situation* was too soon! Not even one day into this new fucking world or universe whatever and they were all back into the fucking fray of the game!

Though they were all strong enough to deal with denizens now, it was still a fucking hassle. Besides, there were civilians that they needed to consider as well.

"Look out!" shouted John as he used the wind to push away the news cast that were nearly hit by a stray tail, the cast screamed and John tried to reign in the flying denizen once again after helping them out and of course making sure his windsock hood was kept over his face.

Dave cursed and acrobatically dodged his flailing denizen, reaching for caledscratch. He purposely drew it painfully from the denizen's skin, making sure to thrash it as he took it out. It screeched in agony.

He flew back, bumping firmly against Karkat who had his hands firmly grasped on the thick red chain that came from his wrists, blood-chains.

His mind wandered back to the house and stiffly chuckled, gaining Karkat's attention as well as the others as they regrouped together, each seemingly having a hold on their denizens. Roxy had made a giant hand out of generic green cubes to hold down the denizen both her and Jake shared to defeat.

Both Karkat and John had chained their denizens with their respective aspects while his was actually just swaying side to side, staying put as blood dripped from its wounds, it looked tired and hurt. Good.

"Uh Kar? Sorry but I think I destroyed your room. Sorry about that bro"

**"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY DAVID ELIZ-A-FUCKING-BETH STRIDER?!"**

"Karkat sshh! No one's supposed to know who we are!!"

"Come on guuyzz, we need to kill these fuckerz 'member?"

"Oh dear, I was afraid this would happen..."

Jake sighed as Karkat began to throw a fit but was glad to see that his focus on his denizen was stronger than the urge to throw a fit, granted a rightful fit because his room was now destroyed and his house partially destroyed as well.

Briefly the adventure loving teen wondered if Karkat was *truly* going to be alright, he had turned into an entirely different species after all. That must be hard to consider, not to mention his friends forgot about the game where nearly everyone was killed or already dead or *something*.

The bonds he must have created were now gone and he had no where to turn to but them, maybe after the fight he should check on the little guy. See if he was going to be alright and all, Jake English always worried for all of his friend and Karkat was one of them now!

"Skaia ta Engrish, um, *English*! C'mon Jakey, time to snap out uf 't!" Roxy urged the teen, jolting him out of his thoughts with a nervous yelp

"Oh! I'm sorry Rox, just a little out of it there today. You know, memory headache and all" Jake waved it off with a fake cheery grin, Roxy narrowed her eyes at him before shrugging and nodding.

"Okay, we really need like codenames for this. The government will *not* like us with the amount of destruction we're doing" Dave deadpanned as he

brandished caledscratch. The others winced, yeah they were a bit careless in that as they were too used to wildly flailing their attacks around with no harm nor foul as the surroundings were usually either already decimated, deserted or only had other enemies around!

Now they had to worry about civilians, homes and buildings and the like! Oh, that was going to be a *pain*.

"Let's worry about that at a later date, we need to get rid of these fuckers first" Karkat declared as he tugged at his denizen, and instantly all four game monsters burst into wild action. Apparently that was the signal or something as Dave's denizen shot forward with its mouth gaping wide for the intent of swallowing the Knight of Time whole.

All 5 God Tiers shot into action as well, weapons galore and powers fully functional.

Jake shot from afar, using his Hope Aspect to boost the skills of the others and as well as keeping from safe at a distance. His Hope Aspect was more of a supporting type, boosting their damage, defense or upping their healing but he could not heal as much as Jane could with her Life Aspect and with her being the Maid of Life and all. But Jake was a wicked shot along with Roxy and was filled with *hope* being the Page of Hope and all.

Roxy switched from going at it close and shooting from afar, her Void Aspect letting her do both as she disappeared and appeared in different places and confusing the denizens with the added ability of invisibility because she was the Rogue of Void. She appearified cubes and bent them to her will, commanding them to block, to attack or to help. She also focused on making sure the civilians were safe, as well as trying to prevent more damage to their surroundings.

Karkat was swiftly darting in and out, using his sickles and Blood Aspect to his advantage. Being the Blood of Knight he could control blood to his will, mostly his blood but he was efficient in using it but he would always have to cut himself with anything sharp to will it. Controlling other blood was also a possibility but currently not much of an option, sure he could but it would take more effort and control *especially* if it was still in the body of a

living being. He used the denizen's blood against them in short bursts, being constructs of the game despite bleeding made it a little harder to control the blood but he managed to do it in small amounts, making blood spikes stab the monsters.

Dave disappeared in a flash of the shape of a red gear the sound of a gong and a clock's tick as he dodged the denizen's mouth, appearing behind it and tackling it down to the ground in a red blur. With time running through his veins because of his Time Aspect he could appear into the future any time unless it was crucial that he doesn't, the time that flows through him informs him whenever it was time to go, to stay, of if this was becoming a doomed timeline and sends him back to correct mistakes. Currently it told him everything was going smoothly and there were no anomalies nor current doomed timelines.

John released his hold over the winged denizen as he burst into wind and appeared in front of its head, smashing it down with his hammer with the wind helping him crash down unto the monster. The wind was his friend and would help him whenever he needed it, it cradled him and stood by his side even before he had known of his Wind Aspect. He never felt scared of heights before, always knowing he would be safe as the wind blew through his hair. As the Heir of Breath, there was no need in fearing the wind. The wind could be molded into a somewhat physical construct like the chains he had recently learned how to do, though he was the first and longest to be the one in the God Tier echeladder there was much he needed to learn about his Aspect.

The denizens fought madly, careless about their actions. As mindless as they were, they were very durable and took everything so far but they would fall eventually as the group of 5 continued to attack them. And from afar everyone watched in awe, fear and shock throughout everything.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Sir, please! We have no idea on what's going on, the energy readings are getting nothing out of this despite what's happening. We simply don't have the right equipment!"

"Then find some, *build* it I don't care! This isn't some childhood tv show, this is *real life*! And it has consequences, find out who these *heroes* are, find their strengths, their weaknesses, *anything*!! I'll be damned if the people think the government did *nothing* while its people are in danger."

"Yes sir, as you say sir."

"I have no idea on what's going on but I'll be damned if we end up like the government in all those shows, we are going to do *something*. We aren't going to watch at the sidelines as the population is attacked by whatever the *fuck* this is... Fuck, if this is anything like those shows our heroes are currently experiencing *puberty*... Oh how *fantastic*!!! Hopefully this is something akin to the Justice League or somewhat, because if it is a bunch of teens out there... I'll fail as a father as *well* as a government official..."

"..."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Kankri was in a state of panic, not even Cronus could calm him down to his usually rational self by talking to him.

"KARKAT!! KARKAT WHERE ARE YOU?!" he shouted as both he and Cronus ran around, dodging the debris and looking around for his missing little brother "KARKAT PLEASE!!" he continues.

Cronus grabbed him and forcefully dragged him to the side, hiding behind the corner of a house as a monster and one of those people with powers appeared within sight. Kankri struggled in the arms of his boyfriend "Cronus let go, we need to find Karkat!" he pleaded.

The greaser-like teen grunted and tightened his hold "Look chief, I'm worried for him too but that doesn't mean throwing yourself into danger like this! Karkat's fine, he's a resourceful little guy. But for now, we need to get somewhere safe, we can look for him when we're not in imminent danger alright?" Kankri reluctantly nodded and both males went away from the current battlefield. Ignorant to the stare they got from the crimson wearing-teen that currently had hold over the monster.

Karkat grunted sparing a glance to the retreating two before forcefully corralling the denizen away from the other houses, and where Kanrki and Cronus were, and back to the place where John and the others were in. Bumping backs with Dave eventually.

"*Uh Karkat...*"

Fuck everything to hell.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Jade bit her lip as she and her Grandpa stared at the tv, gasping whenever the camera shook violently and cheered at the ones who saved the news cast and more.

Jake was barricaded in his room but the eldest teen new that her little brother was worried too, but apparently puberty was too much and refused to got down to watch with them.

Jade could hardly believe the monsters and everything if it weren't for the fact the news were *live* and the fact John wasn't answering, it wasn't just him too! Dave wasn't answering as well and Dirk and his eldest brother had no idea where he was so she was worried for him too.

"Oh John, I hope you're okay" whispered the dog-loving teen, smiling at her grandfather when he hugged her close.

Grandpa Harley smiled encouragingly at her "I'm sure John will be fine, he's a strapping young lad. Strong just like his father, he will be alright so no need to worry" he told her with a soft smile, hiding the worry he himself had for the young boy.

Jade nodded before glancing at the stairs before her eyes went back to the tv, her worries slightly sated.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Final blow! Come on, let's do the combo thingy!" John prompted with a very tired grin as the five of them circled around the downed four denizens.



Each of them battered but not wounded that badly.

They knew what John was talking about, why the hell not? Maybe that final attack would finally kill these stubborn and sturdy jerks for good.

"Ready?" Jake called out as the five of them floated still above the still alive but greatly wounded denizens whom were all tied up by both Johns and Karkat's chains. Both godly teens had a lot of energy put into those chains, being emotionally exhausted did not help at all.

All five began to glow as their Aspect symbols appeared behind each of them, each waving their hands almost randomly and very mysteriously to the outside view as the symbols glow brighter and the denizens underneath them struggled harder.

The blast was sudden as all five continued their gestures as a pillar of colorful light of dark and bright blue, bright yellow, both bright and dark red merged seamlessly and shot through the clouds and down below to the monsters that made so much damage on the surrounding neighborhood.

John and the others halted and the pillar disappeared in a bright flash that had everyone but the five cover their eyes to shield themselves, when it was gone, all that was left of the monsters were bright bits that looked very strange.

"Wait... *grist*?" John gasped as they flew down, touching the grist and watched it disappeared in a brief white flash "Guys, *grist*!!" he stressed to the others as they began to pick up the game constructs once more.

"Welp... what now??" Roxy asked while tugging at her hood, the five of them glanced at each other before they glanced at the news cast and the few civilians that were brave enough to stop and film them. They all stared in silence before the news cast jolted and began to quickly make their way towards the soon enough-new superheroes.

"Okay, time to go!" Karkat urged as they all jumped back up the air, ignoring the protests from the news cast.

"Bye guys!" John said as he did his *windy thing* and burst into bright blue wind.

"Later dorks" Dave told them with a shrug as he disappeared into a red cog with the sound of a gong and ticking clocks, probably following John.

"Buh-Bye guys! Let's meet up another time!" Roxy sang as she faded from view.

"So long chaps!" cheered Jake as he turned into a bright ball of yellow light and zipped right out of there

"Fuck you all, we are talking about this later" Karkat deadpanned as the blood from his wrists covered him completely and his form liquefied before darting away.

The people watching them were confused, the government was confused, heck the five god tiered teens *themselves* were confused, *everyone* was confused.

The Aftermath was quite the something as reality began to process this day, anime and cartoon fans everywhere in conflict, realists joining the fray, governments trying to figure out what to do, five teens trying to figure out what to do, yes, the aftermath was quite the *something*.

# Aftermath

## Chapter Summary

The aftermath of what happened, pesterlogs, reactions and such.

## Chapter Notes

Formatting the pesterlogs were quite relaxing actually ^\_^

---

turntechGodhead [TG] reopened PRIVATE MEMO Okay WTF

TG: okay

TG: shit

TG: guys, wtf do we do now??

TG: the whole world knows we fucking exist now

TG: this is like some shitty anime that my brothers obsess over

TG: yes brothers with an s as in more than one

TG: holy shit brothers with an s as in more than one

TG: fuck what do i say to them?!

TG: fuck

TG: they're going to pirouette off the motherfucking handle and kick my ass for ignoring their messages

TG: my ass will be kicked the moment i either respond or go back to the apartment

TG: im dead dude

EB: dave calm down!

EB: we'll think of something later

CG: ACTUALLY FOR ONCE I'M WITH FUCKING STRIDER ON THIS

CG: THE OTHERS ARE PESTERING THE FUCK OUT OF ME

CG: THEY'RE ACTUALLY CONCERN AND WORRIED FOR ME

HOLY SHIT

CG: WHAT THE FUCK DO I FUCKING SAY?!?

CG: 'OH HEY SORRY FOR WORRYING THE FUCK OUT OF ALL OF YOU BUT FUCK I WAS FIGHTING MONSTERS FROM A GAME NONE OF YOU SHITHEADS CAN REMEMBER!!!'

CG: THEN THERE'S MOTHERFUCKING KANKRI TO EXPLAIN SHIT ABOUT!! APASDUHF

TG: oh fuck, welp i guess i'm lucky i just went up to my room and went out the window as beta mom me and rosey were busy

GT: I locked myself in my room and told both jade and beta grampa me to leave me alone

GT: They think i'm going through the very awkward stage of puberty or something of the like

GT: For christ's sake beta me even gave me that blasted TALK through the door of my bedroom!!

EB: hahahahahahaha :)

EB: okay back to seriousness here

EB: um, quick we need to help dave and karkat

EB: any ideas??

TG: none fucking here

CG: I HAVE NO FUCKING CLUE ON WHAT TO SAY, SHIT I THINK SOLLUX IS THREATENING TO HACK ME IF I DON'T RESPOND OR SOME WHIT

CG: THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!!

TG: i gotz it!

TG: tell em this

---

TA: kk we can see you online you ass!!

TA: respond you goddamn douche you worried the fuck out of us!!

GC: karkles are you okay?!

GA: Please say something, are you alright? Where are you??

AG: Goddamnit Vantas say something already!!

TC: motherfucking best friend Do:

TC: shit you alright bro?!

AT: your okay right?

CA: kar say something already!

CC: KARKAT

carcinoGeneticist [CG] is an active chum

carcinoGeneticist [CG] has responded to the memo

CG: I'M FINE

CG: FUCK

CG: CALM THE FUCK DOWN EVERYBODY

CG: I'M TOTALLY FUCKING FINE, JUST A BIT

CG: BRUISED IS ALL

TA:

TA: je2u2 fuckiing chrri2t kk you worriied the fuck out of u2

TA: you goddamn douche!!

GC: K4RK4T YOUR3 OK4Y!!

GA: Phew

GA: We Were Getting Really Worried There Karkat

CC: KARCRAB 8D

CA: there we go, it's fuckin great to knoww you're okay kar

TC: BeSt MoThErFuCkInG fRiEnD!! 8oDDD

TC: iT's A gOdDaMnEd MiRaCLe!! 8ODD

AG: Fiiiiiiiiinally!! D:::<

AG: Did you know how worried we were Vantas????????!!!!!!!

AT: oH,,, wHAT A RELIEF :D

CG: YEAH YEAH

TA: dude, where the fuck were you?!

GC: Y34H K4NKR1 1S GO1NG NUTS LOOK1NG FOR YOU

CG: OH

CG: SHIT

AT: uMM,,,, mIND TELLING US WHERE YOU WERE KARKAT??

AT: yOU REALLY MADE US WORRY THERE

AG: Yeah num8 nuts, where in fuck's name were you?!

AG: Pesterchum even said your computer was smashed!!!!!!!

CA: actually yeah

CA: wwwhat happened wwith that?

CG: I DON'T FUCKING KNOW

CG: I THINK MY ROOM IS NOW DESTROYED ALONG WITH SOME

OF MY HOUSE

CG: ONE OF THOSE DENIZENS DESTROYED IT

CC: Denizens??? 8?

CG: FUCK

CG: THOSE MONSTERS

CG: SOME OF THE PEOPLE ARE CALLING THEM DENIZENS SO WHY THE FUCK NOT??

CC: o)(

CG: ANYWAY

CG: I SNUCK OUT THE WINDOW WHEN KANKRI WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF HIS LECTURES

CG: I TURNED OFF MY PHONE SO I WOULDN'T BE BOMBARDED WITH CALLS AND TEXTS FROM HIM WHEN HE FOUND OUT THAT I WASN'T IN MY FUCKING ROOM

CG: THEN EVERYTHING WENT TO HELL

AT: tHOSE MONSTERS APPEARED, mY HOUSE IS PRETTY MUCH WRECKED AND I THINK RUFIOH AND I WILL HAVE TO STAY AT SOMEONE ELSE'S PLACE

AG: Well d8n't look at me! My house is pretty much wr8cked too!!!!!!!

AG: W8t Tavros are you okay????????

AG: You said you were on the ground when everything started, your cane br8ke too

AT: iM FINE,,, i'M WAITING FOR RUFIOH TO COME HOME AND HELP ME

AT: iM STUCK IN THE LIVING ROOM RIGHT NOW AND MY LEG HURTS A BIT BUT EVERYTHING ELSE IS FINE

TC: ShIt TaVbRo, NeEd A mOtHeRfUcKeR's HeLp NoW??

TC: i CoUlD cOmE oVeR wIth KuRlOz AnD sHiT

AT: uMMM,,, iT'S OKAY GAMZ, i THINK RUFIOH WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT BUT THANKS FOR THE OFFER

AT: aCTUALLY IF YOU DON'T MIND,,, tHINK WE COULD STAY AT YOUR PLACE FOR NOW??

TC: Of CoUrSe BrO

TC: aNyTiMe :o)

TC: HoNk

CG: JEGUS FUCKING CHRIST

TC: HmMmM???

TC: wHaT's Up KaRbRo??

CG: NOTHING GAMZEE, ABSOLUTELY FUCKING NOTHING

CG: ANYWAY, I THINK I'LL GO LOOK FOR KANKRI

CG: AND TRY TO AVOID BEING FUCKING GROUNDED OR SOME SHIT

CG: BYE YOU NOOKWHIFFERS

carcinoGeneticist [CG] has left the memo

CA: wwhat the fuck is a nookwwhiffer???

TA: ii have no fuckiing clue

GA: Well It's Nice To Know That Karkat is okay

GC: HOLD UP FOR JUST ON3 S3COND

GA: Hmm??

GC: W3 ONLY 4SK3D 1F H3 W4S 'OK4Y'!!

GC: NOT 1F H3 W4S HURT OR 4NYTH1NG!!! >:(

GC:H3 TOLD US H3 ONLY H4D SOM3 BRU1S3S 4ND D1DN'T S4Y 4NYTH1NG 3LS3 SO W3 DON'T KNOW 1F H3'S 4CTU4LLY OK4Y OR NOT!!!>>:[

GC: TH4T 4ND W3 ST1LL DON'T KNOW WH4T H3 D1D WH1L3 H3 W3NT OUT

GA: Oh Dear... She's Right

TA: goddamniit

---

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

TG: yo

TT: Dude

TT: Where the fuck were you

TT: Bro's pretty much flipping his shit trying to get you to answer his texts

TG:

TG: huh

TT: And what 'huh' exactly mean?

TG: nothing, fuck

TG: i'm fine btw, just a bit sore

TT: What happened

TG: okay, so like i said i went out in my text right?

TG: just went out for a for some fucking apple juice and some good ol' junk food

TT: Dave we have apple juice in the apartment

TT: And a fuck ton of junk food

TT: There was no need to go out to buy more

TT: We clearly have enough to last for *at least* a week.

TG: i knew that

TG: i just wanted to get more dammit, you know me and applejuice dude

TG: we're like that fucking sappy married couple that can't stand to be apart

TG: unable to spend one minute away from each other

TG: less we become dramatical saps that will suck each other's faces off upon touching each other again

TG: 'oh my love how i missed you' 'no how i missed you darling' 'kiss me' 'no kiss *me*'

TG: \*extreme motherfuckingly obnoxious and sloppy make-out noises\*

TT: Gross

TT: What the fuck man

TT: Okay I get it

TT: You love AJ

TT: AJ loves you

TT: Please don't continue that

TG: heh

TT: Anyway, you were saying?

TG: my dramatic and sappy love marriage with applejuice?

TT: Fuck no

TT: Where the fuck did you go and what was so important that you ignored both Bro and my texts you douche

TG: if i'm the douche then you're the prick

TT: Whatever but seriously Dave, Bro was really worried about you

TG:

TG:

TT: Dave?

TG: yeah shit sorry

TG: spaced out for a minute, thought i heard something

TG: anyway, so continuing on my story of my perilous quest for my love



AJ

TG: which i did find btw

TG: i decided to just walk around some more, maybe buy some random piece of junk if i felt like it

TG: then all of a sudden that earthquake came from fucking nowhere

TT: Yeah, that was strange

TT: Coming out of nowhere like that

TG: so that happens and i'm like

TG: 'the fuck???'

TG: then the whole monster thing happened and i'm like

TG: 'the actual *fuck*???'

TT: Again, that was strange and supposed to be an impossibility TT:

Monsters were not supposed be real

TT: But apparent reality is a fucking anime now

TT: Feel my hype

TG: heh yeah, you and bro would be so fucking hyped all over this shit huh?

TG: and then those superheroes appeared and i'm like

TG: 'okay cool but the actual *literal fuck*???'

TT: Hell yes

TG: hell

TT: Fucking

TG: yes

TT: Yes

TT: From what I could observe through the shaky news film the possibility of them being teens is a high 92%

TT: That and anime law pretty much calls for it

TG: yup

TG: also egbert called me during all this

TT: Oh yeah

TT: Yo is he alright?

TT: Jane and her family freaked the fuck out about the whole thing

TG: he fell down the stairs when the earthquake happened

TG: i warned him bro

TG: about those fucking stairs

TT: Heh

TT: But seriously is he okay?

TT: I've got Jane on another tab pestering me about John and you  
TG: me?  
TT: You know the Crocker-Egberts, always concerned about us Striders  
TG: point  
TG: okay going back to egdork  
TG: he's fine btw  
TG: just a bit bruised from the stair shit  
TG: and pretty much hid in his kitchen when the monster shit happened  
TG: he occupied my time on the phone so i couldn't reply to anyone else  
TG: dude when he's scared he goes all gatling gun of emotions  
TG: pretty much began babbling about  
TG: stuff  
TT: Stuff  
TT: And pray tell what stuff?  
TG: nothing, just the usual things. he was pretty much trying to get me to make his will or something  
TG: then his scared babbling turned into excited babbling when the teen heroes appeared  
TG: so i couldn't reply to any of bro's shit because i was being a bro to my best bro  
TT: Hm  
TT: Bro is still going to kick your ass  
TT: But it'll probably not hurt as much as it should've been  
TT: He's reading this too for your information  
TG:  
TG:  
TG:  
T: Dave, what was that?  
TG: what was what?  
TT: The gaps dude, what the fuck  
TT: Is something wrong?  
TG: nothing  
TG: it's nothing, just thought i saw something again  
TT: Okay, that's it. Where are you?  
TG: park  
TG: don't worry i'm heading back to the apartment now  
TT: ...

TT: Alright  
TT: Just hurry the fuck up  
TT: Bro's getting twitchy  
TG: fuck  
TG: okay okay  
TG: i'm going  
TG: jegus  
TT: Jegus?  
TG: i meant jesus  
TG: gog

turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT]

TT: ...

Dirk paused as he showed Bro the chat, his mind thinking on how weird Dave was behaving.

It was probably nothing.

Meanwhile Dave kissed John goodbye before flying out the window and disappearing with the sound of a gong.

---

"John!"

John jolted as he hears the door bang open, in a flash he's out of his god tier outfit and into the clothes he wore before. He's surprised to see his dad pretty much run into the kitchen, where he was currently in and where Dave left through the window.

"Dad?" he said hesitantly and jolted as the older man flung himself to him. He hissed as the father hugged him, instantly Jack is off his son to see what's wrong and sees the slightly bruises and small cuts on his arms.

"You're hurt! What happened, are you okay? Where you scared? Don't worry son I'm here, I shouldn't have left you alone like this. Joe and Jane

are coming and they were worried sick just like I was when everything happened. Young man why didn't answer my calls?!"

John was stunned as his father prompted him to the living room and kept talking, scolding and asking him stuff.

This was bizarre for the Heir of Breath.

"Dad I'm fine! I was just going down the stairs when the earthquake happened and tripped. There's no need to call an ambulance!" he finally told him as the older Egbert waved around a phone, already a 91 typed in.

Jack frowns and looks at his son, a little hesitant to believe his son's words but relented. His son was fine, he was a strong boy and he was probably overdoing it with the whole ambulance thing.

"Alright, but let me patch you up." he urged as he stood to get the med kit he had somewhere in the house, pranks were sometimes very dangerous and it pays to be cautious.

John sighs in relief as he sits down on the couch, he was relieved that Jake, Karkat and Roxy immediately left after Roxy told both what Karkat and Dave what to do and say. It wasn't much but it would be enough for the mean time. Dave was the last one to leave, Dirk pestering him as he did.

He had honestly forgotten about his dad being there after.... years of getting used to him... not being there.

His chest ached, worst then it did when he had been stabbed on multiple occasions.

What was he going to do now? What were they *all* going to do now?!

They were teens in a new but very familiar environment, practically war veterans retired like in those movies he had watched so long ago. Actually it seemed to be more than that. They had their powers, their sylladexes, their *memories of the damned game*.

But at the same time they also had memories of this place. Where they hadn't played the game, where everything was different and they were all *somewhat* normal. But the memories of the game were overwhelming, and were taking over, the memories were there and were unavoidable along with the game it seemed.

It wasn't fair.

He clenched his fists, controlling his wind and his tears.

It *really* wasn't fair.

"John!!"

He was jolted out of his thoughts as out of no where *Jane and her dad* appeared, looking very tired and *very* relieved.

"Jane?" he asked as both his ecto-biological sister/mother/daughter/grandmother now cousin close in on him. She gasped and worried over his bruises, his.. *uncle?* was doing the same as well as trying to calm them both down.

It was a sight to see when Jack finally came back with the med kit, seeing his son being coddled and fussed over by his niece and brother.

"Joe, Jane! You came! And so early..." Joe grinned at him tiredly as Jack went by their side, opening the med kit.

"Of course we did brother! When family is in danger we will come *every* time. No matter what, traffic was hell but we took several short cuts and hoofed it here as fast as we possibly could. Janey here even became a big girl and actually *ran* here when we were stuck on the highway, the road was damaged so our car is somewhere up there. I followed of course, I swear she gets that from you"

Jack laughs wholeheartedly, yes that was true seeing as he did the very same. His car was probably still on the road, oh he'll worry about that later on.

Jane pouted at her dad before turning to the stunned eyes of her cousin "John? Are you truly alright?" she asks him worriedly.

"Um, yes. I'm fine! Like I said earlier I was just going down the stairs when the earthquake happened and tripped! That's all!" John insisted, glad that he for his OP god powers now. Those powers made him very durable, it healed his minor cuts but left the bruises that should be broken bones and skin.

Yeah, dying for these powers seemed to have been worth it.

"Oh good, by golly you must have been so scared! We heard it over the radio! Was it true that there were *actual* superheroes?" all three Egberts/Crockers zoned in on John who gulped and nodded.

He told them what he could, they talked about it contemplating and exchanging theories.

John smiled a little as he watched them, staying silent for once rather than joining the discussion.

This was okay. Yeah, he could work with this.

The pain went away as he let his dad, ~~imissedyouimsorryyou'reheremissedyousomuch,~~ clean up his bruises and patch up what he could.

They didn't deserve to be subjected to the game anymore.

That was the one thing John realized as all three family members moved to the kitchen, dragging him as well claiming it was time for some good old cake. For once, he wouldn't mind.

They didn't remember the game, they didn't deserved to be hurt by it again. He won't let it. It wasn't fair yeah but he refused to let them get hurt by that damned game again, *never again*. He'll protect them, keep them safe, they won't have to worry about the game.

They would live their normal lives, safe and sound. Maybe it's for the best, *no* it was for the best. The five of them can do it, they'll protect the

others and keep them safe.

No matter what, everything was going to be okay. They'll make sure of it.

He'll talk about this to the others later, right now he actually wanted to try his father's baking. Missing it a *lot* all these years.

---

"KARKAT THANK GOD YOU'RE OKAY, OH I WAS SO WORRIED NEVER DO THAT AGAIN. THAT WAS THE MOST STUPIDEST THING YOU HAVE EVER DONE DO YOU HEAR ME KARKAT VANTAS?! WAIT YOU'RE HURT! CRONUS! GET ME A MEDKIT STAT, OH DEAR LOOK AT YOU I **BLUH BLUH**"

Karkat cringed within the hold of Kankri, his face red as his ancestor/brother/son whatever fussed over him. Ranting and caring for him at the same time, Cronus, *bluh*, didn't even *try* to calm down his... matesprit? What was the human word? Boyfriend? Yeah that's it.

"I'm fucking fine! Kankri, let go! I just cut myself trying to get the fuck out of the whole mess!"

"Chief Jr. you made us both worry, what would your dad think over all of this?"

Karkat froze as he remembered his custodian... *father*. Fuck. He forgot.

The Signless was now his father lusus, he remembers faintly that his lusus was away at the moment across the country to attend some preaching thing.

"Oh I nearly forgot! I must contact father about this! He must be so worried! Oh dear, it seems I left my phone at home. Wait, our *home*! It's half-destroyed now!"

Fuck, he forgot about that too. *Gogdammit Strider*.

"No worries chief, I can ask my pops if you guys can stay at our place. Eridan won't mind, *I certainly won't.*" Cronus said reassuringly. Karkat stiffened slightly at the mention of Eridan, great. He remembers he would have to confront his friends over this again, not to mention deal with the fact everyone was human now.

*And the fact no one but him and the others remembered the game.*

Fuck his gogdamned life to hell and back.

---

ectoBiologist [EB] has opened a memo Um Hey Guys

ectoBiologist [EB] has invited everyone to the memo

EB: umm

EB: hi guys

tentacleTherapist [TT] has joined the memo

gardenGnostic [GG] has joined the memo

gutsyGumshoe [GG] has joined the memo

timeaus Testified [TT] has joined the memo

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has joined the memo

golgothasTerror [GT] has joined the memo

GG: JOHN!!!! :DDD

GG: WE WERE SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!!!

TT: JONATHAN EGBERT YOU WORRIED US FOR GOD'S SAKE!

TT: Dave was right, you're okay.

GG: Well he is a bit bruised from falling down the stairs during the earthquake but other than that he's fine :B

TG: heehee i knew he was gonna be totes alright!

EB: woah

EB: jeez guys

EB: um

EB: sorry about worrying you guys

EB: especially you two, jade, rose

TT: Next time, please reply to our messages so we know you're alright John



TT: We were really worried about you

GG: YEAH!! >:(

EB: hehe

GT: By jove, it seems everything turned out to be alright after all

GT: I was quite worried when i heard about the earthquake and monster thing on the telly

GG: jake you were locked in your room the whole day!

GT: Internet jade, do remember we have free access of the internet

GT: I followed the news and the ridiculous amounts of posts on the internet

GT: Not even a full day and the internet is going bonkers over everything!

TT: Well yeah

TT: People everywhere are going batshit insane over this because anime is now reality

TT: Fuck yes

GG: Dirk :/...

TT: I'm just waiting out for the cat-eared anime babes to appear any moment now

EB: hehehehe

GT: Oh dear...

TG: \*snockers insanely\*

TG: yeaahh

TG: *cat eared girls*

TT: Hmm?

TT: Roxy, are you alright?

TG: mm?

TG: it's nuthin' Rosey

TG: just weirdly elated ober evrything

TG: \*over \*everything

TG: also a bit tired

GG: I as well am tired

GG: We went over a lot to get to John's house to make sure he was okay

EB: jane you jumped out of your car and booked it

EB: your dad had to run after you

EB: actually my dad did the same when he was stuck in traffic

GG: Yes! Well...

GG: We were really worried about you

GG: So

TT: Awesome  
EB: actually dirk  
EB: where's dave?  
GG: actually yeah, where is the coolkid?  
GG: he's usually here by now  
GT: Yes, please enlighten us on the where about of the other strider  
TT: It look's like he's offline, he was online shortly a while ago if I recall correctly  
TT: Oh yeah  
TT: Bro's scolding and kicking the shit out of him right now  
TT: I can here Bro from my room, Dave's in trouble for ignoring our texts when the whole thing happened  
TT: Said he was talking to you John the whole time  
TT: Calming you down or something when you were telling him  
TT: Stuff  
TT: Apparently  
EB: oh yeah!  
EB: erm  
EB: stuff  
EB: i guess i was kinda panicking over the whole thing and decided to call dave on a panicky whim  
EB: then the whole thing happened and i was just on the phone with him the whole time  
GG: Oh, you neglected to tell us that tidbit of information John  
EB: sorry, i was kinda overwhelmed over everything  
EB: monsters and superheroes and bluh  
GG: I guess I cannot argue over that  
GG: I myself am still reeling with the whole reality of things  
TT: Anime, our lives are anime now  
TT: But I think we're not the main characters  
TT: Anyone here got any super secret super powers?  
TT: Any mysterious mystical animals appear offering wishes of some shit?  
GT: None here at all!  
TG: NOPE  
EB: no...  
GG: no :/  
TT: Unfortunately no

GG: Goodness no

TT: Bummer

TT: Well in that case

TT: Luck to those teens and shit

TT: Managing normal life with that crazy bucket of shenanigans is going to be tough for them

TT: Teens?

TT: It's a 97% chance that they are teens

TT: From what I can tell from the shaky footage anyway, that and Anime law calls for it most of the time

EB: oh

TT: Yeah

TG: aren't they just awesome?? :D

TG: the one in dark blue using the gun is the best so far ;)

TT: I like the one in red using the sword, a katana would've been better but hey beggars can't be choosers

EB: the blue windy boy is the one for me ;B

GG: i like all of them!

GG: they saved everyone so i like them all :B

TT: I don't really favor any of them at the moment, seems to soon to pick favorites

GT: Oh boulder dash rose!

GT: They all did smashing!

GT: Especially the handsome page in yellow :D

TT: Well it could've been a girl so

GG: yeah jake don't be sexist :P

GT: What?!

EB: haahahah

TG: snork

GG: Hoo hoo

TT: The footage is too shaky and they don't really have a clear shot of the heroes in the end. We can only guess their genders and ages right now. But I must say, quite odd choices for clothing.

TT: They mostly seem to be more like pajamas more than anything

EB: well i think they still look awesome!

GT: Agreed!

---

"Roxy are you sure this line is secure?" John asked as he floated above his home, enjoying the night sky and it's comfortable chilly air.

On his head were the Cobsy-Head-top and in front of him were five open tabs of pesterchum's video log.

Roxy grinned from her pink tab "Of *coarse* I'm sure Johnny! Trust me! I've still gotz mah skillz from ta future!" she cheered as she appeared to be flying as well. She made sure to patch him and everyone all up and make it look like they were offline at the moment when in reality they were online and talking to each other. Being from the dystopian future had its perks, like the advance coding and shit like that.

"Okay, we gotta make this quick though. Kankri and Cronus are being worry-fuckasses and pretty much acting like a pair of lusii here! I only got to contact you guys like this because they finally crashed down from the whole fucking mess" Karkat told them from his gray tab, a tired scowl on his face.

"Dave, are you alright? You've been awfully quite there chap" Jake asked in concern as the four of them focused on the Knight of Time who just stoically stayed silent for a bit.

"Dave?" John asked softly, the blonde sighed breaking his stoic character.

Dave shrugged "'M fine bro, just... the whole shit's been exhausting... *especially* with the whole 'Bro and Dirk' things... This Bro's fucking *different* than before... probably because he ain't got that damned demonic puppet with him anymore" he growled darkly, their faces darkened.

Ah yes, Lil' Cal.

"I mean, he's still *got* it but it ain't the same goddamn thing. I know, I checked. But that thing still gives me the fucking creeps." Dave snorted and grumbled, smiling when John sent him a reassuring smile "Anyway, I'll get over it. Maybe. At least we're not alone on this huh? Things would have gone to hell if only one of us remembered" that got them shivering.

Had only one of them remembered, things would have gone south no matter who it was that had regained their memories. They were glad that they still had each other at least in the end.

"So my chums, what the dickens do we do now? I mean it's obvious that this adventure is just getting started but there are other things we have to worry about as well!" Jake asked with a bit of worry.

"Well furst off, if we're gonna go all '*anime-super-teen-squad*' as Di-Stri woulda put it... We're gons need a secret base!" Roxy said with a grin, they nodded in agreement. That was a good point, their fight revealed that the game was still on seeing as the denizens pretty much exploded into grist.

"I think I can totes pull out an alhemiwhazits when we find out base. I'mma need Jakey's help for dat" she continued, Jake grinned and proclaimed he would be happy to help.

"Okay, since it's getting pretty late and I know we're all pretty tired right now. There's just two more things I wanna say, first is the code name thing that Dave mentioned earlier on. We're going to need that but we'll come up to it on a later time since we still gotta adjust to... *all of this*" John exclaimed, waving his hands a bit at the end before he let his face turn serious making the others straighten their backs.

"I think we should keep this to ourselves, we won't get anyone else involved into this. The other's don't deserve to be sucked into the game again, not when they don't even *remember* it *and* they don't have their powers, their sylladexes, nothing.

We'll keep them in the dark for this, protect them. We all know how everything went and how fucked up this game is, we all have a new chance to live our lives again but it's not to going to stay like that forever. Those denizens were just the start and I don't know when or what's at the end but unless the others get their memories *and* powers, they're not going to get involved in this. Agreed?" the others turned to each other, realization on their faces.

They looked conflicted for a bit before they remembered the game and everything they went through, it was a bitter thought that *they* won't get to be as normal as the others but they cared for them and they would protect them from harm.

"You got it Johnny!"

"I'm fucking fine with it, the others went through hell before. I'm not letting them go through it all again, *never* again"

"I suppose you are quite right John, it seems for the best for the others don't get involved in this."

"I'm right with ya Egork, but one problem... what happens when they find out anyway? We all know how stubborn they all fucking are, they won't take this lightly John..."

John stayed silent for a bit before answering.

"We'll cross that river when we get there, for now. I think it's best we take a few days off unless otherwise, that and get adjusted with all of this. Especially you Karkat, you'll need it the most"

Karkat grumbled and scowled "Don't fucking remind me you nookstain, *fuck* this is going to be the fucking worse. Anyway, bye you giant ignoramuses. I need to get back before Kankri wakes the fuck up and gets all pissy again when he finds out I'm not sleeping... like I can fucking sleep properly without a pile or a fucking recuperacoona" he bit back a yawn and grumbled bitterly before his tab went dark.

John, Dave, Jake and Roxy stayed up a little longer before logging out. They all needed to sleep and rest, the events of today were getting to them and the memories of the game just made them even more tired.

John sighed as he changed out of his God Tier clothing again, captcha'ing it and mentally went over things and planned for the future slightly. He was tired, physically, mentally and *especially* emotionally. He

kept fighting back his tears during the time he shared with his dad along with Jane and his 'uncle'.

Everything was changing but that was okay, he thinks at least. But he'll know he and the others will *make* it okay and as long as they stuck together they would make it through and finally end the damn game.

He didn't sleep that well that night but at least he got *some* rest.

---

Meanwhile in the Strider Apartment.

Bro sighed as he ended the call, he had to cancel out his gig tonight at the club. He wanted to make sure his lil' bros were doing alright, the earthquake and monster attack, *monster* attack dude, made him a bit paranoid.

Dirk was asleep already, passed out at his laptop looking up at the internet and watching its reaction with the latest news.

Dave *should* be asleep now, he better be. His gut churned a bit in guilt as he remember that Dave barely said a thing with his head down as Bro scolded him earlier, he'll make it up to him later but right now he deserved that for worrying him like that.

But still, that was a bit weird as Dave usually rebuked in his scoldings even a little bit but Dave just stayed quiet and just took it.

He groaned and sat down on his futon, he needed to sleep off the headache right now.

He inhaled before exhaling and closed his eyes, his shades were already off earlier so they weren't a problem.

He was mostly-asleep by the time Dave came back into the apartment, silently floating in the air in his God Tier clothes. The Knight of Time

breathed through his nose before releasing an exhaling breath, he looked away and floated back into his room.

Everything was going to be a-okay Dave thought to himself as he floated into his room, passing Dirk's room as he did.



# A Day of Dealing with Normal-ish Shenanigans

## Chapter Summary

Normal-ish Shenanigans.

Karkat ==> Deal with Becoming a Human and All That Shit

Dave ==> Deal with Bro and Dirk while complaining to Rose and Starting Something with the Lalonde

John ==> Deal with Dad, Uncle and Cousin and for some reason Rose

Roxy ==> Deal with Rosey and Beta Mom while Working on Future Shit

Jake ==> Deal with Beta Grandad and Jade while Contemplating A Certain Mutant

## Chapter Notes

Notice that characters will be OOC or something because I probably can't get their original characters to a T so bear with me and deal with it for the time being >:P.

That and this is an alternate universe, maybe I just want them to be less jerks and more concerned and stuff?? IDK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Karkat inhaled and exhaled, currently uncomfortably laying down on a human bed. He resists squirming as his 'brother' is right beside him asleep.

He can't sleep. He can't possibly sleep. He's not in a recuperacoon nor on a pile.

He sighs tiredly and sneaks out of the bed. Kankri shuffled and curled around the pillow that Karkat used as his substitution from the former mutant's embrace.

He tugged at his sweater, not even wincing at the tingling shivers of pain that came from underneath. That was going to be a problem, human skin scar so easily. He rolled up his sleeve a bit, staring at the fresh few new scars he himself made in the fight. There were only 3 scars on his right wrist, 2 on his left.

Karkat scowled at them, this was going to cause problems as his human side of memory brought up the subject of 'Self-Harm' at the sight of these scars. It wasn't wrong per say, but by human standards it would be seen as an act of depression and one step towards Suicide.

He glanced back at Kankri before rolling back down the sweater sleeve, he was going to have to wear long sleeved shirts and cover up the scars and marks. He would also try not to use his wrists mostly, try to use other places to draw blood which was going to be a bit hard since he was more used to using his wrists. Trolls didn't scar and mark easily, even when he was a mutant he didn't scar that easily but that maybe because he was a troll and the Knight of Blood.

But now he was human and Knight of Blood, seems like he lost his hard-to-scar perk.

Fuck, fuck his new life. It can just fuck off the metaphorical handle and do a sloppy ass pirouette into a gogdamned *bucket* for all he could care. Yeah, he fucking *went there*.

He glanced at Kankri one last time before sneaking out of the room, currently they were in the Ampora household. Kankri had accepted Cronus's offer, Ampora's father lusus had accepted. He shivered a bit and was glad it was over the phone, Cronus and by extension Eridan's father lusus was *the* Orphaner Dualscar.

Granted they were now human and shit but that didn't make it less terrifying for him, as much as he had disliked and disregarded the concept of ancestors he knew of many old trolls that were terrifying and now *reluctantly* acknowledged the fact that they were real.

He was going to be utterly terrified for the next few days, reason? He *was* a gogdamned *troll kid* before, adults terrified him and though things were now different you cannot just *forget* being afraid for your life against the elder race of trolls. And most lusii human-turned trolls were still kind of terrifying.

Their ancestors were now their guardian lusii, *Feferi's mother lusus was the human version of The Condesce wtf*. Yeah, he's so staying away from her for the mean time. The battle with The Condesce and other gogdamned over powered antagonists fresh in his mind.

Fuck.

He snuck past Cronus's room as well as Eridan's room, Eridan had finally asked on what the hell he was doing out after escaping Kankri's rants earlier on but thankfully he didn't ask it with Kankri and Cronus around so he avoided answering *them*. Unfortunately he had to answer *Eridan* in return.

He told him he was just wandering around sulking his ass and bought some snacks or whatever. It temporarily got the Ampora off his back but the suspicious look he got told him it wasn't going to be the last of him.

Karkat sighed as he went down the stairs, it was late night or maybe really early morning. His internal clock was already fucked up on the meteor but might as well add that to the long list of things he has to fucking adjust to.

It would be hard to do so though, just like it was going to be hard acting like a normal human. Trolls were nocturnal, humans are not. Well, he's not a troll anymore but he has memories and experience as one and they were overwhelming the human side of him already.

If that made any sense.

Karkat looked through the fridge, looking for anything to eat or drink. He's not that thirsty or hungry though.

He settles for cold water instead and just sits on the couch in the darkness, his eyes adjust easily to the darkness despite them being human.

He curses his luck for being the only one in the troll group to remember, half of the humans managed to remember but *he* was the *only one*. He grumbles bitterly, refusing to acknowledge the wetness in his eyes. Human tears are oddly transparent and colorless and he's used to the bright red transparent liquid during the rare times he lets himself cry.

He wipes them quickly and reinforces himself, he won't cry here. Not in the *Ampora* household, maybe when he's all alone in the house on a good pile covered with a shit ton of blankets or something. It's the best he could afford with no moirail at least.

Fuck.

Okay, enough mushy feelings. Focus on other things Vantas!

He forcefully pushes his thoughts away from romance at the moment and back to the fact he was the only one who could remember. Once again fuck his dumbass luck for that, but it would be for the best. The game fucked everyone up and he actually cared for the nooksniffing assholes too much to have them get hurt again by the shitty game.

Not that he'd ever admit it out loud without forceful prompting.

He would have to tread carefully though, the healing scars on his wrists were on problem he would have to deal with already in the future. Not to mention his sleeping problem. He groaned as his head throbbed a bit, his headache hadn't completely disappeared it seemed.

"Trouble sleeping kiddo?"

Karkat jolted, swearing loudly and nearly spilling water on himself from the sudden voice that came out of fucking nowhere. It was deep and familiar and it brought with it light for the whole room making him partially blind for a bit, *fuck*.

It was Human Dualscar, *Human Fucking Dualscar*. Oh gog, he did *not* expect to interact with one of the human-turned troll adults yet! Fuck his luck! Fuck it right in the wastechute! *Ngaaaaah!!! And gogdamnit*, his eyes

adjusted to the sudden light as fast as they could while he forced himself to relax.

"Woah there kiddo, didn't mean to scare ya." Dualscar said in amusement, the fucking prick.

He looks just like Human Cronus with mixes of Human Eridan, they were all a family of blondes with the obsession of violet. Both Eridan and Dualscar a part of their hair while Cronus just went with a few violet highlights. Eridan and Dualscar wore glasses, with Dualscar spending only half of his time in them rather than all the time with Eridan (*with the exception of swimming of course*) but Cronus and Dualscar got the same tattoo of the family symbol of Aquarius, with Cronus on his forehead of course but Dualscar settled on having it on both sides of his neck like gills, *jegus fucking christ*.

Actually Dualscar's name in this world was Alpheus, *Alpheus*. Gah...

"You alright there short stuff?" Dual-*Alpheus* , asked as the blonde adult sat on the other couch across from Karkat. He was dressed in a business suit, he was a Boss to a zoo but more specifically the marine part of the zoo. Even in another universe Amporas and Piexes cannot stay away from sea life.

Ondine Piexes, *Human Condesce*, was a fucking marine biologist for gog's sake.

"m fine" Karkat replied as he settled back down, trying to hide his tense posture by slouching and cradling his glass of half-empty water. He was *not* ready for this dammit!

"Are you sure? Because today was one hell of a day, I got a call from your dad. Said he was coming back early" Alpheus informed him with a tired grin as the youngest Vantas winced, oh yeah.

The Signless went by Kelvin Vantas here and was of course as he mentioned many times before, his father lusus, *erm **father***. Fuck, need to get used to human terms now! At least in front of them! He could use any

Alternian slang if he wanted in front of John and the others but to his own friends?

He is *not* going to the whole mental asylum thing that the humans seem have going! Fuck that! Not a fucking chance! Hell and the chance they'll report it to whatever is even worse! That and he wants them away from the whole game, fuck yeah.

Grr, he was going to have to watch what he'll have to say. Gogdammit.

"Still there kiddo? Maybe you should get to bed, your dad's coming in a few days so no need to worry. In the meantime we need to deal with the destruction of the neighborhood *and* your house" Alpheus sighs as he loosens his tie, Karkat just nodded mutely and drank the rest of his water forcing out a hoarse 'thanks' to him and booking it out of there. Tense as hell.

Yeah, like *that's* not fucking suspicious! Way to go Vantas!

Karkat quickly puts the glass in the sink and gets the hell out of dodge with a quick 'Goodnight Mr. Ampora', that left a bitter and strange taste on his tongue gog, and ran back up the stairs to the confused amusement of Alpheus Ampora.

Alpheus on the other hand watched the black-haired boy practically sprint up the stairs in confusion and amusement, he wonders why Karkat is acting a bit strange. But he couldn't blame him, he was probably still reeling from the whole monsters and superhero event that happened in *their* neighborhood. He knows he is.

The adult sighed and slouched back into the couch, tiredly getting his glasses of his face. He had to deal with a lot today, the earthquake messed with some of the plumbing back at the zoo and nearly drained a whole aquarium filled with cuttlefish. Ondine would pretty much have his dick if her favorite species of cuttlefish, a love that has spread throughout her family, were harmed and died. They managed to save them though, luckily.

Then the whole superhero thing happened, which *boggled his mind*.

This was not how reality works.

This was *not* how it works universe, no, just, *no*.

Already people everywhere were drawing up theories about the heroes and most of the population were already set on the theory that these heroes were teens, *teens fighting monsters in real life*. Then Kelvin called about his sons, ranting and being *Kelvin* made his headache worse. Though his swearing vocabulary had grown a bit in that call, he had honestly thought he knew every swear his best friend knew of, *apparently not*.

Really now... he needed a fucking drink.

And so he should have, he concluded as he hauled himself off the couch and into the kitchen. A beer was practically calling him right now...

---

"Morning dude" Dirk greeted as Dave entered the room in his boxers and a long sleeved shirt along with his aviators, the blonde only lets out a groan before shuffling into the kitchen. Dirk raised an eyebrow seeing those shades, they didn't normally wear shades in the morning but Dave wore them out of habit and to hide the slight bags under his red eyes.

Dave didn't really sleep that well, only managing to get a few hours of sleep after finishing his talk with John and the others.

Bro grunted as Dave just waved at him in greeting and blinked as Dave went after a cup of his own coffee "Didn't sleep well?" he asked and Dave stills a bit before shrugging "'M fine, just hate mornings sometimes 's all." he told him and grabbed a mug before pouring himself a cup. Practically ignoring Bro who actually wore an apron that said '*kiss the cook*' in garish pink letters on a white frilly apron in front of the stove. *Fuck it was weird seeing him without his shades*.

Actually, he pretty much got hooked on coffee from his time on the meteor.

He leaves the kitchen with a cup of coffee, a plate of eggs that Bro had made, and just made himself comfortable beside Dirk as they watched tv. Bro emerged from the kitchen with his own cup of coffee

Dave forced himself to relax, he needed to get used to this. He had too, he's pretty much got no other choice at the moment.

But fuck things were really fucking different compared to his previous life.

There were *much* less smuppets lying around the apartment, their apartment was *much much* bigger than his old one, *Bro was more sociable and more human here.*

Gogdammit.

He inhaled and exhaled a bit.

Yeah, he was an emotionally and affectionately starved kid. And he will reluctantly admit that Bro *did* abuse him, mostly mentally as the physical consisted mostly of strifes that *did* help him in the game.

Bro then, had been stoic, unmoving, stone-cold and spoke less.

Bro *now*, was not as stoic, he actually showed emotion, he spoke *more* and seemed actually *concerned*.

The elder Strider had stopped patching him up after their strifes on the hot roof after teaching Dave how to tend to his own wounds, Dave was 7 when that happened.

Now on the times they strified, according to his memories, even after he had taught them how to dress their wounds Bro would mostly tend to them most of the time.

Dave silently groaned, his head ached along with his chest. Everything felt *weird* towards the red-eyed Strider.

"Alright there lil' man?" Dave grunted and just gulped down his coffee, he felt super awkward and it was going to show eventually.



"Just fuck off, I hate mornings" Dave huffed, hiding the awkwardness with the Strider facade. He didn't know what to do. Fuck it, Strider get the hell out of dodge. Retreat that sexy ass for now.

It was a mistake to trying to do this, he needed more time to get his head together and the headache was *not* helping dammit. He should've stayed in bed and called in sick.

"I'm going back to bed, it's too fucking early to be awake." Dave declared and subtly hid his hurry by taking long exaggerated strides.

"It's 8 in the morning" Dirk deadpanned at him, Dave snorted "*Exactly*" he stressed and went towards his room with his cup of coffee.

Bro sighed and shook his head "Little shit probably stayed up too late even though I *told him to go to bed!*" he called out with a tone aimed at Dave who shrugged before disappearing into the hallway and into his room. Bro's eye twitched and the eldest Strider grumbled underneath his breath, Dirk watched his amusement.

Both turned back towards the television that was pretty much re-telling what happened yesterday.

Dave breathed in relief as he shuts his door, flopping on his bed and sprawled himself over it. He stared at his ceiling, wishing John was there beside him for a cuddle.

Unfortunately his iShades told him that John was currently offline on Pesterchum, probably hanging out with his family or maybe still asleep. Good for him.

***Ping***

Oh hey, Rose.

tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG]

TT: Good morning Dave

TG: sup

TT: You missed the memo yesterday

TG: oh

TG: well sorry about that but bro was pretty much kicking my butt for ignoring him

TT: Yes, Dirk had mentioned that in the memo

TG: what was the memo about anyway

TT: I don't think John took it down yet

TG: john?

TG: oh yeah eggbutt

TG: yeah here it is

TG: haha oh wow

TG: you guys went nuts over the new hero dudes

TG: hehe the internet and news are pretty much freaking the fuck over yesterday

TG: it hasn't even been a day yet

TT: Hmm

TG: what

TT: You and John were conversing yesterday?

TT: Something about

TT: Stuff

TG: yup

TG: so i was out and about when eggbutt called me

TG: john was pretty much freaking the fuck over everything like the dork he is but

TG: gog he sounded so scared

TG: i actually was a bit worried about him there for a bit

TG: me dave strider

TG: worrying over john egbert

TG: the most adorkable dork that ever existed

TG: though he is my bro so i guess i have the right to worry about john like the cool bro i am

TT: HmMMM

TG: what?

TG: rose what's on in that dark head of yours

TT: Oh don't mind me

TT: Continue on your tale

TG: um

TG: okay  
TG: so egdork does a fucking 180 flip when the dudes show up  
TG: my ear still aches from his babbling  
TG: not that he's annoying to listen to  
TG: but gogdamned he's a fast talker when riled up  
TG: it's cute on some points but flat out annoying whenever he gushes about shit  
TG: other than me of course  
TT: Hmmmmmmmm  
TG: alright that's it  
TG: something is clearly in that hairband wearing head of yours lalonde  
TG: the fuck is up with you??  
TT: It's nothing really  
TT: I'm merely making an observation  
TG: and that would be miss kitty-therapist?  
TT: You do know that I have not had a session with Jaspers for many years  
Dave  
TG: yeah not since you were 10  
TT: Oh hush Dave  
TT: Continue  
TG: yeah no  
TG: you have this whole 'annoyingly mysterious and flighty' vibe going on rose  
TG: i know when to stop whenever you get that vibe  
TT: I am not flighty  
TG: oh sorry  
TG: 'highly mature' right?  
TT: Ugh...  
TG: haha  
TG: oh hey john's finally on  
TG: see ya rose  
TG: i got me a dork to talk to  
TG: i gotta make sure egdork knows i got my ass kicked by my bro because of his clingy self  
TG: later

turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT]

TT: Hmmmmmmm....

TT: I see.... Interesting.....

Dave closed Rose's tab and pestered John.

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB]

TG: yo eggbutt

EB: dave!! :B

Dave smiled as he made himself a bit more comfortable on his bed, he already felt better seeing those familiar blue texts that belonged to the dork he loved so much.

---

John smiled happily as he went down the stairs, PDA in one hand as he descended down. The familiar and *very missed* scent of his father's cooking tugged at his nose and seduced him out of bed. He hid his tiredness with his familiar bound and a bright smile, luckily he didn't have much bags underneath his eyes so if there were some then his family might just mistake them as tired just waking up bags instead of lack of sleep bags.

"Good morning John!" Jane greeted brightly from her place on the couch, the television on in front of her.

John laughed "Morning Jane! Dad and Uncle Joe cooking pancakes?" he asked as he bounced lightly and landed right by her side, she sent him a disapproving look at his entrance but smiled anyway.

"Of course! Your favorite as well, blueberry pancakes with whipped cream!" John licked his lips as his stomach growled, Jane giggled at that before frowning "Are your bruises alright John?" she asks and the windy boy blinks before nodding.

"Yeah! I'm feeling great actually!" he says with a convincing bright grin, though in truth he was actually kind of tired. He had slept for half the night, waking up at random intervals and tiredly went back to sleep only to repeat until the sun rose.

Jane furrowed her brows before nodding and had her attention turned back to the tv, she was watching the news which was basically just re-playing some clips of yesterday. John watched a few clips after turning on his PDA and having his chumhandle online just in case anyone wanted to pester him.

### ***Ping***

He looked down and felt some of his exhaustion melt away as a very bright grin settled on his face, Jane noticed and quirked a brow in question.

"Dave!" he laughed and Jane blinked before nodding and turned back to the tv, her cousin loved talking about his friends and would of course light up whenever they talked to him. It was normal, though it might be her imagination but she thought she saw a little blush settled on John's cheeks but that was impossible, John was not a homosexual. At least not to her knowledge.

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB]

TG: yo eggbutt

EB: dave!! :B

EB: morning!

TG: morning

EB: how are you?

EB: did you sleep okay?

TG: course i did

TG: i'm the fucking king of sleep

TG: ruling over snoozeland with a fluffy fist and a soft plush pillow

TG: i am the best snoozer in all the land

TG: it is me

EB: you're such a dork :P

TG: gasp

TG: how dare you

TG: i am the coolest bro you know

TG: if anything you're the dork egbert

EB: no i'm p sure that's you

EB: and no you're not cool >:P

TG: i'm hurt

TG: john how could you say that  
TG: you've wounded me  
TG: i've been betrayed by my best bro  
TG: john why

John snickered as he curled his legs underneath him on the couch, Jane smiling softly as she sat beside him. It was nice to see him act like his normal self, yesterday he felt a little... *off* for some reason.

EB: hehehehe >:B  
TG: anyway  
TG: aside from your betrayal what's going on over there  
EB: nothing much, just sitting with jane on the couch and watching tv  
EB: we're waiting for our dads to finish breakfast :B  
EB: it's pancakes!!  
EB: pancakes dave!!!  
EB: :D  
TG: and you call me the dork  
EB: daaaaave >:T  
TG: haha  
EB: shut up dave  
TG: nah  
TG: if i did you'd beg me to say something anyway  
EB: >:|  
TG: hahaha  
EB: bluuuuh  
TG: so  
TG: how about you  
EB: ??  
TG: did you sleep okay  
EB:  
TG: john  
EB: kind of??  
EB: i just  
EB: with everything it was kind of hard to sleep straight  
EB: kept waking up and i was kind of confused if i was dreaming or something

EB: that and i  
EB: kinda missed you :(  
TG:  
TG: missed you john  
EB: :)  
EB: <3  
TG: pfft  
TG: ya gogdamned dork you  
TG: doing the troll heart thing  
TG: you are such a dork  
EB: daaaave >:/  
EB: you ruined the moment >:T  
TG: hahaha  
TG: <3  
EB: :D

John smiled softly as his neck flushed a bit, his ears tinting red a bit. Okay he maybe, *just maybe*, he might a be a dork.

"Kids! Time for breakfast!"

John jolted before grinning brightly, hell fucking yes!

EB: i gotta go breakfast is ready :DDD  
EB: blueberry pancaaaaaaaakes!!!!  
TG: hah  
TG: later john  
TG: enjoy your breakfast you dork  
EB: >:T  
EB: bye dave  
EB: have a nice morning

ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering turntechGodhead [TG]

"John! Hurry before breakfast goes cold!"

John jumped from the couch "Coming!"

Joe chuckled as both his daughter and nephew scrambled to their seats, both grinning happily. Both he and Jack made plenty for everyone.

"Morning dad! Morning uncle Joe!" John greeted as he took his seat, his stomach grumbling happily. Jack smiled and gave everyone their portion of breakfast.

"Dig in!" the father chimed as he and Joe started on their part, pausing occasionally to sip their coffees as their children dug into the pancakes enthusiastically.

John held back the moisture from his eyes, he knows if he starts outright crying he'll freak out his dad and the others.

He *missed* this, he missed *all of this*.

He will never take this for granted ever again, even if he disliked the frequent cakes that would appear in the future.

"Delicious as always" John chirped as he began to drown his pancakes with syrup and whipped cream "Thanks dad"

Jack nodded and smiled, happily taking in the picture of a happy John. Happy John is best John, unknown to him Dave would argue with him on that subject. ~~Horny John is best John~~

Breakfast went well, John ignoring his inner turmoil and feelings to focus on the happy moment. He lingered on the table happily as both Joe and Jack started on their third cups of coffee as well as the dishes, Jane went back into the living room to continue watching the news.

***Ping***

Oh, it's Rose!

tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB]

TT: Good morning John

TT: Are you finished with breakfast?



EB: yup!  
EB: morning rose :B  
EB: also how did you know i was busy with breakfast?  
TT: I spoke with Dave briefly before this  
TT: I just wanted to check in to see if you're alright  
EB: rooose  
EB: i'm fiiiiiiiine  
EB: trust me :B  
TT: Alright  
TT: If you insist so  
TT: Anyway, how is your morning so far John?  
EB: it's going great!  
EB: dave pestered me this morning before breakfast  
EB: and breakfast is dad's delicious blueberry pancakes with syrup and whipped cream!!  
EB: best morning  
EB: 10/10  
TT: I have the feeling you've been talking to Dave for too much  
EB: shoosh  
EB: dave is a cool bro  
EB: he's my cool bro  
EB: but he's still a dork :D  
EB: a cool dork  
EB:  
EB: don't tell him i said that  
EB: he'll never let it down :P  
EB: cuz he's a dork like that :)  
TT: Hmmmmmmm  
EB: ?  
EB: what's wrong rose?  
TT: Nothing John  
TT: Just merely making an observation  
EB: erm  
EB: okaaaay?  
TT: Anyway, I just wanted check in on you  
TT: Have a great morning John  
EB: you too rose :B

tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB]

Huh, Rose was a little weird.

Did... did she remember?

His body tensed a bit, before he let out a sigh and relaxed. No, if she remembered then she would use her Seer powers and let them know or something.

That was just Rose being Rose he concluded as he thumbed over his PDA.

"Everything alright there son?"

John hummed and smiled at his dad, nodding "Yeah, it was just Rose being Rose" he told truthfully. Jack nodded and both he and Joe went back to coffee and talking dad things.

The Heir of Breath stood from the table and went out the room bidding goodbye to his dad and uncle before heading into the living room to watch tv with Jane.

"Everyone's getting so worked up over yesterday huh?" John commented as he jumped on the couch again, grinning sheepishly at Jane when she sent him a look.

Jane snorted "Well yeah, with yesterday being so bizarre and originally *impossible*. People are either denying it, accepting it, theorizing and etc." she replied as they both watched the news that showed a picture of a group of people with signs with stupid things on them.

John grimaced at the slander that was already being thrown at them, pictures of the damaged street was seen and he winced as he sees a few people actually hurt during the first part of the fight. Yeah, they really needed to think more and be more careful when fighting in the future.

***"There is no information so far about these mysterious teens, yes professionals confirmed that they are indeed teenagers. People are already calling them the 'Mysterious Five' and other names but their***

***official names are still unknownn. But the real question is, are these teens really suited to be heroes and worthy of their powers?"***

John bristled at the question, of course they were suited to be heroes! Sure their first debut was kind of rough but they were working on it! Then paused, oh yeah they haven't really thought of their code names huh?

Yeah, he needed to talk this over with the others later.

In the meanwhile, they would prove the world that they were enough to protect everyone! They had each other and that was enough.

Right?

---

Roxy giggled as she watched the news, her Beta self-*Mom she needed to get used to calling her Beta self that-* was in the kitchen sobering herself up and making breakfast.

She herself was only *slightly* drunk, not enough to let Rosey and mother dearest know that she was drunk.

She had to control herself here, that and hide the fact she even *touched* alcohol. Welp, that meant being sober most of the times.

Roxy pouted and cuddled more into Frigglish/Jaspers, whatever.

"Good morning Roxy" she perked and grinned widely at Rose "Morning Rosey! What' sup?" she greeted, accidentally letting out a slur.

Rose sent her a strange in which she sent back an innocent smile.

"Are you alright this morning? You seem more... hmm" Rose makes a vague hand motion, Roxy shrugs and grins at her "I'm fine Rosey! Just feeling a bit giddy and stuff, say good morning to Jaspers too!" she prompted, lifting Jaspers in her arms towards Rose.

The violet-eyed girl rolled her eyes and smiled "Good morning Jaspers" she says as she pets the cat's head making Roxy grin, satisfied the Void Player returns to cuddling with Jaspers as Rose settled beside her with her laptop. Both sisters waiting for their mother to finish breakfast.

Rose opens her laptop and notices Dave online on pesterchum, she began to pester him. Roxy pretends to not pay her of any mind while watching tv, but at the corner of her eye she watched as Rose hummed continuously in a tone she used to do back when she was contemplating on something that dealt with her friend's romantic problems.

Hmmm.

Rose closes Dave's tab as he stopped pestering her and supposedly began to pester John who was just now online, a contemplative look is on her face as she looked over their chat. She had always suspected... she needed more information, this was mostly wild speculation but with the current situation going as it is...

Dave pesters her again, saying how he was bored and John was enjoying breakfast and such. Speaking of breakfast their own mother was finished with theirs, she tells this to Dave who laments over it like usual before going offline.

She, Roxy and their mother ate breakfast with their mother eating quickly so she could get to work. She kissed them both goodbye before leaving, she was a big shot scientist and she had to work today.

Roxy leaves Rose alone in the kitchen, swaying slightly and claiming she wanted to continue cuddling with Jaspers and watch tv. Rose glances at her leaving form, the seed of thought planted in her mind.

Was... was Roxy *drunk*?

Impossible, Roxy couldn't be drunk because of reasons.

She puts the thought aside temporarily, she was already thinking of something else currently. Something that caught her attention for many

months now, it was something she always suspected and speculated but this was a chance to see if her theory was correct.

She pesters John and though it is short and a bit vague, it was clear to her.

It was clear to her both her best male friends were clearly head over heels over each other and were too oblivious and in denial to act and say on it.

She always had her suspicions, actually she still had her doubts but if *it were true...*

She needed to weedle out a bit more from both of them. John and Dave were oblivious guys and were either too prideful to admit it (Dave) or in denial about it (John).

So Rose plans, she plans to see if her theory is true and if it is she will act on it because those two could *not* do it on their own. Unknown to her she already had acted on it on a meteor that was barreling through paradox space, shenanigans that led to both Dave and John dating that involved whipped cream, pies, air horns, every troll alive or dead on the hunk of rock, and a gogdamned honest to gog *bubble blowing colorful fog machine*.

Meanwhile with Roxy who was on her phone. She wasn't on pesterchum though, she was currently typing down a to-do list.

- \*get sercet base
- \*get awesome hero nams
- \*get more brooze
- \*booze
- \*steal alchemiwhatzits with Jakey after base
- \*plan more stuff

And so on.

She sipped some on some booze as she did, just enough to get her light headed again and slightly drunk. Taking mints after that to hide the smell of booze.

She snuggled against Jaspers as the television went on, currently the channel she was on was the news that was talking about her and the others.

Roxy stilled at the question before smirking "'Course we can! We're all gonna totes prove our worth brah!" she declared quietly, captchalouging her phone before heading to her room.

She took out her laptop, her drunk but sharp mind going at it. She cracked at her fingers as she settled on her bed, Jaspers right beside her purring contently.

Immediately turning on the laptop, she began to type. A plan forming in her head, a drunkard she may be but she was still Roxanne Lalonde from a post-apocalyptic *future* and the Rogue of Void.

And she'd be damned if she was going to let the others down and get hurt.

---

Jake awkwardly laughed as Jade pouted at him, rubbing his head sheepishly.

"Sorry G-Jade, just wasn't feeling like going out yesterday" he apologized, a smile on his face as he sat down. A giant white dog, Bec his memories provided, barked from its place on the couch beside them.

Bec wasn't an omniscient 'First Guardian' here, no he was a normal giant white husky owned by them. No teleporting green-sun powered omniscience, just a regular if albeit smarter than average dog that loved them.

"Good morning Bec" Jake greeted with a smile as he sat down beside the dog, Bec sniffs at him before licking his face. Jake chuckles and pets at the dog as Jade smiles at the sidelines.

Their grandpa comes in carrying a tray of three bowls of cereal along with coffee and milk.

"Morning grandpa!" both green-eyed teens chirped in greeting, with Jake stuttering a bit feeling a tad awkward saying hi to his alternate self that was now his grandfather, Jacob smiles and sits down on the couch as well shoosing Bec off the couch.

"Well, it's nice to see you out of your room there ol' boy. Good morning. Now, let's all have some good ol' cereal shall we?" he says as he grabs his bowl, Jade giggled and grabs hers while Jake chuckles a bit before getting his.

As awkward as he was, it was nice. A strange sense of familiarity happened in him.

He didn't know how to handle this kind of setting seeing as he grew up alone on his island of lusii, which he had found out about via Dirk and trolls, but at the same time he *knew* how to handle something like this seeing as he grew with his sister and granfather all his life.

Well fuck, there goes that headache again.

Jake shook his head and concentrated on his cereal, preferring to enjoy this little moment the best he could. He pets at Bec who now lays underneath their table, the telly is on and it's showing the news about yesterday.

"Man, not even a day and people are doubting these new heroes of ours and calling the government mean things just because of *one* recent monster attack. I think everyone's watched too many movies and shows about this" Jade said dryly as she hears the question.

Jake had blinked at the question, his fist clenching painfully around his spoon as he thought it over. Of course they were worthy, they went through hell and back for these powers and experienced things no normal man should ever experience! Granted they knew nothing of it but still! Give them a little slack!

It's been a long time since they've actually tried to be partially normal by normal human standards anyway! Even before all this they weren't normal by human normal standards now that he thought about it.

Gah, stupid bloody game.

"Though they do bring a fair point. They are still teens going through life, and people are really scared right now over the monster attack. Their view over reality has been broken and they just want to make sure they feel safe and *are* safe. Humans are complicated creatures regardless of their upbringing." Jacob commented as they continued watching "Anyway, I think that's enough news for today" he continued as he grabs the remote and changes the channel to, Power Rangers.

"Hah!" Jade laughs as they watched, she poked fun against the style of the show and their fighting and compared them to real life and recent monster events.

Jake sighed and actually silently cringed at some of the childish attacks that the Power Rangers did, after being in battle in a somewhat similar in fashion he couldn't help but compare as well. Getting a little frustrated at the lack of actual wounds at the end of the battle, you're using swords for gog's sake! Where are the slice wounds?!

Oh poppycock.

He's becoming a real life critic he thinks.

Quick English! Erm, *Harley*.

Oh dear, that's right. He's no longer Jake *English* anymore. He's Jake *Harley*.

Well, might as well add that to the list of things he needed to get used too. He's fairly sure everyone had that list going on right now as they went through their day. Especially Karkat, lord knows the troll is having trouble accepted the fact he's a human.

Actually now that he thought about it Karkat was *really* in a bad situation.

Though trolls were a similar-like species to humans he *does* know that trolls are inherently *very* different from humans. And though Karkat has



memories of his human self, Jake has heard on how stubborn and emotional the troll was from both John and Dave.

He hopes he's alright.

Maybe he should check up on him later on one on one in pesterchum, just to see if he was doing alright or if he needed something. Jake Engli-*Harley* would never let one of his friends go through a rough patch in their lives on their own! He would be there every step of the way!

Yeah.

That and he'll get the opportunity to get to know Karkat, to be honest he had been quite curious about the nubby-horned troll ever since he first saw them in a dream bubble. Shouting and being so *angry*, it was honestly quite adorable in some unique way as he saw it.

As angry as Karkat was, he clearly cared for everyone no matter how hard he tried to hide it or denied it. He was just a softie inside that angry persona Karkat made for himself, and Jake was quite curious on *why* he made it and so on.

Jake hummed as he continued petting Bec, in his thoughts completely he missed the way Jade and Jacob sent each other glances.

The pistol-wielding boy was oblivious and would continue to be oblivious to various things, especially those in the department of his own feelings until otherwise. Apparently it's a trait that he inherited from John.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is more shenanigans as the sburb kids continue to try and be normal ish and deal with their problems. Also a look into the others that don't remember the game.

# Continuing Shenanigans

## Chapter Summary

Karkat ==> Try to be Human and get pestered by Jake as you experience total and complete culture shock

Jake ==> Go about your day and pester with Karkat later on

Roxy ==> Take advantage of future upbringing and knowledge of other languages and also deal with emotions of finally having a parental figure in real life

Dave ==> Deal with your life and succeed in trying to be normal around your brother

John ==> Enjoy family prank war and plan for the future

## Chapter Notes

Question: Should Karkat and Jake be Moirails or Matesprits? Or maybe even Kismesis's? I'm leaning more towards the Red Quadrants but can't really decide between Moirail and Matesprits :/

Anyway, let me know which one should it be and why or how. I just want Jake/Karkat in this :P

8/23/17: Just finished updating Chaos to Another Level, tired as fuck, but continuing on with the thing... is worth it :] anyway, this chapter is mostly more depth in their situation and filler I guess but next chapter will be time-jump to a couple of weeks or maybe months where it will feature more action-pact adventures :D

8/24/17: :PPP i don't think i can do a good jake english thingie in the chat, he's too properly dorky tbh and his vocabulary is foreign to me :P so sorry about that

p.s. Fixed format error in pesterchum

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Karkat gritted his teeth and forcefully pushed back the yawn that threatened his throat.

"Good morning Karkat" "Morning Kar" "Morning Junior Chief"

"All of you shut the fuck up until I get some gogdamned coffee and pour it down my food tunnel and actually wake the fuck up" Karkat snapped and ignored the surprised looks he got from the other three, Human Dualscar-*Alpheus* is nowhere to be seen so far, good.

"Karkat! That was very rude of you" Kankri started as he followed his younger brother into the kitchen, making Karkat ignore him as he went on auto-pilot managing to find the coffee beans and make a cup of coffee within the Ampora kitchen.

"Wwoww Kar, you're more grumpier this morning than usual" Eridan commented dryly as he entered the kitchen with Cronus, every damned Ampora had kept that stupid sea-dweller accent despite being humans now and Karkat wishes the coffee would just hurry the fuck up because gogdamned he needed some caffeine in his system so he could start *dealing with all this bullshit that life has thrown at him*.

Karkat continues to ignore the three as he grabs a random mug and impatiently waited beside the coffee machine, almost wishing to be on the meteor so he could get his damned coffee already. Everyone on that meteor, even *Gamzee*, had gotten a taste for coffee on that meteor as it was one of the only constant things there besides whatever they had alchemized or something.

"Kar, dude. Did you evven sleep last night? You look like shit" Eridan said with a grimaced as he observed the shorter male, whom ignored him in favor of silently and inwardly celebrating the fact the coffee was done and poured himself a cup. Karkat breathed in the smell of hot scalding liquid and nonchalantly took a sip, not even minding or wincing at the slight burn on his human tongue.

Kankri frowned at his younger brother "Eridan is right, did you have enough hours of sleep Karkat? Sleep is very important and you should get

at least 8 or 9 hours of sleep nightly or else your daily work ethic will plummet and your internal clock and system will become sluggish and you'll fail at the tasks you have set for the day" Kankri scolded lightly, failing to hide the worry in his eyes.

Karkat hid a small sigh by drinking his mug of delicious human coffee, he'll admit that human brand coffee is very enjoyable, and thought back to his perigees as a troll and nearly snorted. Hah, even when he was a troll his sleeping cycle was fucked up by human standards, the game had even made it worse and back then he had barely gotten any sleep at all. Only starting to sleep once more after his and the other troll's session then during the human years on the damned meteor he had managed to get at least *some* semblance of a normal sleeping schedule.

And that was with the poorly alchemized sopor they had somehow managed to make!

Karkat paused as he thought to it, alchemized sopor.

Oh fuck yes, if Roxy manages to '*steal*' an alchemiter there'll be a chance he can get sopor slime! A shitty imitation of the real thing but sopor slime nonetheless as it had worked fairly well on the meteor! Now, to figure out how to hide the sopor and still use it...

"Yo Junior Chief? You alright there?" Karkat jolted a bit as Cronus poked at his side and glared at him.

"What the fuck do you want?" Karkat finally answered with an irritated scowl, his scowl faded slightly as he saw the genuine worry in all three former troll's eyes. Fuck.

Karkat sighed and sent them a tired but confident look "Look, I'm fine. I just didn't get enough fucking sleep because I kept thinking of yesterday. No need to worry your asses over me alright? I'm just really fucking tired" he told them and saw their hesitant acceptance, good but something tells him it might get harder and harder to convince them in the future.

Jegus fucking christ.

"...I smell the wwonderful 'roma 'f c'ffee..."

Karkat tensed as he heard Alpheus coming in, looking tired and barely awake and blindly making a beeline towards the coffee machine. Getting a mug for himself, the eldest Ampora sighed in bliss as he drank the morning liquid.

He noticed his sons and the Vantas brothers in the kitchen and grinned at them, feeling more awake "Morning kiddos. So wwho made the damn coffee, I'll givve them 10 bucks as thanks" he said with a light grin, Cronus smirked while Eridan chuckled and Kankri just huffed before all three pointed towards the youngest Vantas surprising the Ampora.

Alpheus turned to fully face the teen "Didn't knoww you drank coffee kid" he commented as Karkat gave him a curt nod before slipping out of the kitchen with a quiet "You're welcome Mr. Alpheus, good morning" and into the living room. Alpheus frowned as he did though, so did Kankri and Cronus but Eridan was oblivious to it all and followed Karkat into the living room.

The adult turned to the remaining two "Uh, is Karkat alright? Did I do somethin' wwrong or...?" he trailed off as both elder teens shrugged and shook their heads negatively causing the Ampora to hum and look at the direction where both his youngest son and Kelvin's youngest son's direction.

Something was off with Karkat, all three just knew it.

Meanwhile with Karkat, the ex-mutant could only internally cringe at his behavior as he sat beside Eridan who immediately began to talk his ass off as both males half-watched with whatever was on the tv. Gog, this was going to a pain in the ass to deal with, Karkat thought to himself as he continued sipping his coffee.

---

Jake smiled as bright as he could, hiding the hidden stiffness in his smile at the fact he was not alone.

Currently he was surrounded by complete strangers in an unfamiliar environment and landscape. His gut churned a bit.

He was not used to this.

He was an island teen that had survived despite the odds and spent his entire life on the island that didn't seem to exist now, at least so far as he could remember in this life's memories.

He was used to being alone, at a *person* perspective as he was never really alone with all the lusii on the island. A very lonely experience, more so *before* he had met his dearest compadres in all of Paradox Space. He pestered and talked to them whenever he could, learning and getting so close to them all despite he was so far away at a physical sense.

He had hid his mild discomfort at the sign of other people in his life physically by amping up his general excitement, and the fact the other people were his very close internet best friends helped. Even when John and the others had appeared he didn't really seemed bothered as he had gotten used to being around other people quick enough and with John and the others being so similar to himself and his friends helped as well, and one of them being his dearly missed grandmother albeit from an alternate universe and timeline.

The trolls were actually surprisingly quick to get used to despite his initial train of thought. Though, he had only met them a handful at times and they were too busy with the whole game to properly get to know each other more than what they knew of.

But right now, he was feeling all the discomfort from back then come back ten-fold as he waded through the streets with grocery bags in hand right behind his new sibling.

It churned and nipped at his stomach as Jade cheerfully talked like nothing was wrong, nothing was wrong to her at least but to Jake?

He was discovering his distaste to be around crowds of strangers and not familiar people.

As an adventure this whole thing was it was still unnerving considering his 'childhood' and stuff but he felt like he was either not adjusting fast enough and everything was going faster and blurrier around him or he was just so slow and he couldn't really breathe properly.

Jake inhaled lowly before exhaled very slowly.

Another one to add towards the every growing list of things to adapt to.

Bollocks.

"Are you alright Jake my boy? You don't look so swell there..." Jake mentally winced and sent beta him a reassuring smile, using a bit of his Aspect to his advantage, he shouldn't look to bad now.

Small specks of Hope fluttered in his veins "I'm fine grampa, just a bit off is all. Nothing to worry about" Jake said with a convincing smile and reinforced it with some of his Hope powers.

Hope wasn't just about hope all the time after all.

It had its advantages and disadvantages and Jake was still discovering new ways in using it but still a long way from completely mastering his Aspect. They all were honestly.

Jacob frowned but nodded all the same, Jake was fine. He looked and acted like it. He was just being a worrying old bag again.

The old man smiled and continued on, following his grandchildren with grocery bags in his arms as well.

Jake took a silent breath of relief as Jacob dropped it and backed off, seemingly convinced for now.

He could do this.

He could do this.

He could do this, he was Jake English.

He could do this, he was Jake English, now Jake Harley.

He could do this, he was Jake English, now Jake Harley and he was the Page of Hope.

Yeah.

Yeah...

He needed to talk to someone really...

...

Maybe Karkat...?

He must be going through a rough time like all of them but just as he had said before, he was probably going through... what was the word?

Culture shock. That's it.

He *had* just turned into an entire different species no matter how similar they actually were.

Not to mention he was the only one in the troll group to remember...

It seems that Karkat is having is worst than all of them really.

All of a sudden a sense of jittery nervousness entered the young Page.

Was Karkat going to be alright? Would he be okay with all of this?

Maybe he should scurry home faster and check in on the now-human mutant troll.

Yes, that is exactly Jake is going to do.



The island-raised boy hurried along with his new family, quite eager to talk to his future-to-be new friend previously from another alien planet from another timeline and universe.

---

Roxy snorted as she effortlessly slipped inside wherever she was on the internet, she kind of forgot as she had gotten drunk in the process.

This was too easy she thought to herself as she surfed wherever she was.

Hacking was so easy when you had knowledge of the future and of alien things as well.

The blonde had learned many things and the Alternian language was one of them, the Condesce had promoting the language from her previous planet in an effort to effectively change the humans into trolls years before in that water-apocalypse right beside the time she had tried to change the blood colors of humans.

Nasty but knowledge-filled days.

*Her* Mom, Rosanna 'Rose' Lalonde aka Alpha Rose, had other people on her side as well. Not just Alpha Dave, but he was her biggest helper and ally of course.

When she died she instructed one Casey Mancer, a non binary young teen who was smart for their age and had been nicknamed jokingly as 'Viceroy Salamancer' by others from their obsession with the mystical arts and salamanders, to record events after her death and research what they could.

They and others underneath her mother's alliance and old leadership kept their word and recorded events, telling both her and Dirk what happened and taught them all they needed to know.

When the whole 'human genetic cloning' happened they still managed to things recorded somehow, telling their 'dancestors' to follow in their footsteps till the very end, and had taught Roxy and Dirk the Alternian

language. Mostly the written based language anyway, there wasn't much on speech as it was biologically impossible to speak it.

Dirk had found the information locked away in a hidden sylladex, safe and sound for the most part. It was how they 'met', her own mother had used the little Seer powers she had and written down her chum handle in one of the books she and the others left, vaguely telling the future in riddles that Roxy finally understood now.

Anyway, the point was she knew Alternian.

As far as she knew, no one in this life knew Alternian besides her and possibly the others. Karkat definitely knew seeing as he *was* an Alternian Troll.

And she was going to take advantage over that.

On her laptop she was currently developing a program and 'made' the Alternian Language digital, making a whole new digital language that all five of them would use. She was going to confuse anyone that was going to *try* and hack them and try to find their secrets in the near future, no doubt that was going to be a thing seeing as they were all internet-bonded kids.

The internet had bonded them all together from the start, *especially* Pesterchum.

Now that she thought about it, they were going to have to go somewhere else to have their super secret superhero chats, Pesterchum was a bit of a risk. She recalls Karkat's friend Sollux Captor, he was a hacker obviously and if he needed to he would hack into Karkat's shit and risk everything.

She would need to talk with Karkat about that later on. Maybe make a new chatsite just for the five of them, a private one they could all chat in and protect it with Alternian language based protections and future coding.

Oh the perks of being from the future~

Now, anyone that would look at their important shit they wouldn't be able to read a damn thing because it was in a whole other language!

She surfed more on the internet, at the same time making the Alternian language. She would really need to speak to the others about this, that and possibly make other Pesterchum accounts as well, with the half-chance of someone actually hacking into their chats they would pretty much be able to see their handles and *poof* secret identity long gone!

### ***Knock knock knock***

She jolted, quickly catcha'd both her bottle of vodka and martini glass and closed the tab where she was doing her work and left her laptop on her desk rather than her bed "Yeah?" she called out, and rubbed at her eyes. Fuck she was drunk.

"Roxy?"

It was Beta Mom.

Quickly she got a packet of mints using her Rogue powers and chewed quickly "Mhmm?!" she responded back loudly as she swallowed, getting a glass of water as well.

Man her powers were so awesomely OP.

*"Roxy baby, you okay there? Momma's a bit worried for you honey, Rosey told me you haven't been out of your room since this morning!"*

Roxy got out of bed after making sure her breath didn't smell of alcohol, Beta Mom didn't sound drunk so she probably wasn't and would probably have smelled the alcohol on her, thus the mints. Plus the mints helped her sober a bit even though she wasn't as drunk as she used to, she can't really afford to be now, but drunk was drunk after all.

The pink-loving girl smiled as she opened her door to look up to her Beta-self, noting on how hot she was going to be when she grew up. No denying that. Hehe, wonk.

"I'm fine *mom*, just busy chatting with my peeps!" Roxy chirped a grin on her face "Janey was tellin' me on how worried she was with John and what happened and stuff. Then Dirk's all being coolkid Strider smug on this new creation he did" It wasn't a complete lie.

Jane *had* told her on how worried she was over John, and Dirk *had* told her about his newest invention. Functioning new pairs of iShades he had told her.

Though they had both told her *yesterday* rather than today.

Roxanne hummed before smiling "Alright, tell them both I said hi okay?" she leaned and kissed Roxy's forehead "Love my girls so much~ Also, dinner's in 30 okay?" she chirped and walked away humming happily.

Roxy stood there a bit stunned, she rubbed the spot her Beta-self kissed her. No, where her *mom* kissed her. There was no avoiding it, she finally had a mom now. Granted it wasn't the same mother she had grown to idolized and fantasized about. She closed her door, too stunned to see her sister observing her from her hidden spot and slouched against the door.

She slid down and sat on the floor, leaning away from the door and hugged her legs.

She's having a slight difficulty in processing everything currently.

"So this is what's it like to have a mom" she whispered as she finally registered the tears that were coming from her eyes, she sniffed and wiped them away quickly.

Years after growing up so *alone* with no one else besides the carapaces and mutant-kittens and just the information of her ancestor, someone she idolized and thought of as her own mother, she *finally had someone*.

And not only *someone*, no *someones* with an S!

She wasn't alone anymore!

She smiled to herself through the tears, resisting to sob. She stood and flopped unto the bed, reaching for Jasper and hugging him tight to her chest as she quietly cried tears of joy.

It took her 15 minutes to calm down and stop crying entirely, smiling all the way.

She sniffed before determinedly getting back to work.

She had people who were relying on her after all, and she wouldn't let them down!

*'Don't worry Rosey, Mom. I won't let anything hurt you two'* she thought to herself as she worked, not even bothering to take a sip of her martini glass that was sitting in her sylladex. Dinner was soon anyway, no need to ruin it appearing there drunk!

---

Dave stared at his reflection, his red eyes roamed at his shirtless chest, mentally remembering each and every line that had used to mar his skin.

He didn't have most of his scars anymore.

He quietly traced the paths that were supposed to be mapped along his skin. He felt irritated at the nearly unblemished skin, the only scarring he had were the rare ones that he got from the few fights he had with... Bro and Dirk. In this life at least.

That and the bruising and few scars he got from their fight with the game denizens and then again those were healing quite fast already. He sighed as looked up to stare into the reflection of his own red eyes, he had a weird look on his face that he instantly smoothed once he realized he had it on.

He clenched his fists before taking a shaky breath and put his shirt back on, his favorite red long-sleeve shirt was a bit strange with the record logo

being complete and not broken in two, he had been used to that logo and even *maybe* been a little bit attached to it as Bro had....

Fuck.

No more thoughts about that, not today.

Dave clutched at the record logo and let out a shaky exhale and forcefully made himself calm. He shook his head and put on his shades, the familiar feeling of the aviator glasses on his nose calmed him even more.

He would think about Bro later on when... Bro *and* Dirk were void from the apartment, preferably with John with him.

Just them, alone, in the apartment all on their own... He smirked as his thoughts trailed down to... *more perverse things*.

Yeah, he they were *totally* going to do that later on when they had the chance.

Chuckling Dave exited the bathroom with a more positive air around him. He could do this, he was Dave Strider. He may had been a bit awkward in the morning but they most definitely didn't notice. He was the best actor, it was him.

Plus he felt a lot better more awake now and mostly okay with it. Yeah, he could get down with this.

"Sleeping Beauty finally awake for the world to see?"

Dave smirked at Dirk who lazily waved at him from his place on the table, working on some doodad on the table.

"Sup" he greeted back as he went to lounge on the nearby couch, nothing really was on the tv so he grabbed the remote and changed the challenge and Dirk wasn't even bothered "Where's Bro?" he asked casually as Dirk focused on whatever the fuck he was making.

Dirk hummed as he poked around his little project "Out, something happened at the club. He looked pissed as hell, some idiot dropped some equipment like a fucking dumbass and is probably being chewed out by Bro. Sounds like his special planned event's been fucked up, it's been pushed out a couple of weeks. Bummer too huh? Been looking forward to it" he said with obviously hidden disappointment.

Dave was disappointed too, recalling the hype from memories about Bro's 'special planned' event but at the same time he was glad that Bro was out and currently wasn't there with them.

"Fuck, that sucks"

"Fuck yeah it sucks, shit would've been awesome as fuck. Bitches were coming from all over the fucking place just to beg to be our dates as douches everywhere wept in jealousy and despair as they fucking *know* they can't compete with us Striders" Dirk snorted as he sent Dave a smirk "Didn't Amy Darla practically throw herself at you a few weeks ago? That and Maya Roland? I swear the two were about to start a fucking cat fight before Bro came along. Fucking nice bro"

Dave stayed quiet, going for the memory that would contain what Dirk was talking about. He pursed a lip as he remembered 'Amy' and 'Maya', *definitely* not his types. Sides, he was already taken.

"Eh"

Dirk stopped briefly and sent him a look "Dude, you got the two hottest girls in *school*, *fighting* over you just to be your girlfriend *and* to get into Bro's club and all you say is 'eh'?" he asks incredulously and quirked a brow when Dave shrugged.

"Not really my types, sides you know their history" Dave had a point there, both girls had *quite* the history.

Dirk puts down his tools "Dude, I thought you *liked* them. I recall you specifically calling *Maya* a, quote 'Sweet hot piece of ass with pretty fucking eyes' unquote" Dave thought back, yes Maya *did* have a nice ass

and pretty pair of *blue* eyes but that was mostly because they both reminded him of John.

Even in this life he was crushing on John but he wasn't gay, bi sure but not gay. That and John was a special snowflake. He knows John was pan though, that probably applied to this this life as well despite his claims of being 'not a homosexual'. Which he wasn't, he was pansexual.

"Yeah, and you *know* it's true but she ain't my type. Doesn't mean I won't appreciate a good ass though" he said with a smirk "Sides! She probably wouldn't be able all this Strider in her life"

Dirk frowned and seemed to be thinking of something before shrugging "Fine, whatever"

Soon enough, Dave and Dirk were just casually chatting like always. Like nothing had ever happened and Dave was just a normal Dave of this life.

But in the background he was always somewhat tense for whatever reason, too used to a *certain atmosphere* than the current atmosphere he was experiencing. It was too casual to his liking but he would have to get used to it, that and get used to having Bro around more than he used to.

Fuck. It was going to be hard but he would get there. The only reason he was so relaxed as he was with Dirk was because he consciously remembered that even though Dirk was a mini-Bro, he wasn't the Bro he knew of, he grew up and was raised by. He was vastly different from Bro despite being mostly identical.

Though he would need to consciously do that as well with this life's Bro, which would be harder but not impossible.

Yeah, he could do this. Just easy steps for now Dave, easy steps for now.

---

"John!"



John grinned and cackled as he dodged from the furious but playful lash of slimy blue icing. A prank well done!

Oh he *missed* this.

He grunted as he was gunned down by a stray cake "Hey!" he whined and heard his uncle chuckle loudly with a small apology before focusing back on the cake battle he was currently having with his Dad.

Pranks wars were even *more* fun with more family members!

"John come back here!"

"Never!" he crowed as he scrambled away, laughter blooming easily from his chest. For a joyous moment of family fun, he almost forgot about the game, forgot about the pain, forgot about the deaths and he was just John Egbert. Proud prankster from the Egbert line and son to Jack Egbert, best serious prankster dad to ever live.

But he couldn't really forgot now could he? He never will and never would. It would always be there at the back of his mind, but he *could* ignore it right now in this moment and *pretend* to forget.

And that would be enough for him.

Hours later, John panted as he laid curled on the kitchen counter. Utterly covered in cake and icing as well as some blue slime he laughed breathlessly ~~heh~~, his dad leaned against the counter with a singed hat that contrasted his wet suit he was laughing uproariously, Jane was sitting in the sink soaked with her skin tinted blue from the slimy blue icing and was giggling up a storm, her dad was wheezing from his place on the floor slightly wet but was mostly covered in cake and silly string.

"I win!" John crowed as he lifted his arm up in victory, declaring it to the world as his arm flopped back down on the counter.

Someone was about to say something but all of them jumped when the only surviving cake that was whole exploded from its place in the cupboards, its

angle perfectly distributing its frosty body to all the three other pranksters.

"Hah!" John declared as he was shielded from the blast from his own dad.

John wiggled "*Victory!!*" he exclaimed and giggled. They blinked before a new round of laughs was started by John's giggling.

Jack grinned "Good work son, I'm proud of you" he said as he wiped the cake out of his eyes and ruffled John's hair. John smiled brightly, laughing and internally thanking the cake bits and frosting that were hiding his eyes as the fact his back was turned. He didn't want to worry his dad with his tears.

It's just been a *long* time since he heard those words from his mouth.

No crying Egbert, you won the prank war! He thought to himself as he shook his head and sat up, wiping the cake and tears from his eyes and glasses.

"Come on, let's all clean this up and shower" Joe chuckled as he sat up from his place on the floor, batting at the cake that covered him and untangling from the silly string.

"Hoohoo, congratulation John! That was quite the ending!" Jane laughed as she climbed out of the sink and back down to the kitchen floor, careful not to slip at the slippery cake, slime and string covered floor.

John grinned at her "Hehe, thanks Jane! Though I didn't expect the silly string cake to the face so good job to you too!" he cheered as he did the same, coming down from the counter, looking at the silly string that he had peeled off before.

Jane giggled and thanked him before helping up her dad as John enjoyed another moment of his own dad ruffling his hair again. Not minding the cake and the fact his hair was getting wet.

"Why don't you and Jane get cleaned up first huh champ?" Jack said as he nudged John "Me and Joe will get started on this whole mess, go on" John

and Jane nodded and exited the messy kitchen and went up the stairs. John waved at Jane as she went the other way towards the other bathroom while John went to his own.

John kept his happy smile as he entered his bathroom he grinned at his reflection, he smudged at the cake at his skin and more.

"That was *great!*" he cheered to himself as he puts down his glasses and began to undress, he wiped off the big bits of cake that still tried to cling to him as got rid of the few silly strings that were still sticking to him.

He didn't bathe long but he came out practically squeaky clean as he finished... only to bathe again as he accidentally dried himself too fast. He would be unnaturally too dry for someone who just finished bathing and ridding himself from the cake that had practically covered him knee to head.

He was too used to drying himself with his Breath Powers. He splashed himself with water again and manually dried himself this time, leaving his hair mostly wet.

That was it. Okay.

"Come on John, let's go help our dads with the kitchen" Jane said as they met at the stairs, both freshly clean and cake, slime and string-free.

John nodded and both teens went down to help their fathers in cleaning what was left of the prank war.

They cleaned what was left as their dads went to take their own showers.

As the day went by, John enjoyed it all as he spent time with his dad and uncle and cousin. He even *baked* for gogs sake!

But as even as he enjoyed the day, at some moments his mind made plans that he saved for later. He continued to think about what they would do in the future and what to do to protect his family from whatever was going to happen in the future.

Because knowing the game and themselves, a *lot* of somethings were going to happen in the future. And they were going to do their damned best to deal with them to the best of their abilities.

---

golgothasTerror [GT] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

GT: Hello there chap!

GT: Um, if it isn't a bad time i would like to have a good old chat with you if it's alright

GT: We haven't personally talked before now but situations now calls for us all to be closer to each other than ever!

CG: WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

GT: Greetings karkat :D

CG: ENGLISH WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU FUCKING WANT?

CG: THIS IS WEIRD

CG: WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO ME BECAUSE LIKE YOU FUCKING SAID WE HAVE NEVER TALKED PERSONALLY BEFORE SO WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

GT: Oh um

GT: I know we haven't talked personally before this

GT: But since it's just the five of us now who remember that goshdarned game i thought back to you and i wanted to get to know you better given the circumstances of our lives now

CG: HUH

CG: SO?

GT: What i mean is i want to be friends with you karkat, and please call me jake

GT: And my last name isn't english anymore...

GT: It's harley now, jake harley :)

CG: OH YEAH YOU'RE RELATED TO JADE RIGHT?

CG: ECTOBIOLOGY AND ALL THAT SHIT

GT: Yeah but to be honest i'm still having a hard time wrapping my head around the whole shebang

GT: Ectobiology sure seems to be very complicated

CG: IT IS

CG: AND IT'S A FUCKING PAIN IN THE ASS

GT: Oh, i take it you were the ectobiologist in your session??  
CG: YEAH AND LET ME TELL YOU TAKING CARE OF 24 TROLL  
WRIGGLERS WAS A GOGDAMNED NIGHTMARE  
GT: Wrigglers?  
CG: TROLL BABIES  
GT: Ah, well that certainly sounds like quite the adventure  
CG: AN ADVENTURE THAT I FUCKING PLATONICALLY LOATHED  
WITH ALL MY BEING  
GT: Oh come on! Surely it wasn't that bad, it must've been quite the sight  
seeing yourself and your friends so young  
CG: NOPE  
CG: FUCK NO AND FUCK THAT  
CG: SEEING ALL MY SHITTY FRIENDS LIKE THAT WAS  
HONESTLY SO FUCKING ANNOYING ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY  
WERE ALL CRAWLING ALL OVER MY FUCKING BODY  
GT: Awww  
CG: NO JAKE  
CG: NOT 'Awww'  
CG: MORE LIKE:  
CG: AAAAAAAH FOR FUCK'S SAKE WHAT THE FUCK GET THE  
FUCK OFF ME RAAAAAH  
GT: Hahaha :D  
CG: OH SHUT UP

Jake grinned toothily as he sat against the wall, skulltop neatly on his head as he pestered with Karkat.

Karkat scowled as he typed, he *refused* to acknowledge the little quirk of his lips.

Both teens had no idea what was going to happen in the future between the two of them but there was certainly a friendship beginning blooming between them now.

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehe

Seriously though, Moirallegiance or Matespritship between Jake and

Karkat? Because I *will* have this pairing work! But I don't know which Quadrant to use. They will be MORE than friends dammit! Also, don't know if I did a good Jake in the pesterchum thing :/

Anyway, till next chapter~

Where more action will happen and where everyone will find out the five's codenames and things start to pick up.

# Honorable Tyranny and Names

## Chapter Summary

A few weeks have past but there has been no sight of another fight so far but our heroes are vigilant as ever to stop any incoming attack. Plans are being and have been made for the sake of their future.

A monster from the game once again appear but this time it appears in Dave's city where he and his bros were living at. The other two Striders witness the battle in real life as Dave not really struggles with keeping up the charade of normal middle brother with his OP time powers, time travel ya gotta love it.

## Chapter Notes

I kinda rushed through it at the beginning because I just wanted to get to the action already so sorry about that.

That and I had no idea on how to get these scenes actually written besides as, well, *that*

and shitty title too. The whole thing felt rushed from start to finish. I am not an expert and I have no idea what the hell I'm doing.

So yeah, I hope you enjoy regardless and hopefully next chapter will come in sooner and hopefully better?

9/15/17: I am sooo fucking sorry that this was late as shit, also I'm kinda 'meh' all over the chapter. I don't know. Hopefully the next chapter will be earlier and better. Sorry >:P

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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A few weeks passed since John, Dave, Roxy, Jake and Karkat remembered everything from the game. Since their first fight on Earth in the new dimension that involved the game's denizens that were hardly anything like the game's original denizens. They had hardly shown any sign of

intelligence, only focusing on destruction as they had thrashed and destroyed their surroundings. The five God Tier teens had managed to kill all four denizens, their reward for their deaths were the familiar game lifehood of grist confirming to them that the game was still on.

It had been clear to them that even though their lives seemed to be normal, the game was still continuing and they were still players in its thrall. However it seemed it was only the five of them who were playing the game now, everyone they had knew had seemingly forgotten about the game and showed no sign if they had remembered and were living new normal lives.

Everyone Karkat had known, including himself, had been turned into an entirely different species but only Karkat knew that they were all originally trolls from Alternia and Beforus. As far as he knew, he was the only troll to remember anything at all, not even his newly found 'brother' and 'father' could remember and they were the Seers of Blood! Although his 'father' in reality was really just a different version of Kankri, Post-Scratch Kankri who was now going by Kelvin Vantas as his human name.

It had seem like none of the Seers could remember, which was weird and they had originally thought that the fact of them being *Seers* would help and make them remember but none of them remembered at all. They knew, they had tried to hint at it as subtle as they could to the three Seers of the game.

Karkat had at least thought Kankri or Signless-*his father, still working on that-* could remember, Kelvin had come back shortly after the incident and they were staying with the others as their house was being repaired, Vriska and Tavros were doing the same. They had done it before after all, at least the Signless had before. Remembering his self on Beforus and becoming Troll Jesus, or Jegus whichever you prefer, and pretty much kick starting the whole rebellion against Her Imperial Condescension.

And do *not* get *any* of them started on *that whole subject*.

It had been awkwardly terrifying and aggravating enough for Karkat who had to actually TALK with the humanized Condesce. Whose human name was *Ondine* Piexes, gog every Alternian ancestor now had different names from their Pre-Scratch self, well at least it would differentiate them like that



as having them all with the same names would've been very confusing and strange even by troll standards. Thankfully the woman didn't interact with the youngest Vantas very much.

All five were pretty wary about that subject but they would have to set that aside and deal with it at a later date as they were bust with something else entirely.

After a few days of getting accustomed to their new lives and as well as after the fight with the game created enemies the five knew that the peace that they had wouldn't last forever. And so plans were made.

Roxy had been looking for a place for them to call a base and possibly a second home, with her Void powers she could get the games machinery and they would be able to utilize it and take advantage over it. She would need help from the others of course, 'stealing' things out of nothing always costed her energy depending on what the item was.

With how big the alchemiter was, plus its upgrades and more would cost a *lot* of energy. Something Jake had in spades accounting for the fact he had *overpowered a grimdark Jade* in the game, Jake could easily transfer his energy to Roxy and help her with it.

She had also told them about the advantage they had if they used the Alternian Language, something they had all agreed to but Jake and John were lagging a bit behind as they didn't know Alternian that much, Jake knowing less than John as he didn't spend three years with anyone who knew of the language on his little island.

Jake had been happy when Karkat offered to teach him as Dave offered to teach John. Roxy helped by sending over the files needed for them to be able to type in Alternian and learned how to switch between the language as best as they could, however only Karkat could speak the language which should be impossible with his new human voice box but the ex-troll wasn't complaining.

It was a line that connected him back to his roots as a troll he had thought as he taught Jake its written language as best he could. It was only a few

weeks worth of progress but Jake was getting there through sheer determination and Karkat was actually a great teacher if he wanted to be, the two were more comfortable with each other and considered each other friends.

The five of them would often video-chat each other at night to continue making plans, telling each other what they had found out and such. Dave had found out that they, sans John for obvious reasons, could not fly without wearing their God Tiered clothing and if they only wore half of the clothing they won't be able to fly as fast and if only one article of God Tier clothing hover at best.

John was obviously unaffected by it, being the Heir of Breath and all. He could fly regardless if he wore the pajama-like clothing or not but he does admit that wearing them boosted his abilities. Wearing their God Tiers boosted everyone's abilities.

They were able to control their powers just fine without the clothing but it wasn't nearly as much as when they were actually wearing the clothing.

So far, nothing else had appeared over the weeks and the five were getting slightly twitchy about it. So used to fighting and letting loose their aspects so easily, now they had to hide their powers or else trouble would find their way and they weren't ready for that kind of trouble.

That trouble referring to the others finding out everything that is. They still had no idea what to do if any of the others found out *before* they could remember, that is *if* they would ever remember...

Karkat was already having the *time of his life* hiding the scars that he had inflicted on himself, it wasn't that hard given it was only a couple and he had already been wearing long sleeved shirts and sweaters but soon enough in the future they would become a problem because given his *super duper mutant luck*, erm ex-mutant he guess? The point still stands, he particularly scars easily and since he was a Blood Player logic says he will bleed excessive amount of blood regardless of the wound.

And that wasn't even it though, he *has* to bleed because if he doesn't the blood just builds up to a ridiculous amount and he'll feel *really fucking* uncomfortable to the point it will start to feel painful and eventually suffer from unexpected bleeding from any orifice of his body. He had once *cried blood* from his eyes, though he had been a troll back then but he *could not* risk having that as a human currently.

He was already worrying the others with his fucked up sleeping schedule and apparent insomnia, something he was forced to admit to Kankri after a week of little sleep pretty much forcing the elder Vantas to tell their *father*. Kelvin was not happy, neither was Kankri and that made Karkat also not happy given the fact the two were now trying to 'cure' his insomnia.

Yeah, Karkat was admittedly having the worst problems out of the five of them. Though lately he and Jake were becoming close as he would rant and complain to the skull-loving teen who was physically a couple of years younger than the others along with Roxy. He *refused* to admit there was something growing there besides the human phenomenon called 'friendship' until Jake does his turn of ranting and complaining and just *being so pitiable* to Karkat. He could see it, the potential moirallegience he wasn't blind, but he'll deny it as much as he possibly could at the moment because he himself was hesitant and still hurting and bitter over everything. That and the fact Jake was an oblivious fuck and had no understanding on troll romance like John, actually scratch that he had no complete understanding on *any* species's romance *even* his own making him worse than John who was with *Dave fucking Strider*.

So yeah, Karkat was having the worst problem out of the five.

Then Roxy broke down one week and a half into the peace, nearly getting herself found out because she had *just* remembered Calliope and realized everything. She had sobbed and cried, claiming that she was just the *utter wurst* \*wrost \*worst on the night she remembered during the call after John had tactlessly and offhandedly mentioned the cherub.

Dave and John actually went to her in person to calm her down with John actually doing the shooshing and Dave doing a few paps here and there, something Karkat commented as them becoming Roxy's moirails despite

them being three instead of two. Not that it mattered in perspective anymore but it was something Roxy took to heart after getting herself drunk and pouring all her troubles on both Dave and John, and the two just went with it especially after seeing Roxy get drunk and cry like that. So the three were now moirails.

Dave commented on how Rose had done the same on the meteor some times but she had Kanaya to help her. Jake had been absent from the call as he had been busy with Jade and Jacob but he supported them despite not understanding it, that was when Karkat had realized the potential moirallegience between them but did not comment or say anything.

Anyway, Roxy's hangover the next day was what almost got her found out but she somehow pulled it through through sheer will and stubbornness alone. Unfortunately Rose was *not nearly* as convinced as Roxanne was so Roxy would have to tip-toe around her carefully. She was already on quite thin ice as she focused with her projects and plans, one being the problem of their voices.

Their voices were recognizable to anyone who knew them and that was just added to the subtly growing list of problems for them, so Roxy had to deal with that but thankfully and surprisingly Dave had offered his help. Together they were creating a program that would scramble their voices, now Roxy was not much of a mechanic like Dirk was but she *thankfully* knew *just* enough to create the little devices that *should* be attached to their masks by the time they were going to be done.

Unfortunately with her tiptoeing around her mother and sister as well dividing her attention to finding the perfect base for them along with their other plans the voice-scrambling and masking devices wouldn't be finished and completed for a few more weeks at best and a couple of months at worst and that was *if* they could get it to work without a hitch and smooth out the kinks and glitches.

It would've been so much easier if Dirk had remembered... *Actually...* That gave Roxy an idea, she didn't know if it would work but it was worth a shot.

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"You want to do *what*?"

"I want to ask DiStri to finish our little doodads for us! He takes commissions and shit, he could *easily* finish it and work out the kinks!"

"But won't it be suspicious, I mean five new heroes check into this world and then a few weeks later a mysterious request for voice-masking devices come in. Dirk's smarter than that and he's a gogdamn weeabo son of a fuck that won't hesitate to see if he's right or not, he'll try to hack you and get back to the source."

"*Try* being the key word here Davey, DiStri only knows the hacks from this year and human language. If I use my sweet haxors from the future and the Alternian language *no one* can uncover my tracks or hack into our shit. Not unless they remembered or somehow know Alternian, 'sides I'll just order some extra more doodads from him because we both know they *will* break in the future."

"... *Fine*, but just fucking make sure and shit. I ain't lookin' forward to them finding out but I want to be at least *somewhat* ready for it."

"*Totally* on it... sides I already did it? It was when we were talking, I did it anonymously of course. Hehehe woops."

Dave's eye *nearly* twitched underneath his aviators as he sat on the roof, Roxy's sheepish face floating across him as his turn-top/time tables floated around him and he sighs "Alright, I'll let that slide for now Rox but next time *tell me or the others first*" he says sternly and Roxy nodded happily and Dave frowns at the disheveled look Roxy had.

"You doing okay there Rox?" He asks and Roxy blinks before shrugging, both kind of awkward over it even though they were 'moirails' as Karkat and Roxy decided it to be.

"Just, dealing with some withdrawal here"

"You sure?"

"Well that and the... *other* stuff"

"Ah"

Both blondes enjoyed the silence, it was slightly awkward but not uncomfortable though having John there would've made things better but the windy boy was busy with the Crocker-Egberts. He was enjoying the family time they had but it was clear that John's father was getting a bit overprotective as John could barely leave the house without his supervision and more.

### ***Ping***

Dave perked at the sound and sighs as he sees the message sent by Dirk "Welp, gotta go. Bros are calling me in, time for lunch-munch." he says as he stands and Roxy grins at him and nods and waves goodbye with an exaggerated *wonk* and kiss making Dave roll his eyes but he lets a small smile be seen as Roxy ends the call.

His time tables are back in his sylladex as he leaves the roof, he slides over the stairs by using the hand-rail. He warned everyone about the stairs dude, he was sure as hell going to take his own advice and shit. When he enters the apartment he's a bit taken back at the great smell of *real* food. Not raw vegetables or fruit, not take out or pizza, not left overs from whatever restaurant they had gone to on the rare days or the rare pancakes or waffles, no it's just *fresh and delicious home cooked meals*.

He shook his head, no complaining Dave. He should be happy, he *is* happy it's just... different and he's still getting used to it all even after these few weeks. These few weeks of getting used to Bro not being a stoic ironic god statue and shit, and also having Dirk in his daily life, not to mention how peaceful it all seemed.

It was nice for a change, if only he wasn't a fuck up.

He could see both brothers getting worried and shit over him as his habits became... concerning, he was hoarding food in his closet again like before, he tried to stay and hang around most of the time and each time would get a little longer than the other but he would still abscond as subtly as he could without letting the two catch on but they were beginning to catch on.

Like he had said, it was a habit and certain habits were hard to break out of. Especially ones that stayed with you your whole life, he had thought he was over those kinds of habits but having Bro around no matter how different he was pretty much kick-started it all over again.

He's the twitchiest of them all because he keeps expecting Bro to just bust into his room stoically demanding to strife on the roof or a surprise plush rump pile ambush along with the usual note and Lil' Cal. Speaking of the demonic fucker, it was definitely empty and pretty much just an ordinary creepy piece of horrifying shit. He's checked a *lot* of times, and he's fucking relieved to know that Bro had only kept it as a piece from his childhood and stored it away after he turned into a teen but he could never really part with it.

Dave recalled himself getting along with this version of Cal just fine for a few years before finding it creepy and just handing it down to Dirk who pretty much adored it until he turned 12 and gave it back to Bro who then put it back into storage. He's tempted to just destroy the thing but... he guesses he'll let the thing live *for now*.

The moment it so much as *thinks* of shit, yeah hello legendary piece of shit welsh sword or caledscratch whatever and bye bye creepy ass piece of shit of a puppet.

He's got an eye on that thing and like hell he'll let it ruin their lives again.

"Sup"

Dirk glanced at him from his place on the couch, headphones hanging around his neck as his laptop laid on his lap with several tabs open.

"Good, you're in time for lunch. Bro would've been pissed at you *again* for being late without a bona fide excuse." Dirk said closing a tab, Dave guessed its contents to be the request Roxy had sent him during their talk on the roof. She and Dirk sure can work fast.

"Pshaw, me be late? Fuck that, I am *always* on time, I am the fucking Hero of Time dude and as the Hero of Time I can never *really* be late." Dave said with the usual Strider pokerface but underneath he was restraining the urge to smirk. Hah, truth right there.

Dirk rolled his eyes but in the back of his mind that phrase seemed so familiar, was it from Zelda?? Probably... but he can't help but think that it came from something else...

"Yo, lunch is done! Get your shits before I eat them or make them leftovers."

This time both Striders rolled their eyes as Bro's voice loudly stated from the kitchen. Lunch was alright as the three of them chowed down in the living room again, Dave staying as far as he could by sitting on a chair at the other side of the couch besides Dirk. Bro was at the other end of the couch besides Dirk, lounging in the place Dave had been sitting before he went to get his share of the food.

"So, when do you think they're going to appear again?" Dirk asked out of nowhere "It's been like, a few weeks since they first showed up. You'd think there'd be more action and shit" both Striders knew who Dirk was talking about.

Bro shrugged "Well, in the animes they usually cut to the action and we don't really know how long its been unless they tell us. Real life may be anime now but it doesn't mean our lives are just going to cut away to the interesting stuff just like that."

Dirk nodded but was still disgruntled at that, he felt a bit disappointed he supposed. He *was* an otaku that favored the action-packed animated shows the most, loving the fights as well as the moves he secretly wishes he could do in real life. Sword movement in real life was more restricting and of



course realistic than showed in the anime but it learning to fight with a sword was worth it with or without the anime hype.

Just having and knowing how to fight with a katana was already badass in retrospect!

And the Striders were nothing else than badass and ironic as fuck. They wore cool shades and were the epitome of cool badass irony.

As well as being the occasional douche and ass to everyone around them.

"Calm down dude, I'm sure others asked the same question but just like you and them. They won't get their fucking answer immediately after like in the animes and cartoons where that one guy says something ultimately triggering the action scene and event." Dave says nonchalantly, chewing his food only to swallow in sudden surprise as the room suddenly shakes uncontrollably.

Dave's face blanks as his brothers jerk and bounce on their seats "Well, will you look at that." he dryly states out loud, luckily he had just finished his meal in time before the earthquake happened.

"Holy shit!" Dirk sputters as the earthquake *grew stronger* and Dave *does not like on what that implies*.

"Gogdammit!" Dave curses as he tries to keep steady, he's forcing his way towards a window to look outside and his brothers do the same.

Sure enough in the direction after a few minutes of looking *there was a giant fucking tear in the middle of a street*.

*And something big was coming through it.*

Bro immediately jerked the both of them back as the *thing* that came through the tear in reality *roared*, pretty much shattering every nearby glass things like windows and panes.

The earthquake stops, the tear disappears but the monster remains.

Dave narrows his eyes at the monster in the middle of the street and he's tense as fuck, its kind of familiar but he can't put a finger on it! "For fuck's sake!" he curses again as he and his bros get to their feet, his eyes widen as the monster starts to rampage just like the denizens.

He gasps and immediately grabs both his bros and tugs them away "GET BACK!" their window breaks as a *giant fucking hand grazes* the building but completely destroys the window and the entire wall of their apartment as well as part of their floor and ceiling.

"Ngg-Fuck!" Dave gasps as he pants, a part of the wall had been aimed at Bro and he forcibly switched places with the elder as fast as he humanly could, keeping in mind that he still had to hide his powers from his brothers. The medium rock sized section of the wall had bounced off his back and there was *definitely* going to be a big dark bruise there.

"SHIT! Dave you alright there lil' man?!" Bro's cradling him now, so fucking weird and usually un-'Bro'like. Dirk's sputtering beside him, checking with Bro and tenderly pawing at Dave's back. *So fucking weird.*

Dave grunted "I'm fine, *motherfuck.*" he hisses when Bro presses the rapidly forming bruise lightly only to recoil at his hiss of pain. Dirk winces at the sound as well at the sight of Dave's back, its even beginning to bleed slightly.

Bro frowns and carefully carries Dave despite his protest "We need to get out of here." he tells them and they instantly agree, Dave insists he can walk on his own but Bro is stubborn with overprotective brotherly instincts that Dave is unused to.

"FUCK!" Dirk screams as the monster's face *is right in front of them.* Dave cranes his neck to see it better.

This motherfucker is red and black, and somewhat crablike. Dave bets that Karkat would know whoever or whatever the fuck this monster was. At the rate this was going he was going to have to reveal his powers-wait no nevermind.

A red cog appeared in their apartment along with a twisting clock and the sound of ticking before it disappeared soon after and there he was, Future Dave in god tier extravaganza with the fucking shitty welsh sword in hand. Did that mean he was going to have to fight the fucker with the shitty as welsh sword? Dammit.

Future Dave turns back to look at them and roughly motions them to go away before charging and fucking *stabbing the monsters eye*.

Bro wastes no time in following his orders, carrying Dave and dragging Dirk out of the apartment as quick as they could.

Dirk muttering in some sort of a daze "Holy shit what the fuck holy shit what the hell holy fuck what the shit" and such as he follows Bro downstairs.

Dave struggles ignoring the pain his back provides him "Bro put me the fuck down! I have two perfectly good sexy Strider brand legs that I can use to fucking *walk*." he insists as he tries to twist in Bro's hold.

Bro shakes his head and glares at him "Your back and quite possibly your spine is hurt and it does *not* look pretty Dave. If you think I'm just going to put you down after the fucking stunt you pulled then no motherfucking way. That was *reckless* but I could've taken it and now you're hurt and some bullshit monster is attacking our city and it's *my* job as your older brother to get you guys to safety." he's possibly hysterical underneath his facade because *holy shit what in the world just happened* and *fuck his brother was hurt* and fucking tsunami of overprotective instincts just washed over him.

Dave is openly gaping at him, *this was so fucking weird hearing that come from Bro*. It was honestly so very very very fucking weird!! *And yet he's loving the warmth and whatever the fuck this was*. He gripped at Bro's shoulders and curled up into Bro's hold, noticing Bro tightening his grip on him but was careful about the bruise on his back.

He sees Dirk who's looking at him with such *concern* and gog.

Everything was so weird and he didn't know how to react at the moment. Actually you know what? Fuck it. We're riding out this whole weird feelings train to the end. Choo choo motherfuckers, all aboard the Weird Train Express!

Bro nodded in satisfaction at Dave's surrender but would've been concerned over Dave's silence if his mind wasn't focused on getting the hell out of dodge.

There are other people exiting their apartments like them as they try to evacuate from the building and move to safer grounds. All the while the three Striders stayed close and were inseparable during the commotion.

They finally made it towards Bros car and they see Jake and Roxy fighting alongside F!Dave as Bro carefully shoves Dirk and Dave in the backseat and its apparently Dirks turn to cradle him. Bro moves quickly, the streets are crowded with people trying to escape and Jake abandons the fight with the crab-like monster to the people.

He saves a few from being crushed and moves the cars along as best he could so they can get away from the fight. Roxy and F!Dave are doing their best but its only the three of them so far, where the hell were Karkat and John?!

The monster is big and their car was still dangerously close to it as Bro tries his best to navigate the road and *suddenly there was a giant fucking foot heading towards them.*

"*FUCK!!*"

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John sighed as he sat in his room, well, technically not sitting as much as just floating in the air but he felt like he was sitting on air. His position said as much.

He didn't have to worry about someone finding out or walking in or accidentally seeing something, his window was covered and he was floating above his bed so the moment his bedroom door opened he would drop down on his bed and that was that. No floating boy with super windy powers here, no siree.

The windy boy turned in the air, face down and staring at his bed sheets as he thought about the past few weeks.

Everything so far was disturbingly calm, not that he was complaining actually. He was just... he doesn't really know.

Having family back was nice and all, don't get him wrong he would *never* wish or think them away. *Not again*. Never again. But, everything was so... *normal*. Or, normal-ish?

As normal as a family of baking pranksters anyway, the pranks were great and all and he didn't even complain on the sweets and baking confections his dad, uncle and cousin made! But...

It kinda lacked the chaos he was used to...

He was used to the games things and rules that normal life just... didn't really fit him anymore.

Even on the three year trip on the Prospitian ship was chaos! With all the consorts, the carapacian prospitians and Jade and Davesprite! Who, turned into Davepetasprite and... erm.

Point was, normal life just didn't really suite him and though he was kinda grateful for it because he got his dad back and all but... it wasn't really the same anymore without the games damned craziness somehow involved. He couldn't use his powers and his sylladex because sylladexes weren't a thing in this universe for some odd reason.

And he lived so far away from all his other friends, and Dave! He wanted to see Dave, its been a while already and the 3 years apart was enough of being apart anyway.

Yeah, maybe he'll go visit Dave later-

*Knock knock knock*

After whatever this was going to be anyway.

Abruptly John dropped unto his bed and called out to ask who it was.

"It's me! Jane!"

"Oh, come on in Jane! So, what's up?"

"Just wanted to ask if you wanted to accompany me and dad to the market is all. We're going grocery shopping, and I believe Uncle Jack is finally going to go retrieve his car so we wondered if you wanted to come with us."

John blinked, so his dad was finally go get his car from wherever the heck he left it from a few weeks ago? Good, that means he was finally relaxing himself. John noticed that his dad kept a closer eye on him since the denizens came from that rip in space or whatever, he seemed to be really stressed and was over-affectionate at some times. Man his dad was really overprotective over him huh?

He... never really noticed that before when he was 13 but he noticed it now! It was sweet of him honestly, if a bit a little *too much* in all but he wasn't really complaining.

John shook his head "Nah, I think I can handle being at home alone. Thanks for the offer anyway Jane." he sees Jane frown and he can see the worry and slight paranoia in her eyes, yeah it wasn't only his dad acting like that too. Jane and Uncle Joe were being the same too, it was nice having family besides his dad and Nanna who was noticeably dead in this universe.

He missed her honestly, she was a cool guide and was an awesome old lady who combined with a harlequin. Jane might *be* Nanna but she *wasn't Nanna* at the same time.

Gogdamn confusing ectobiological family tree.

"Are you sure John? The last time you were alone you..."

"I'll be *fine*! I'll be more careful about the stairs and stuff, I swear. Now you go with Uncle Joe and buy more groceries... but no Betty Crocker products please?"

Jane giggled "I swear, I will never understand your dislike for our great-grandmother's corporation. It's so silly!" John's smile became strained, yeah it might seem silly to her but his hate for Betty Crocker pretty much sky-rocketed the moment he found out about the whole Condescension being Betty Crocker.

Though *it would seem* that in this universe that was not the case.

Betty Crocker in this universe was a normal corporation, though he was still wary about it. No offense to Jane and his uncle and stuff but he will never like Betty Crocker.

The knowledge that he was naturally biologically related to Betty Crocker in this universe was just as disturbing as knowing that an alien tyrannical evil fish empress was his adopted great-grandmother.

He didn't really even know what his life was anymore but at this point he doesn't really bother to care about it, preferring to care about more important things in his new life.

John greeted Jane goodbye as she left his room leaving him alone again, as the door closed he floated from his bed and towards the window and opened the curtains slightly.

He watched his dad leave the house and waved him goodbye when his dad looked at him from outside, he also waved goodbye to Jane and Uncle Joe as they left too in their car that they retrieved a week prior.

John sighed before turning to float back to his bed when something outside the window caught his eye, he blinked and peered out of the window to find. *Karkat???*

Hey, it was Karkat! Human-looking Karkat anyway, he's staring at him, he could recognize that scowl and glare anywhere be it human or troll version!

But wait, what was Karkat doing here?

Quickly John flew down to the front door as soon as Karkat moves forward and quickly pulls the former troll inside before he could even lift his hand to knock making the grumpy shorter male yelp in surprise.

Karkat hissed curses at John as he pulled himself away as John used the wind to close the door, no he was not lazy he just wanted to focus on Karkat right now.

"Karkat? What are you doing here? How are you here??"

Karkat glared at him and scoffed "Don't you remember? I live in your neighborhood now Egbert, so do Vriska, Tavros and Eridan. But I guess your pans been stuffed with cake and stupid human family bonding to remember huh?"

John grinned sheepishly "Oh right... Anyway, why are you here?" he asked curiously as they both went up the stairs to Johns bedroom. It was safer that way, the windows in the living room were still open and John preferred his bedroom anyway.

"I had nothing to do and I sure as hell didn't want to stay at the Ampora hive any fucking longer. I would've gone here sooner but Kankri and my... father have been at my back for the past few weeks! I finally got them to leave me the fuck alone and let me go out on my own!"

Karkat grumbled as he sat on Johns chair while John floated about in the room.

"So, how does it feel to have a family Karkat?"

Karkat paused and shook his head "I don't fucking know Egbert, it's weird... but not the bad kind of weird somehow?? Fuck, I don't know!" he groaned as John settled to float in front of him.



Karkat had come so he could get away from his as well as the Ampora family, he needed to talk to someone in person, someone who knew about the game and someone he could temporarily vent certain topics to. He could've gone to Jake who was surprisingly the second closest person that lived near him besides John even if it was still a bit away but Jake was busy with family stuff, apparently Beta Jake was taking all three of them to a shooting range for gun training.

Not that Jake really needed it but it was nice to hang out with the two Harleys, he missed being an English but it was admittedly nice being a Harley.

It was in a middle of Karkat's rant about Eridan and his stupid now-human family did they feel the earthquake. The force of the tremor was noticeably not as strong as a few weeks ago.

"Oh what the fuck is it now?!?" Karkat screeched as they both headed towards the window to see if there was a tear in their neighborhood, thankfully and yet at the same time worryingly there was no tear of space and time.

Both of them perked at the sound of their computers pinging in their sylladexes.

It was Dave.

TG: okay

TG: future dave here from like hours from now

TG: texas is under attack from whatever the fuck the game spat out

TG: karkat i have a feeling you know on what the fuck this thing is so come here right now

TG: everyone get the fuck to my apartment and help me get beat this giant piece of shit to the ground

TG: future dave out

"*The fuck Strider.*" Karkat hissed but changed to his godtier clothing nonetheless, mask and all.

John followed not a second later as he read the last message "Come on! You heard him, we need to hurry! Don't worry Dave, I'm coming!" he called out as he burst into wind and escaped through the window.

Karkat cursed "Dammit Egbert wait for me!" he called out as he escaped through the window like John but instead of bursting into wind he slitted his wrists as he jumped out and turned into a floating glob of blood. In the back of his mind he was thankful that no one was around to see that, they were lucky at this time around but they really needed to learn on how to exit more discretely.

---

"*FUCK!!*"

Dave gripped at Dirk at the incoming foot and-

***WoooOOOoooOOsh-BANG***

Dave breathed a sigh of relief as the car was encompassed with glowing blue wind. *John.*

"What the fuck?!?" Bro hissed as his car was suddenly enveloped with blue and suddenly his stomach flipped as he felt the car being raised from the road. He jerked in surprise at the sudden appearance of the blue windsock wearing boy that appeared on tv for several weeks, he was kneeling on the hood of his now flying car that was in a sphere of dense wind. The mysterious blue hero waved at him and his brothers but said nothing but he could hear his injured little brother breath a sigh of relief which was soon mirrored by Dirk.

"Awesome.." Dirk breathed after sighing as he looked at their savior, taking in every detail that he could at the very rare chance of *being within almost personal vicinity of an actual super hero*. He noticed the tight grip Dave had on him relaxed considerably, he absentmindedly rubbed at Dave's arms as he continued staring at the blue hero and grinned when the hero waved at him and his bros. He waved back and so did Dave.

*So very awesome.*

Suddenly the windsock hero stood and the sphere cleared and disappeared, letting them see their surroundings. They were *definitely flying*, they were above the road and the buildings helped them figure out how high they were. They were five stories high in the sky.

Bro's grip on the wheel tightened, he felt uncomfortable and awed at the same time. Awed that his car was *flying* and that was *awesome* but uncomfortable because he wasn't the one in control at the moment.

"Look!" Dirk blurted out as they flew between buildings, the monster was in sight now and there was a new arrival besides the blue windy hero. It was the dark red hero that controlled blood, which was awesome and kinda morbid if you thought about it deeper.

Dave narrowed his eyes as John controlled the car in the air, he sees Karkat near his future self. They were probably talking as they paused from their fight, though Karkat was flailing and they were too far to hear what was being said. John stood at the hood of Bro's car, normally the action would've made Bro hella mad by now but surprisingly the elder Strider was quiet and was letting John get his shoes all over his pristine and clean car. Oh and it looks like that John wasn't done saving people yet, he was waving his glowing arms about saving people by taking them to the air and doing his very best in getting them away from harm.

Dirk's grin grew even wider as he watched John wave his bright blue glowing arms obviously using his powers to help more people, man they were so lucky to be witnessing this so up close!

Bro silently watched him save more people, nodding in approval at the use of his powers. At least the teen knew what he was doing, though he would've preferred if the teen had gotten him and his brothers *away* from the monster before focusing on saving other people but as long as he and his little brothers were safe then fuck it. Save away oh dear windsock savior of his, go ahead.

---

Karkat gaped as he looked at the monster before him, he couldn't believe it.

"Holy fucking shit, *how the fuck?!?!?*" Karkat screeched as Dave, supposedly Future!Dave, came and flew to his side.

F!Dave grunted as he readjusted his grip on the shitty welsh sword "Know this guy?"

Karkat whirled to face him and screeched at him "*Know him?!?* That's His Honorable Fucking **Tyranny**!! I don't know about his personally but I've read a lot about him, but this isn't fucking possible. Vriska's ancestor Aranea killed him hundreds of sweeps ago!!" he flailed his arms, unknowing on how to react to this.

F!Dave raised an eyebrow at him underneath his mask "You sure? So this guys not a game construct?" he asked as they both flew back a bit as His Honorably Tyranny attempted to claw at them, though Roxy managed to get his attention and manipulated his claws into hitting a shield of generic objects instead. They nodded their thanks to Rox who sent them a thumbs up.

"Fuck no! I guess, I don't think so?? I have no fucking idea, I wasn't around when Aranea killed him with Latula's own fucking cane sword!! Nor did I create the gogdamn monstrosity!!" Karkat hissed at F!Dave.

F!Dave just grunted before diving in to slash at Honorably Tyranny's body, Karkat wasn't that far behind as they both focused on the battle.

In the background John seemed to be focusing on getting the people out of the battlefield with his windy powers and Jake was mostly helping him.

"Jegus christ this guys tough." Roxy panted as she flew back with Karkat, F!Dave keeping Tyranny busy.

Karkat ignored her in favor of examining the giant crustacean-like monster, it disgusted him to think that this monster reminded him of CrabDad,

CrabDad was so much better than this monstrosity.

"Well if Aranea's Post-Scratch self managed to kill His Tyranny sweeps ago then you can gogdamn count that we can handle him." Karkat told her as he powered up, Roxy grinned and nodded as she did the same.

Both of them combined their powers and used their Fray Motifs, music appearing in the background as they did. They ignored the fuck out of that because that was probably the game fucking with them like normal, it always happened when they were fighting, background music just seemingly there and *especially* if they used their fray motifs that seemed to be music-based for some reason.

Roxy and Karkat gritted their teeth as they did their two-type combination, Void and Blood Aspects clashing slightly but they managed to work together in taking His Tyranny's fucking *arm* in their efforts. Both were disgusted as black blood dripped from the missing hand.

"Gross, I'm not fucking with that shit!" Karkat exclaimed as he sees the black blood. Why did he even *have* black blood? How was that even possible!?

F!Dave exaggerated a gag as he flew by their side "Dude, the fuck is with this guy?" they watched His Tyranny flailed about, Roxy using generic objects to prevent him from doing a lot of damage to the buildings around them. There were still some broken buildings obviously but at least she reduced the original amount of damage.

Karkat sneered "I don't fucking know! I don't even know how and why His Tyranny has black blood which should be fucking impossible!" he barked back.

"I managed to get a lot of people on the other side of the city, I don't know if I got all of them but I suggest we wrap this up soon." John says scaring the shit out of the three of them with his sudden appearance.

"Johnny! Don't *scare us like that!*" wailed Roxy, but she had a little grin on her face.

"Oh, haha whoops."

"*Haha whoops my fucking ass John.* Let's just get this shit over with, so far the most serious damage we got on this fucker is when we used our fray motifs. Normal attacks don't do shit because of his armor, so I suggest we get Jake on this and finish him off in one big combination."

"Good idea."

Roxy and Karkat went ahead but John was held back by F!Dave.

"Thanks for saving my ass and my bros asses back then John. Really appreciate it bro."

"No problem Dave! Past you and your brothers are safe and sound in the other side of the city."

"I know dork, I'm from the future remember?"

"Shut up Dave, I knew that."

"Haha, c'mon dude. Let's finish this off so you and I can hang out sooner."

"What?"

"Later Egdork, you'll see."

---

"Holy shit that was so fucking awesome."

Dave grunted as he was checked over by Bro, he tried not to twitch and fidget so much because being in such close proximity with his older brother still weirded him out and shit but he was getting used to it. In fact, having him like actually care about Dave felt good. *Really good.*

"Awesome or not, our apartment is pretty much jacked the fuck up." Bro deadpanned as he thought back to their home, dammit. Well at least they

would get insurance over it, wait. Did they have insurance for monster attacks?? Fuck it, they'll get *something* from this.

Dirk faltered from his excitement and frowned "Oh yeah... damn, so what do we do about that? Where are we going to stay?" he asked as he winced slightly as Bro wrapped Dave's back after applying some kind of ointment that made Dave hiss.

"Well I'm sure as fuck not staying in a hotel." Dave said and failed to bite back another pained hiss as Bro continued to bandage up his bruised back. He didn't like the thought of staying at some hotel, he didn't know why he just didn't like it.

Bro sighed and looked at his work with a critical eye "Alright, that should be good enough till we get you to a doctor." he rolled his eyes and bopped Dave's head when the red eyed teen protested heavily "We're getting you to a doctor Dave whether you like it or not, reckless little shit." he mumbled as he ruffled Dave's hair.

Dave noticeably went silent at the gesture, internally freaking out a bit before shrugging and just enjoying it while he could. Though at some point he would need to time travel and help out with the fight.

---

"Not a game construct huh?" F!Dave commented dryly as they picked up almost all the grist.

Karkat flushed and glared at the Strider "Shut up Strider, I said I didn't fucking know about it okay?!" he fumed, aiming a sharp needle of blood at the blonde who dodged it effortlessly.

"Though I *guess* it would explain on why this fucker's blood is black? I don't know, sburb's already fucked everyones history up and I'd rather not dwell on it" Karkat continued as he picked up more grist with Johns help.

John nodded "Yeah, I think it's best not to question it? I mean, we're dealing with enough shit as it is." F!Dave grunted but nodded nonetheless.

"Well I suppose that would be the best action, I mean like jegus christ on a fucking cracker just look on how we all turned out. I'm still bamboozled on why its only the five of us chums who remember the game and kept our powers!" Jake exclaimed as he came up to them. He had a point, none of them knew what the heck happened that led to them and only them in remembering so far. Not to mention the weird world they were all living in now.

The lack of sylladexes, trolls becoming humans and more!

Roxy gasped and flailed "Incoming paparazzi!" she said with an exaggerated gasp and jumped into the air, true to her word though there were several news casts and reporters coming towards them.

"Uhh.."

Instantly Karkat, F!Dave and Jake are off the road and in the sky just to avoid the stampeding amount of people that came towards them.

Underneath the five floating teens were many reporters, news casters who were asking so many questions at the same time. F!Dave signaled for them to stay before they could leave and turned to John.

F!Dave nudged at John who shot him an incredulous look "What?" he whispered and the blonde whispered into his ear.

"Oh..." John felt his eyes widen before he turned to the reporters down below who stopped making asking question when F!Dave got all of their attention.

John wasn't really sure about the thing Dave whispered into his ear, he'd try but he sucked at speaking in public especially in front of strangers and other people. He sighed and coughed, gaining everyones attention.



John felt the wind gather around his head, his eyes glowing blue underneath his mask and the glow managed to be seen even with the mask.

**"I am Breath, my friend here is Time."** Wow his throat felt weird, the wind was distorting the sound of his voice. F!Dave saluted at them as John continued and the others instantly knew what was going on **"The others are Blood"** Karkat awkwardly raised a hand **"Void"** Roxy waved her hands like crazy **"And Hope"** Jake bowed because he was a gentleman.

**"The five of us will protect you from... whatever comes through the tears. So I guess that makes us your new heroes??"** John awkwardly rubbed at his neck, Karkat did a double face palm while Roxy was shaking with silent laughter. F!Dave was silent and stoic and as for Jake he just awkwardly rubbed at his arm.

John coughed and blushed **"Sorry, I'm not... used to speaking to strangers... Um, so yeah... You all wanted to know who were are and yeah... UmSoHaveAGoodDay!!"** John abruptly exploded into wind and was rushing away in embarrassment, F!Dave shook his head and disappeared with a fading clock, Karkat groaned into his palms and turned into blood that darted away while Roxy just disappeared unable to keep her laughter silent anymore and Jake just waved goodbye before disappearing in a flash of yellow light.

Leaving a group of once again stunned reporters in silence, people all over the world had watched witnessed the newest real life heroes speak for once and it was so incredibly awkward it was clear that 'Breath' was only just a teen.

---

John groaned as they all appeared way up in the sky, the five of them were so high in the atmosphere that the ground was hidden by the clouds.

"Gog that was embarrassing!!" he whined as he hid his blushing face in his windsock, his mask disappeared when he appeared. He ignored the hug he got from Dave as he appeared beside him, patting his back.

"Nah dude, you did perfect."

Roxy was keeping her laughter down but she sent John a bright smile and patted his face after flying near "You did good Johnny, you did good." she told him giving him a thumbs up.

Karkat breathed in to comment but was stopped by Jake who gave him a stern glance "You did excellent John! Why I couldn't have done it better myself!" he complimented and nudged at Karkat who glared at him briefly before huffing.

"You did... okay Egbert." he said reluctantly and John smiled despite the embarrassment still clinging to him.

"Thanks guys... Well I guess we're called by our aspects now..." he sighed as he looked over everyone "Okay, so our aspects are now our superhero names. We might've gotten better ideas if we tried harder but I guess its better than nothing?" the other nodded.

Yeah it was better than nothing really and better than some of the names they were called during the aftermath of their first fight. Some people had called them ridiculous nicknames like 'the blue windsock' and stuff.

"Welp it was what you told me to tell you when I went back after all of this." F!Dave told him and John nodded, time stuff.

"Anyway, shouldn't you be getting home John? Your dads gonna flip if he realizes you're not at home right now. You to Karkat." Both boys paled, oh yeah if they weren't home soon their families were going to flip the fuck out.

"Thanks Dave! Bye guys, bye Dave!" John said in a hurry and kissed Dave's cheek before leaving, Karkat following closely after waving goodbye.

F!Dave, Roxy and Jake exchanged quick goodbyes before exiting in their own ways.

## Chapter End Notes

Anyway I hope you enjoyed this chapter, sorry for the long wait and all and sorry if its kinda shitty. I have no idea on what to do and where I'm going or where I went with this chapter but at least its long? ANYWAY next chapter will be focusing on Karkat and and the now human trolls as well as a slight time skip.

# A Day in Life with Now Human Karkat Part 1

## Chapter Summary

A chapter mostly focused on Karkat's experience of being human alongside his now human friends who are more different than he had ever imagined before.

## Chapter Notes

### QUESTION:

Who should I set Karkat with as well as Jake? They're both diamonds now but their hearts have still yet to be taken. Personally I like gamkar or solkar, actually I ship Karkat with everyone but usually gamkar, solkar and davekat get my attention but I can't ship Karkat with Dave in that quadrant since Dave's with John and stuff :P.

SO! Who am I shipping Karkat with? What about Jake?

### COMMENT SUGGESTIONS AND STUFF

As for Roxy, well Calliope is coming so don't worry. I ship Roxy x Calliope so much .3.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"No you gogdamn idiot! That isn't fucking it either, you *uugh!!*"

"*Hehehe, whoops?*"

Karkat groans into both of his palms as he slouches over his desk, on his laptops screen is Jake fucking Harley who was grinning sheepishly at the former troll.

"It's not that fucking hard! We were doing so well too!" Karkat complained as he leaned back to slack at his chair to glare at Jake, besides the tab of

Jake's face was another open tab. It was Roxy's personal program that was helping Karkat teach Jake Alternian.

*"My apologies Karkat, here let me try again. I think I can get it, I promise."* Karkat huffed but signaled him to try again making Jake beam, Karkat pointedly looks away as he *does not*, he repeats *does fucking not* notice the way Jake's brow scrunches up in concentration and how his tongue peeks out adorably in slight frustration from underneath his inherited buckteeth.

*Dear lord Vantas get a grip on yourself.*

Karkat shakes his head and focuses on Roxy's program and watches as Jake tries again to form the paragraph.

Currently Karkat was having Jake translate a whole paragraph from English to Alternian at the moment within the program, however it seems like Jake was having some problems seeing that this was his 5th time in failing and retrying again. At least he was getting better, though Karkat was currently a little bit stressed at the moment thus his reactions to Jake's failures were a little a bit over proportions.

Though Jake didn't seem to mind, just smiling at Karkat like the dumb pitiable idiot he was. *He honestly doesn't know on how or why he was forming a fucking pale crush on Jake ex-English now-Harley.*

*"Aaand, there! Karkat! Did I do it?"* Karkat blinks and narrows his eyes at the paragraph, he sees some mistakes but admittedly its better than the last attempt.

*"... You did okay, there's still some shit you've messed up like your grammar but at least it's fucking readable. I'd say 7 out of 10."*

Jake beams at him and Karkat ignores the way his cheeks are warming up, ~~he has it so bad for him jegus fucking christ~~, and sends him two thumbs up.

*"Why thank you Karkat! I say, you're quite the teacher if I do say so myself, I'd like to thank you for offering to teach me Alternian."*

Karkat glares at him "No fucking problem, don't mention it. Really please for the love of gog, don't." he deadpans and the skull-appreciating teen just *laughs* at him. Karkat glares at him harder.

They spend the rest of the time in between chatting to each other and Karkat continuing on teaching Jake his language. Soon enough it was time for them to stop as they spent all their limited time, it was time for them to go to bed. Their lessons happened mostly at night and they chatted in their freetime in the day, occasionally reviewing some things in the morning.

*"Well, it's time to hit the hay. Thanks again Karkat, you really are a great teacher!"*

Karkat rolls his eyes "I told you not to mention it idiot, and you're welcome. Now go to bed fuckass." he snaps at him, Jake is unfazed by his apparent rudeness knowing it was just Karkat's personal way of saying he cared and stuff.

Suddenly Jake frowned and furrowed his brows *"Um, Karkat?"*

"What is it this time Harley?"

*"Have you been sleeping well dear chum? I remember you saying something about needing slime to keep the nightmares away and for you to properly sleep. Are you okay? Are human beds hurting you somehow?."*

Karkat froze before frowning deeply, Jake looks at him in concern. *For fucks sake this oblivious teen is going to be the death of you.*

*"Karkat?"*

"... I'm fucking fine Jake, you don't need to worry about me like you're my motherfucking lusus. Human beds are... fucking uncomfortable admittedly and I don't think I'll ever get use to them, for the time being I've just been sleeping on piles mostly. It's kinda shitty but it helps a bit, I'm just waiting on you and Roxy to find somewhere to make a base and finally appearify a fucking alchemiter so I try and alchemize some sopor slime."

Jake frowns but nods *"Well alright if you say so, but do tell me if you're having trouble. I'm always here for you and I'll try to help in any way I can!"* he says as his frown turns into a bright grin.

Karkat thunks his head to his desk sighing, hiding his slightly flaming face *"Just... go to fucking sleep Jake you gogdam ignoramus of a gigantic fucking dork."* he exclaims loudly towards Jake.

Jake laughs wholeheartedly before nodding *"Alright, I hope you sleep well on your pile Karkat! Also, do you think you can explain more on that and troll sleeping habits in the morning? I fear we won't be able to do that tonight seeing grandpa me will no doubt be checking up on me in a few minutes. Well, goodnight Karkat! See you in the morning!"*

*"Yeah yeah yeah, night Jake."*

The tab closes and he saves Jake's current progress on Roxy's program before closing it as well.

Karkat yawns as he looks at the time, it was nearing a little over midnight.

He stretches as he gets out of his chair, he cranes his neck and observe his room which was finally fixed and repaired.

His bed is perfectly bare, untouched for days now but beside it is a pile of blankets, pillows, clothing as well as some other junk he had carefully put on the pile that he had put inside his closet. It's been his resting place for the whole time he's been back in his room.

If Kankri or his *father* saw the pile no doubt they would want him to clean it up, humans, he will never really get them despite being one himself now. That was why he hid it in his closet, all his other shit was stored either underneath his bed or sylladex or was somewhere in the pile itself.

He shuts off his husktop and captchas it, can't leave it out in the open. He gives himself a moment for his eyes to adjust to the darkness properly as he left the lights off and his husktop was the only source of light in the room. Anyway it's a *husktop* for gogs sake, alien technology and shit. He glances

at the human laptop and decides he'll have to get used to using that as well, shouldn't be too hard. The computers on that meteor were human based anyway, getting used to using a human laptop should be no big deal.

But he'll continue using his husktop anyway when he's not using the laptop. He couldn't bare to part with the last remnants of his old original species, but he'll have to be careful about it. Definitely no leaving it about in his room that's for sure.

The Blood Player lets out a sigh before getting his ass to the pile, opening the closet and closing it behind him as he settled into the pile. He uses his cape as a blanket because Dave was right, their capes were the gogdamn shit and most likely the most comfortable piece of fabric to ever exist for them in Paradox space.

He sighs underneath the soft fabric and closes his eyes, hoping for a good nights sleep tonight. He's really tired.

---

*ERIDAN*

***Wwe're all goin to die anywway, I'm doin evveryone a fuckin favvor Sol! Lowwbloods havve no right to say otherwwise!!***

***ERIDA-SOLLUX! NO, FUCK FUCK FUCK. ERIDAN WAIT NO-- FEFERI!! SHIT, WAIT ERIDAN YOU GRUBFISTING JERK DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE--!!***

***Hold still kar, don't wworry. You'll join the others soon, sides a fuckin mutated freak like you wwvas bound to be culled anywway, Alternia or not. Freaks like you aren't suppose to be alivve this long, I'm almost impressed. Noww hold still, this wwon't hurt a bit.***



---

Karkat lets out a strangled gasp, stumbling off his pile and slamming into the closet doors that swung open to let him out.

It's dark inside his room meaning that the sun wasn't even up yet.

He pants on his bedroom floor, down on all fours and shakily gasping for breath as he stares down at the carpeted floor. Fuck. Fuck.

Okay, shit. That fucking night terror again.

Ever since they stayed at the Amporas he's been dreaming of Eridan killing the others as well as him again, Human Eridan wasn't really helping but he didn't know about what he had done before as a troll so that... ugh.

Karkat groans, curling up a bit before forcing himself to stand up. He rubs his face and groans again, the room is blurry and dark but Karkat makes his way out towards the hall and manages to steady himself against the wall and get into the bathroom with no problem. Luckily both Kankri and his father were still asleep.

His adjust to the bright bathroom light as he turns it on, he hisses at the brightness and waits for his eyes to adjust again. He glances at the mirror and frowns, he looks like total shit. His hair was sticking absolutely everywhere, his eyes were bloodshot and there were tears gathering in his eyes again not to mention the already dark rings around his eyes were darkening ever so slightly more with each sleepless night, his mouth felt dry and his throat parch too.

He sighs before splashing water on his face, it's cool and helps him a bit. He looks up towards the mirror *and-*

***Troll Eridan's behind him snarling hatefully, the dreaded white wand of science pointed right at the back of his head-***

***He jerks around in panic, sickle in hand that cuts his wrist only to find-***  
- Nothing.

He's alone in the bathroom, he's alone and human and holding his sickle that he used to cut his wrist which bled down to the floor. He takes in a shaky gulp of air, his sight focused on his blood that stained his bathroom place mat.

Karkat grits his teeth and wills the blood out of the mat and to start circling his wrist, floating in air and gathering more blood from the still bleeding self-inflicted wound. He pants lightly and shakes his head, putting away his sickle to rub the bridge of his nose and eyes "Gog fucking damn it..."

He mutters curses and turns back to the mirror, it's only him in the reflection now. No Troll Eridan, just him with a ring of blood floating around his left wrist that finally stopped bleeding.

"Fuck... I *really* need some sopor slime... Hurry the fuck up Roxy." Growling, he manipulates his blood into a small ball. The size of a small marble, and looks at it.

It looks like a red pearl now with it shaped that way, the color unnaturally red even for fresh blood by human standards. But no, he may be human now but he somehow still retained a lot of shit from back when he was a troll.

He frowns darkly before putting the small ball of blood into his sylladex, it joins a card that had 3 other balls of nearly the same size. He then frowns down to his wrist, the bleeding stopped and he was annoyed to see that he had cut the sleeve of his sweater again, dammit.

He changes out of the sweater and wears a new one, he would fix that later on when he had the supplies and time. Thank gog he took those lessons with Kanaya back on the meteor, he didn't want anyone else to fix his sweaters since it would bring questions.

He rubs his face one more time before leaving the room, the sun is starting to peek over the horizon.

Karkat stops to look at the very early sunrise before continuing on to the kitchen, his throat was even worse now with that stunt and his stomach

growls in hunger.

It's mostly dark in the kitchen and the early morning is predictably silent for now, he drinks water and makes breakfast for himself. A single simple self serving of oinkbeast meat strips and cluckbeast eggs, erm, *bacon and eggs*.

Karkat eats in the kitchen, quietly enjoying the meal he made himself. The sun is half-way above the horizon when he finishes, he cleans up and goes back into his room and just as he closes the door his sensitive hearing hears footsteps coming from the hallway. They're heavier than Kankri's and he hears the muffled thump of his father bumping into something and the short burst of a pained curse, it's short and partially restrained.

He must think Karkat and Kankri were still asleep.

Karkat listens as Kelvin continues on muttering muffled curses. The cancer breathed through his nose and slid against the door and towards the floor, it's bizarre on how Kelvin acted more like Karkat than Kankri. Oh sure Signles-Kelvin lectured and they were admittedly better than Kankri's dreaded lectures but outside his serious sermons and lectures and teachings, Kelvin acted like a more mature very adult Karkat.

He doesn't know if it was because Kelvin was now human or if he acted like that even before as a troll but it was so *weird*, everything was so fucking *weird* and. *Sigh*. He's not adjusting as well as he likes to think he is. He's trying his best and he *is* adjusting dammit, but it was going at a freaking slowshellbeast's pace! Uh, *snail's pace*.

He was still getting used to regular human vernacular for gog's sake!

Karkat huffs tiredly before heading towards his pile again, rubbing his face. Maybe he could get at least an hours more worth of sleep, hopefully with only a few *light* night terrors that weren't up to scale as towards the Eridan fucking Ampora murder nightmare. Dreaming about his friends going on a blood rage wasn't fun.

His human mind sends him a thought of a psychologist and a therapist and Karkat instantly throws those ideas away, *hah!* *Him* asking other humans

for help, especially the therapist part? It was bad enough with Rose back on the meteor, that is before when she didn't drown herself in human soporifics.

Besides, he couldn't tell anyone who didn't know *of* the game *about* the game or else he'd be sent to a human asylum or something. Yeah, nope, *not fucking doing that*.

His traitorous troll mind sends him the thought of a moirail and Karkat throws that idea away right out the fucking window, *what moirail?! He had no moirail dammit*. Gamzee didn't even fucking remember and even then their moiraillegiance was a fucking train wreck with Gamzee being mostly bloodrage sober and avoiding Karkat on the meteor and he was the only one to even remember among the trolls of what *Quadrants* were!!

His mind is lead to Jake and he just wants to *claw at his thinkpan until it just stops thinking of all fucking things*. Yeah, not touching that, *he's going to sleep and that was **that***.

---

He wakes to Kankri knocking loudly on his door more than half an hour later, he feels like total shit.

"Karkat, brother, you have to wake up. Unless you wish to miss breakfast, which I do not recommend breakfast is a very important meal of the day and **bluh blah bluh**"

He groans into the pillow he's hugging and rolls off his pile and bumps into the closet doors, he's groggily opening them and closing them behind him to hide the pile and he's painstakingly dragging himself on two legs towards the door. He opens the door slightly to look at Kankri, interrupting the spiel of words that spews from the elder's mouth.

"Go the fuck away, I'm up and for fuck's sake *shut the fuck up*. It's to gogdamn early for this shit." Karkat seethes, currently in that state of mode of where you wake up like hours earlier than planned and feeling not as

shitty but then you go back to sleep seeing you still got time but the next time you wake up you feel 10x shittier than before. Yeah, that mode.

Kankri frowns at him and asks and scolds, "Are you alright Karkat? You don't seem too well, have you slept properly? Also, *language*."

Karkat rolls his eyes "I'm fucking fine, I slept fucking fine and I'll fucking cuss if I motherfucking want to. You can't tell me shit to do Kankri, it's too fucking early for this bull. You said something about breakfast? Yeah I'll be there in a few minutes now go away fuckass." he snaps and closes the door. He hears Kankri going at it again at his door, sounding annoyed.

What a normal morning so far. Weeks before when he first did that with Kankri he was a bit worried that maybe he'd been a bit to... *Troll Karkat* on Human Kankri but his human mind reassures him that mornings were basically like that for the Vantas family ever since Karkat turned 12.

That's a relief.

Karkat groans and stretches, rubbing his eyes as he did. As shitty as he was right now he was thankful he got a little more sleep in, he shouldn't feel as tired for today then. He checks his husktop and so far nothing from Jake or the others, his ex-troll-now-human friends on the other hand...

His eye twitched as he reads through their memo, it's subject was: of fucking course, *Karkat*. Looks like they continued after he left last night, he only stuck around for a time before being weirded out of the memo on how subtly different everyone was, that and he had to tutor Jake shortly after.

Yeah, everyone was so different as a human. Sure they acted kind of the same as they were trolls, their handles were the same, their *typing quirks* were flawless and shit but... they just weren't the trolls that he knew of anymore. Which was the point, they weren't.

They were human.

They were more emotionally stable, they had better wrigg-- *childhoods* and life experiences despite it resembling slightly like before, with Terezi going

accidentally blind like before and Tavros being temporarily a cripple, they had families and relatives and other human friends, their lives weren't always on the line or they had something violent to do everyday or *something fucking else*.

Everyone was free of the blood that they spilled in the lives of their past-selves, from Vriska to even *Kanaya*. None of them remembered the lives that they took and their wrigglinghood that was normally filled with violence and blood on mostly a daily bases.

He was still getting completely over the fact he was safe from the culling drones with the Condesce *right there on this planet they're all occupying* but **whoops!** That's the Human Condescension Ondine Piexes who had no memory of how terrifying and powerful she was before. Silly him, let him just get over that fact and over everything else!

Karkat forcefully took in a breath, ignoring the tingles of his body that was unconsciously begging for a feelingsjam and full on pap session from the non-existent pale quadrantmate he had.

***Ping***

Karkat blinked as his huskpalm pinged, he takes it out of his sylladex and Jake's there to greet at him.

--golgothasTerror [GT] is pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]--

GT: Good morning karkat!

GT: I don't suppose you're awake right now are you? it's quite early to be honest.

GT: Maybe you're still asleep or something, sorry.

GT: I should probably leave you to sleep, well, hopefully your sleeping fine.

GT: You get a lot of nightmares right? Oh i hope your sleeping okay karkat.

GT: Don't worry though me and roxy are on the case, she even told me that she found a place but she's just not sure about it yet.

GT: But soon enough we'll have our very own base and we can alchemize that sopor stuff you need to sleep! :D

GT: \*Blinding smile and happy arm flailing\*

GT:

GT: Erm, wow that was. Kinda childish i guess.

GT: And i'm probably disturbing your sleep or something sorry karkat.

GT: I'll just go and

CG: WOW YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING DORK

GT: Karkat! :D

GT: Good morning!

CG: MORNING

GT: How are you, did you sleep alright?

CG: IT WAS

CG: ALRIGHT

CG: TELLING THE TRUTH I DIDN'T SLEEP A LOT LAST NIGHT  
BUT AT LEAST I GOT *SOME* SLEEP

CG: IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING I GUESS.

CG: ANYWAY YOU SAID ROXY PICKED A PLACE?

GT: Yeah but she's not sure yet, but soon enough she'll find somewhere and we can go get the alchemiter and you can get that sopor slime stuff to help you sleep. Isn't that grand?? :D

CG: SOUNDS FUCKING AMAZING. I CAN'T WAIT TO FINALLY GET A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP.

CG: THE TWO OF YOU BETTER HURRY THE FUCK UP THOUGH, I'M FEELING PRETTY FUCKING IMPATIENT.

GT: Don't worry karkat! I promise the first person to alchemize anything will be you :)

Karkat growled, ignoring the his heated cheeks. Damn Jake Harley and his unfair amount of pale charms and attractiveness!

CG: YEAH WHATEVER

CG: I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, KANKRI'S GOING TO COME BACK AND LECTURE MY FUCKING DOOR AGAIN IF I DON'T COME DOWN FOR BREAKFAST.

GT: I see, well i hope you have a great morning karkat. I'll be here anytime you need to talk to someone today, i have the whole day all to myself seeing as jade and grandpa are busy with their own things. I don't think I'll be doing anything important so if you ever need a chum and an ear i'm right here!

GT: By goshdarn i rhymed!! :D

*He was such a fucking DORK.*

CG: THANKS I GUESS

GT: Bye karkat, we'll talk later i suppose :B

--golgathasTerror [GT] stopped pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] --



Karkat resisted the urge to throw his huskpalm into the wall and just threw it back into his sylladex instead. How was it possible that he had a *pity crush* on *that boy*. He pushed the thoughts around before shoving them aside, Kankri was going to come back soon if he didn't move now.

Not to mention even though he ate like an hour ago his stomach rumbled at the faint thought of food, then again only had oin-bacon and eggs for breakfast and his metabolism shot up ever since he remembered and got the ability to control his aspect again.

Grumbling Karkat combed at his hair, he contemplates if he should change sweaters before remembering he had like an hour ago via self-inflicting slice. Thank gog godtier clothing could repair and clean themselves.

He takes one look at himself before nodding, good enough.

---

Breakfast was unknowingly awkward for the Vantas family, Karkat's look of unease and discomfort went unnoticed by the two elders as they spoke to each other with whatever topic it was for this morning.

It was nothing new and special, just more preaching from the two preachers and lecturers. Karkat snorted as his mind provided the Alternian equivalent of them, the very violent and bloody equivalent of preachers and lecturers that would always spew more Empire propaganda into other peoples faces and shit.

Man they were annoying whenever they came by in his subgrub and lawnring, trolls who were near the edge of their wrigglinghood wearing and preaching, screaming, yelling out loud praise for Alternia's ways and the Empire. Once before when he was truly naive and thought he had a silver of a fucking chance to being a proud soldierhead and threshcutioner, he had thought that praise to be awe-worthy until it got annoying and he noticed that the preachers were only ever highblooded trolls.

Teals to Purplebloods, never anything below teal and even then teal was uncommon.

He was glad he wasn't the one who had to deal with those fuckers and that they didn't even come around to his hive to preach in person, others on the other hand weren't as lucky. He remembers hiding in the safety of his respiteblock back when he was 5 sweeps old, as a blueblooded troll destroyed a hive of a suicidal burgundy blood that dared to shut the door of their hive to said blueblood.

He didn't see what happened and had to rely on rumors and the local gossip mill for that, but what he *did* see. That alone would've immediately sent him to therapy had it existed on Alternia or if he had been human before and if Crabdad was more sentient and human-like.

A rustblood-covered blueblood troll around his age walked meters away from his lawnring, *dragging* some poor burgundy's body or corpse; the chances and possibility that the rustblood was alive was plausible, smiling widely with their sharp-ass teeth and bloody weaponry. Proclaiming loudly that this was what happened to those who would ever think to reject or betray the empire and continued on with their preaching as if it never happened.

That would certainly traumatize a normal person, maybe it even traumatized him as a wriggler and he never even knew or something.

If it did then he got over it, maybe.

"I still think that these 'heroes' should think about their choices. They are still young teens after all. I've read that both 'Hope' and 'Void' were the two shortest members, yes it may be possible that they are merely short in height but there is an even bigger possibility that both are even younger than the other three."

Karkat snapped out of his mind as he caught wind of their conversation, Kelvin had a frown on his face and Kankri was mirroring it. He doesn't know who said that yet but he finds out it was Kelvin who said it as Kankri replied.

"Maybe, but perhaps they had no other choice? We know nothing about them father, so far there are endless theories and such about them in the internet alone. Maybe they had another choice but that choice was worse and so they took that particular path. Though I do agree about the fact of them being so young teenagers. We can only hope that their actions and decisions will not be *too* affected by puberty."

"Wait, what are you too talking about."

Kankri blinked and his father glanced at him.

"Oh, we were merely discussing about the five new heroes Karkat. Ever since they announced their names and such in the media everyone's been talking about them, asking questions that no one but the five themselves can answer. Like, why are they named as such? Breath, Hope, *Blood*? Where did they come from? How did they get their powers and if they were bestowed those powers why give them to *young teenagers*?"

The ex-mutant had to restrain himself from doing anything '*I don't know, ask Paradox Space and the motherfucking bucket-licking **games** from hell SGRUB, SBURB and any other fucking version of the damned things*'

"Seeing Breath commandeering the wind and Blood *cutting* himself to control blood, which I have various problems and triggers concerning with it because he's willingly cutting his wrists *what does that mean about his psyche and mental stability as a young teen*, and Void disappearing without a sound or word. We have yet to see much proof for Time and Hope, what about Hope? What does it mean? How is Hope power and how do you wield it against something and if you can how powerful is it?"

Karkat contained a snort '*Very powerful as grubfisting **FUCK**, Pages are nearly endless batteries of their aspect. Just look at Jake overpowering grimbark Jade who was the fucking **WITCH OF SPACE** and was part **FIRST GUARDIAN** who's power source was a **GIGANTIC FUCKING BALL OF GREEN STAR PARADOXICAL FIRE***'

"Going back to Time, does that mean he has control over time itself or can manipulate a part of time? There are so many questions about these five and

the mystery of it all has a lot of us twitchy for answers. Especially Aranea, she wishes to know the story about these five and to be honest I too, wish to know."

'No you don't. You really really don't.' Karkat thought to himself as he hid his clenching fists underneath the table, his face pulling a frown and he strained to keep it at a frown and not a frustrated snarl.

Thankfully Kelvin sighs and brings the attention of both him and Kankri.

Karkat squints his eyes a bit before biting down the hesitation and asks Kelvin "What's wrong, dad?" Good, he didn't stumble in calling him that. That's 4 in a row and he didn't manage to mess that up so new record, one more good thing for this morning and the whole week.

Kelvin smiles reassuringly at Karkat who fidgets slightly in his seat "Not much Karkat, just. I'm concerned about Blood is all. Kankri made a good point, is he alright? Doing that doesn't seem really healthy regardless to what powers they have. Not to mention countless others might have hesitated, even grown adults and soldiers hesitate most of the time from cutting into their own skin!

Seeing a young teenager effortlessly draw blood from his own body, *hell* seeing *young teenagers* fight against *monsters from another reality* of all things. Puts you on your nerves when you're a father of two yourself, I can't imagine the reactions their parents must have if they know about this. Wait, *do* they about this? Oh dear, what if they don't? They may be possibly be acting without adult supervision!

Oh but they must be, they have to be. No sane responsible adult would let *kids* fight against anything like *those* monsters unprepared. They seem to be well-experienced with their powers, someone *had* to have taught them. But, if they know how to teach those powers then why aren't they dealing with the monsters? Why are they letting people *going through puberty* fight those *things*?!"

Karkat was stunned at that, Kelvin and Kankri are pulled into their theory/lecture state mode again as they bounced questions, theories and

hypothesis against each other. Karkat ignored that and focused on what his, *dad* had just said to him.

Was this what it was like to have someone who wasn't your age, in fact *above* your age, care for you? Was this what the Signless had to deal with when he was raised as a grub by the Dolorosa? Having people care for you without them being in your quadrants? By human adults who were *swee-years* older than you?

His... father and brother were so concerned about him, well not that they knew of course but it... felt nice... and he was actually beginning to feel *guilty* about it. And everything.

Like, how were they going to react to the fact that it was *Karkat* that was willingly cutting his wrists. *Karkat* risking his life, fighting the monsters with four others. *Karkat* keeping everything a secret so that everyone would be safe. *Karkat* bleeding daily from day in and day out for something they didn't, couldn't and wouldn't know of or remember?

It was inevitable really, them finding out. Nothing could really be kept secret forever whenever it came to things like this, but he'd stall it as much as he could so they could stay safe longer. And he knows he'll feel guilty about it when the time comes, fuck he's feeling kinda guilty *now*, and that everyone was going to be so fucking *pissed* but a decision was made and he promised to John and the others about this.

He'd keep them all in the dark for as long as he could, protecting them from the damned game that gave him his title and literally made him into who he was now.

He was Karkat Vantas, Hero Knight of Blood, (ex)Alternian Descendant to the Signless Sufferer. Knights were protectors and he was going to protect them to the best of his abilities. Keep them safe until they would hopefully remember and be strong like they were back in the game.

He doesn't know what their reactions would be, that was left for the asshole Future Karkat but he'd be *damned* if he wasn't going to try his *absolute fucking best* for everyone.

...

Future Karkat curses Past Karkat and Past Everyone for what he had to go through, maybe it had been better to come clean from the very start and have to *not* fucking deal with all this dramatical bullshit that they had to go through.

Oh well, it was too late to change anything now. The gears of time were moving, Dave could provide proof of that.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeah this was supposed to be one whole chapter but then I started to make things ramble and stuff. Anyway, I promised Karkat interaction with the now human trolls and next chapter he **WILL** have interaction with them. I promised a Karkat chapter with the Humanstuck trolls and I will deliver, in the next chapter.

I hope you enjoyed, comment stuff I like reading comments, it passes the time and reading them sometime help with the chapter :D

# A Day in Life with Now Human Karkat Part 2

## Chapter Summary

Continuation of previous chapter.

## Chapter Notes

Man, this took longer than expected. Like I said previously this was supposed to be one whole chapter but then it turned into this *huge monstrosity* with me introducing the human vers. of the trolls.

I'm sorry if my descriptions of them are kind fucky, I'm not that creative in fashion and kinda messy in describing stuff.

And I'm not even done with Karkat's day yet, next chapter is the last part I promise. Wow, this did *not* go as planned, I wanted to have a single chapter for Karkat and his friends but then it evolved on its own into THIS!

Anyway, I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"*What the fuck*, did you just say."

Kankri blinked, "Oh did you not know? We're all going to the Piexes family household, Miss Ondine wants to speak with father and all the other adults in a meeting of sorts and she decided to let them bring everyone else too. Everyone is going with no exceptions so if you have any thoughts of skipping this then I am sorry not sorry to say that you are unable to do that. Father and I are bringing you with us whether you like it or not. Besides, we're going to see everyone there at once, your friends, my friends so I don't see the problem." and with that the first born Vantas nodded firmly and left Karkat to gape at his back at the couch.

"*Gogdammit.*" Karkat cursed as he finally processed on what Kankri had just told him. *Fuck.*

He did *not* want to deal with his friends in person like this! Not now, not so soon! He was mostly content in dealing with them over Pesterchum, gog he missed Trollian, and not in person so he could deal on his own on the fact everyone was so fucking different.

He had already dealt with the Amporas first since he had to stay at their hi-house but it was too early and he *knows* that even *Eridan* was getting suspicious over his interactions with him. And the consequence for staying with the damned ex-fishfuckers were Troll Eridan themed nightmares galore!

*Fucking. Wonderful.*

He wasn't ready to face them in person just yet, *not all of them at once at least.*

Although it had been *weeks* since everything happened, Karkat's adjustment was going slowly but surely. That enough was already garnering attention to himself as he wasn't as chatty with his human friends as before, finding it a bit awkward at most points to be talking to the others and he feared he would slip up and say or reveal something. Gog he could barely stand to talk with most of them with how different they were!

Turns out Past Human him and Human Tavros were pretty good friends? Which was weird since he never really talked much to Tavros back as a troll and now suddenly there were conflicting memories of everything and everyone and *gog it was all so confusing...*

Human Gamzee and Human Tavros were also dating, which was a good thing he guesses since he could make sense of that since he knew of Gamzee's flushed crush on the ex-brownblood. Good to see his... *former* moirail, getting a good quadrant filled. Even though humans didn't have quadrants and all but... Tavros would certainly be better than him in a quadrant, he had been a shitty moirail towards the purpleblood. It was his fault a lot of shit happened in the game.



Karkat sighed and shook his head, no use in getting negative *now*. He would have to deal with it. He could do this. He was a strong, proud and very powerful Knight of Blood! He went against the Black King, Jack Noir, *The Condescension* and motherfucking Lord English himself!

Yeah, he could *totally* do this!.

---

On second thought; scratch that, give him Lord English or Her Imperious Condescension any day.

Karkat thinks vehemently as he sits at the back in Kelvin's bright red car, he has headphones plugged into his ears and the volume set at its peak so he could focus more internally within himself and also block out both Kankri's and Kelvin's voices as they talked about politics or whatever.

He could *totally* **not** do this.

Breath Vantas, just breath and survive. Maybe if he ignored the whole world and everything in it, he could cease to exist or somehow miraculously travel back in time to *before* this shit happened.

*Pfft*, as if! He's a Blood Player not a Time Player!

And besides, even if they *could* travel back in time to before all of this *they can't*. Dave had tried to do just that but only ended up in the past of *this* world, even going as far as back to his 5th birthday. He's locked into this world's time stream and no one else's, he can't time travel back into the game and find out what the fuck happened. He could only travel back in this world's time.

If they had a Space Player maybe things would be different, but they don't have a Space player available. None of their Space Players remembered and even if they did, knowing their luck they probably couldn't do anything.

Fuck, this fucking *sucked*.

"*Karkat!*" Karkat jolted with a strangled yelp as his earbuds were ripped from his ears and at the sudden shout of Kelvin's voice, "We're here. Come on, you'll get to see all of your friends! Be sure to stay within the area okay? Unless Ondine or any other adult says otherwise, you and your friends are to stay within the Piexes household." Kelvin sharply instructed, using a very familiar tone Karkat knew about.

It was the same tone he used when he wanted the others to follow his orders, except since Kelvin was older or some shit it was actually *more* effective than Karkat's. Although he mostly used that during really serious situations and battles, even then nowadays he leaves half of it to Egbert who was actually a good leader, *friendleader* whatever.

'*For the love of a pretentious nookscratcher, I'm doomed as fuck.*' Karkat thought to himself as he slowly exited the car, Kelvin and Kankri were waiting patiently for him outside it. As soon as he exited though, Kelvin locked the car and tucked the keys away and unless Karkat had money for a cab or used his god-tier jammies to fly, he was stuck here until everything was over.

"Karkles! So glad to see you in real life after like, *forever!*" Karkat yelped as all of a sudden he's being whacked on the head by a cane, a very *familiar* cane.

"Terezi you nookmunching idiot, don't hit me with your stupid fucking cane!" Karkat snapped and turned to face Terezi only to stop and stare.

Human Terezi was a brown-haired and Caucasian girl, she still wore those stupid red shades of hers and was getting used to her newly favorite dragon-headed cane which actually *didn't* double as a sword surprisingly. She wore a simple teal shirt with the Libra symbol printed in front in black, she wore bright red jeans and blue shoes.

"Don't diss the dragon cane Karkat, dragons are fucking awesome and you know it! Also, nookmunching? What's that?" Terezi asked with her classic wide smile that didn't really seem right with her dull human teeth, he's more used to the teal-blood's sharp wicked grin with equally sharp teeth. It was one of the reasons why he had flushed feelings over back then, though those

feelings pretty much dwindled over the course of the game and the two admitted that being friends seemed like the better option.

Wait, was his Past Human Self crushing on Terezi like he had been? Wow, fucking *awkward* if Human Terezi actually returned those feelings because if he *had* feelings for her before, they were long gone now!

"It's nothing, how's being blind so far?" Karkat quickly said as he spots Human Latula and Human Redglare talking to both Kankri and Kelvin, Redglare's Human name was Cosima Pyrope.

Cosima looked almost exactly like Latula but acted more like a very mature Terezi, though she and Terezi shared the same glasses as Latula wore red square shades instead of the other two Pyropes pointy ones. Latula was dressed almost exactly like her old Troll Self but without the red gloves and boots, she just wore teal sneakers instead of the boots and didn't wear any gloves.

Cosima on the other hand wore black slacks and a teal belt, its buckler was the their family Libra symbol. She had a red shirt underneath the teal blouse she had on, and her sharp smile reminded him more of Troll Terezi rather than Human Terezi.

"Meh, it's fine buuut. Did you know you could *develope synesthesia*? I didn't! The doctor's didn't even know too! It's awesome! I can smell things so differently than before and my hearings been upgraded! They don't know what happened, I was just simply blind and then **bam**! I could smell the color orange and tell the difference even though I'm blind! Also there's this weird thing going on with my tongue, it's disgusting but also cool." Terezi informed him excitedly, telling him all about the sudden bout of genetic something that happened all of a sudden while she was blind.

Karkat had a feeling that it wasn't as random as she and the doctors thought it was, he has a suspicion on who's to blame for the sudden transfer of Terezi's abilities but thankfully it seems that it was only Terezi's enhanced senses of smell, hearing and taste and he's actually glad that Terezi was Human for a moment! She didn't lick him!

"Honk honk motherfuckers. Sup Terezi, *best friend~*" Karkat stiffened at the voice, *why the fuck now?!*

Terezi grinned and turned towards the direction she heard the voice was coming from, "Gamzee! Hey!" she greeted and Karkat stiffly turned to see Human Gamzee just getting out of the purple vehicle with Kurloz and the Grand Highblood, aka Kieran Makara.

Human Gamzee had black hair and lazy purple eyes just like his elder brother and father, those eye genetics were strong in the Makara family it seemed, and both he and Kurloz had white and grey face paint on them and it seemed that the design of the face paint didn't change from when they were trolls which was, something? Karkat didn't know how to react.

Gamzee wore a dark purple shirt with the black Capricorn sign on the front, he wore a matching pair of black jeans with violet highlights and purple and black spotted sneakers and around both his wrists were two brown bracelets that were no doubt gifts from Tavros.

Kurloz didn't wear his stupid ass skeleton get-up, instead he wore something similar that didn't look as stupid. He wore a long sleeved skeleton-hoodie and had baggy jogging pants that had printed bones on them with his shoes being just standard white running shoes. Though instead of stitches on his mouth, instead there were metal piercings that looked as if he stitched into his skin but didn't stitch his mouth together and Karkat could spy another piercing faintly above Kurloz's left brow.

Kieran looked so fucking *different* as a human, though his height shrunk he still towered all of the others with the exception of Ondine Piexes and was quite intimidating with his large form and figure. He was a perfect blend between both Kurloz and Gamzee in terms of looks, but he dressed nothing like them- in public at least. Instead he wore big black dress pants with matching black shoes and a black jacket, a violet polo shirt underneath it and like Cosima his belt buckle portrayed his sign proudly for the world to see.

Karkat had the undeniable urge to just say 'fuck it all' and change into his Knight clothing and *fly the fuck outta there* the moment he even saw

Gamzee much less *Kieran*. And wasn't that a weird name like Cosima, Alpheaus and fucking *Ondine*?

"Fuckface." Karkat forced out in a forcibly calm deadpan after a moment, he couldn't afford to break down and freak out *now* of all times. His heart was beating loudly in his chest but only he could hear it as blood rushed through him, *he needed to let some of that out and calm himself down*.

Gamzee grinned, striding in long steps towards them and gave Terezi a hug which she returned with a pleased cackle. He turned to give Karkat the same thing only for the cancer to reject vehemently, "Hug me and you're a dead clown fuckass!" he snapped as he dodged the larger male's attempt at a hug.

"Aw c'mon best friend! It's been so motherfucking long, give me a hug Karbro." Gamzee whined and actually *pouted* when Karkat rejected him again, it was for his own good. He didn't know how'd he'd react if he was suddenly swept into a hug and the thought of physical contact was not pleasing to the ex-troll right now.

"Aww KK making you thad GZ? C'mon KK, jutht let GZ do hith thing; you don't want to make the clown thad now don't you?" At the teasing lisp Karkat wanted to simultaneously sock his face in or just *balk* at the familiar lisp seeing as Troll Sollux lost his lisp after Karkat accidentally punched his teeth in. It's been a while since he's heard *that* lisp.

"Hush now Sollux, I'm sure Gamzee will survive just fine without Karkat's loving embrace." At the sarcastic wit Karkat wanted to simultaneously hug the fuck out of Kanaya or just stare at her, wondering if she was still a rainbow drinker or at least the human equivalent because he can't really tell without the glowing white skin and fangs. Who knows.

It seemed that both Kanaya and Sollux arrived at the same time with Sollux's ancestor/father driving for the six of them. He never took *any* of the captors as fucking *redheads* of all things, well their hairs were all in the shade of auburn. As for the Maryams, well they kept the black haired color like a lot of them.

"Sup Kel!" Dexter Captor, aka The Psiioniic greeted with an enthusiastic hug to which Kelvin returned with a big grin. All the Captors were heterochromic, though both Mituna and Sollux hid their eyes with mismatching eye wear/headgear of their shared eye-color but Dexter let his eyes be seen by the whole world. His right eye red and his left blue. He wore a yellow sweatshirt with his Gemini sign black and stylized across his chest, his pants were both yellow and black and completely symmetrical in design on each pant leg and black sneakers. Through years of practice through his own lisp and with him being an adult with his teeth now slightly smaller than when he was smaller, he talked normally though when he was angry or emotional he *would* slip into his old lisp.

"Kelvin." Corinna Maryam, aka The Dolorosa greeted softly and gave Kelvin a kiss to the forehead and a fond smile, Kelvin blushed lightly and rolled his eyes mock-reprimanding her slightly saying how he wasn't a child anymore. All three Maryams wore green lipstick today with Corinna's being the darkest shade of jade between the three, she wore a pale green pencil skirt with the Virgo sign expertly sewn into the fabric. She had a lace black and white, long sleeved blouse and a small green jacket over it.

"Kanny! Tulip!" Mituna shouted excitedly and practically pounced on Latula who laughed and barely struggled underneath the Captor and expertly maneuvered the other to stand beside her. Mituna still over that yellow helmet with the blue and red visor, he didn't wear the jumpsuit his Troll self always wore but instead wore a yellow and black bee-themed hoodie and yellow jeans with black sneakers. On the back of the helmet was his Gemini sign.

"Kankri, Latula, Karkat, everyone." Porrim smirked as she sauntered over, she wore a sleeveless black jacket and short sleeves green shirt to show her 'new tattoos' that curled around her arms that she got behind her mother's back. Though she was grounded she said it was totally worth it, even the eyebrow piercings that she got. She wore a short skirt, flirtatiously short but long enough to get Mother Maryam off her back about it. On her left shoulder was her family sign, Virgo tattooed in the exact color of their old blood.

Sollux snickered as he pushed his red and blue glasses up his nose to keep them from falling, wearing the exact shade of his old blood-colored shirt with the black Gemini sign on the front. His pants were the same half-black and half-white with his shoes being mismatched with black and white and no doubt his own socks would be mismatched red and blue as well.

Kanaya looked disapprovingly at Porrim though inwardly she was awed at her choice, she wore a jade colored and long sleeved shirt with the black Virgo sign sewn in her own personalized sewing style. She wore her usual bright red long skirt that also had a white Virgo sign pin around the waist.

Karkat felt a little overwhelmed at the amount of familiar looking people around him, but he kept it down. Though that didn't stop him from fingering at his long black sleeves, his blood was begging to get out and if he held it back down long enough he would surely either get a nosebleed or cry blood. Which was *not* a good option.

"I think the others are inside already, come." Corinna called out, Karkat breathed a quiet silent sigh of relief. He could excuse himself to the bathroom and deal with his blood problem and shit. He didn't notice both Sollux and Kanaya glancing at each other and back to his long sleeved wrist where he tugging on in instinct.

---

The Piexes were ridiculously rich and that was a known fact. Their house was a mansion that was filled with aquatic life, there were two pools one indoors and another outdoors.

Ondine Piexes stood and towered over all of them, an amazon woman really. She, like Feferi, mostly preferred to let her monstrous amount of hair free and it reached right down to her ankles whereas Feferi's reached to the back of her lower thighs and Meenah's when unbraided reached at the same height though when braided it reached to the older teen's thighs.

She wore dark pink lipstick and wore golden jewelry with pink gemstones, though it was only limited to her golden necklace with a pink *fucking*

*diamond*, her two golden hoop earrings and the two rings of gold on her left hand. And that was it when the old Condesce would deck herself in golden jewelry *daily* and just for the *hell of it* wherein Ondine just wears that amount of jewelry most of the time.

Ondine was rocking the fuchsia slacks, dark pink high heels and black lace blouse with pink sequence forming the family sign of the Pieces. Instead of goggles like both Meenah and Feferi wear, she wears pink rimmed glasses.

Meenah wears a fuchsia-colored shirt with her black Pieces sign on front and dark grey jeans with pink Pieces signs on the pockets and dark pink running sneakers. She only had a lip piercing so far, as for jewelry she only had two expensive looking golden bracelets that circled her wrists with pretty pink gems.

Feferi wore a sleeveless aquamarine shirt with pink lines that was actually her Pieces sign stylized on her shirt, around her hair was a golden-colored hairband that kept her hair out of her face. She wore a dark blue skirt that slanted to the side and wore pink colored sandals that showed her pink painted toenails.

"Karcab! It's so good to see you again!" Feferi greeted and tried to jump in for a hug, Karkat expertly dodged her and ignores her as she pouts at him but is quickly distracted at the fact Sollux was there.

"Tavros~!" Gamzee grinned as he sees his boyfriend sitting on the expensive-looking white couch. All Nitrams had mohawks, no questions asked and if there had they would just ramble on about some shitty thing instead of a full on answer.

Tavros' hair was dark brown, unlike both his brother and father who both died their hair red for whatever reason. He had a black short sleeved jacket on with the undershirt being a brown colored shirt with the black Taurus on it. He has black pants on but one pant leg was bunched together to prevent it from covering the leg cast on Tavros' leg. His brown crutch laid across his lap and he smiled at them, waving Gamzee over to sit beside him with his seat being free, though his other side was occupied.



Rufio was sitting on his other side, ever since the attack from weeks ago and Tavros nearly being crushed by the debris of their own house after being alone both he and his father were being quite protective over him. Rufio of course had red streaks in his hair, copying his father who approved of him doing that. His clothing wasn't that much different when he was a troll, though instead of actual bones being tied to the vest it was only sewn to *look* like it was tied to the vest.

Jasper Nitram, aka The Summoner, was standing nearby and waved at the newcomers. He looked like Tavros but dressed like almost like Rufio, though his hair was redder and he had a small septum piercing that tied his look together and it the fact his sign was Taurus made the look work and both his vest was and shirt were both black and sleeveless.

"Oh hey, Karkat. How's everything?" Tavros greeted with a smile as the he came by, Karkat was a little taken back at the blatant confidence that Human Tavros seemed to naturally exuded unlike old Troll Tavros from before he died and became leader of a ghost army.

"It's fucking *wonderful*. Excuse me I need to use the load-*fuck, toilet*." Karkat hissed as he lightly scratched at his elbow, his anxiety and stress was at its peak now and he needed to let out some of the blood before he freaks everyone out with his blood burst.

Eridan appeared from nowhere and motioned towards a direction, "If you're lookin' for the bathroom, it's that'a wway." He told him and Karkat muttered out a brief thanks before scuttling towards the bathroom, body unconsciously shivering as he passed Ondine's back to get to it. Even as a human his instinctual fear and paranoia over the Condescension didn't go away, back when he had to force himself to face the fish bitch face to face, he had the backing up of his friends and they were *fighting* not, doing something *casual* and. Fuck, he can feel his nose starting to tingle.

"Karkitty, you okay?" Karkat jolted and yelped in surprise as he turns to see Human Nepeta looking at him in concern.

She still wore her blue cat hat that now lacked holes for non-existent horns, she's wearing a green colored shirt and the Leo symbol in black, that seems

to be a very reoccurring theme here, her hands are glove-free and instead there are two blue bracelets on one wrist. She's wearing black jeans with dark green sneakers, she has a special belt that only her and Meulin have as they acted like cat-tails courtesy to their moirail-sorry, *most bestest friends in the whole wide world!*

Meulin is right behind her, special headphones on her head that were modified to look like cat ears as well, and she's wearing the same outfit as her troll self was with nothing really changing besides the headphones. Out of all of the other ancestors it seemed that she was the closest that looked like their old troll self though Karkat suspects it was because her troll self's clothing was the closest to normal human clothing.

Leonor Leijon, aka The Disciple is with his ancestor-dammit, *father* along with Dexter and Corinna. It's mostly looking at a very much more mature Nepeta with longer hair. She's wearing a dark grey blouse with green lace and a black miniskirt with the sign of Leo sewn on it and dark green leggings underneath. She wore heels that looked more like flats in all honesty but it complemented her look.

"I'm fine, *and don't call me Karkitty!*" Karkat fumed before wincing as he felt his eyes go itchy, another sign, *fuck*. He quickly turns his back, "I just need to go to the bathroom, badly. Later!" He says and rushes towards the bathroom, holding a hand over his nose and wincing as his heart was practically jumping out of his chest. He passes Damara and quickly barricades into the bathroom, just in time and his nose starts to bleed.

"*Bucket-licking taintmunching bulgesucker.*" Karkat hissed as he looked at his bleeding nose in the mirror *and there goes his eyes*. Karkat groans as he blinks through crying literal *tears of blood*. Fuck. He was *not* ready for today. Frantically, he grabs a nearby bath towel and splashes it and his face with water to wipe the blood away, he's careful to roll up his sleeves for this and tries to not get anything stained or noticeable.

The stress of seeing everyone alive from fucking Nepeta to the *Condescension herself*. It was just too much for an ex-troll who's also gone through *too fucking much*.

"F-Fuck." Karkat curses as he feels his nose stop bleeding but his eyes continue like a fucking waterfall, he grabs at his chest and feels his blood-pusher beating fast and pumping *so much blood*, "Fuck." Karkat repeats before grabbing a knife from his sylladex and cutting into an artery on his right hand, it's the fastest way to bleed out more at the moment.

The porcelain white sink is tainted red and pink as water and blood mix together. Karkat's eyes finally stop crying blood but he cuts another artery and slowly calms himself down with the feeling of blood leaving his system. He ignores everything around him and just focus on getting his blood-pusher to stop creating and pumping too much blood, after what was probably 25 minutes or so he lets up and presses against his self-made cuts and feels the flesh healing back together.

The sink is easily wiped clean with the towel, as for said towel it was pretty much a deep and bright red and pink. Karkat scowled at it, he didn't really feel for cleaning the towel or controlling the blood in it so he just throws it into his sylladex for later cleaning or something. He doesn't really care for the towel at the moment, he's just thankful he managed to get his blood under control and calm his sorry ass down.

He takes one look at the bathroom door before sighing, he would need to get this over with.

He's spent enough time in the human ablution block, bathroom, whatever.

He makes sure there isn't any visible blood on him and nods when he doesn't find any. He sighs again before straightening his spine and going through the bathroom door.

"Grk!"

"Hey, what it!"

Only to bump into another person, an *adult* person. '*Fuck.*' was Karkat's main thought as he looked up to see- fucking *hell* - Vriska's ancestor/mother, "Oh, it's littlest Vantas."

Moira Serket, aka Marquise Spinneret Mindfang. She stood over him being the older human, she was long-haired Aranea that was more menacing and mature, more sly and cunning. She wore a cerulean and black tail-coat with a stylized Scorpio sign, it was similar to the one her troll self wore but more modern and human-like. Underneath that she wore a simple black blouse and black slacks with cerulean trimming, she wore red heels to complete the look.

"Mind moving over so I can take a turn kid?" Moira asked in a deadpanned and Karkat let out a shaky sigh and scrambled away, the business woman with questionable connections and motives ignored the strange behavior seeing it of no concern for her since it was just her daughter's friend. Though as she entered the bathroom she smelled it, the familiar coppery smell.

With narrowed eyes the Eldest Serket observed the bathroom, finding the little mistakes that Karkat neglected to take care of. She rose a brow and looked back towards the direction the boy ran off to. She hummed in thought and frowned before shaking her head and just went ahead with her business.

It was up to her daughter, her friends/Karkat's friends, his brother and father to figure what's wrong with the boy. She had no part in this.

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Karkat sighed as he forcibly calmed his pulse again, it was easy seeing as he had just gotten rid of the extra blood and shitty fuck.

"Hey Kaaaaaaaarkat!" Karkat suspected as much that Vriska was nearby.

He turned to look at Vriska and saw with her Aranea and the three Megido's, not to mention Damara who he had passed earlier to get to the bathroom.

Vriska had the same cerulean lipstick on like Aranea and Moira and it was weird without seeing her eyes either blank or have 7 pupils in one eye. She kind of wore the same thing she wore as a troll, grey jacket with two full

sleeves but the undershirt wasn't black, it was cerulean with her Scorpio sign in black. Her pants and shoes stayed the same.

Aranea, well stand him corrected on the fact Meulin was the closest one to dressing up like their old troll selves, wore the *exact same thing* she wore before she went all ghost crazy something and ruined a timeline. The blue dress and socks and everything, though the necklace was gone and that was a good thing he supposes.

"Man, is it good to see your short grumpy self in real life again. The others were getting worried over you, like seriously, I told them you were fine though and yup! I was right, which I always am~" Vriska sang as she swaggered over.

Behind her was Aradia who grinned at the sight of him, "Karkat, it's good to see you again!" the really alive Aradia greeted. Karkat was mostly used to her either being dead, a robot or very morbidly cheerful, seeing her alive and remembering her in his Human mind felt baffling.

All three Megidos wore burgundy lipstick and Asian looking, even Aradia and it was kind of weird but fitting he guesses. Aradia's shirt was just like most of the others, burgundy short-sleeved and her sign of Aries was sewn as black, her skirt was light grey and plain and she wore simple black shoes as well. The only other change that he saw was the pair of red and blue bracelets on her wrists courtesy to Sollux being her best friend, and not boyfriend strange enough.

Damara, on the other hand seemed to change the *most*. The Eastern ex-troll that he remembered was aggressive and sexually forward, *this* Damara seemed to be calm and nice, if a bit stoic. She even gave Karkat a small smile greeting! She wore a red blouse that teased along her bust but showed her light pink undershirt, she wore a red miniskirt and black stockings with white flats. Instead of a pair of chopsticks that kept her hair into a bun, there was a beautiful hair comb with the Aries symbol carved into the red wood.

"Little Vantas." greeted Griselda Megido, aka The *Motherfucking Handmaid*. Karkat silently gulped, he's heard of her and she's just as terrifying as the Condesce and the only reason why he doesn't

fear her as much as he feared the Condescension was the fact he platonically pitied her after he heard on how she was raised. Being raised underneath Lord English and Doc Scratch? No *wonder* she was such a terrifying figure! He wonders on how she was raised here on Human Earth, hopefully better than her old troll self.

Griselda looked like a more mature Aradia dressing up as Damara, she wore burgundy and Karkat was happy she did because if she wore green then that would've implied something that he didn't like. Her clothing was closely like Damara's although her blouse was black with a dark red undershirt, her skirt was also black with red *J-Japanese*? Yeah, Japanese lettering designing the fabric. She wore white stockings instead and had bright red high heels instead of flats, adding towards her height.

"Y-Yeah, hey." Karkat greeted half-heartedly, *very* glad that he's let out a lot of stressed out blood before coming out.

He was surrounded with historical, very powerful and terrifying adult ex-troll figures. It was ingrained into his ex-biological system to fear these adults until he could defend himself as an adult himself had he even *survived* on Alternia, his mind was still set on that and though his body was human, that didn't stop the mental paranoia that had been built sweeps before. It didn't even matter if he had pleasant memories with these adults, his troll upbringing and paranoia overpowered that part of his brain on this matter.

"Are you okay Karkat? You look a little pale there." Aradia pointed out with a frown as she stopped before her, Karkat quickly focused entirely on her instead of her m-mother. Ignore it all, survive, he could do this.

Karkat scowled, "Yeah, I'm fine. Let's just get to others already." He says and walks back towards the living room where *everyone* was. On second thought, that may be a bad idea.

Vriska suddenly grabs his arm, luckily it wasn't the still tender arm he had cut into, and drags him with her towards the living room, "Yeah! C'mon Aradia the others are waiting for us!" She grinned, not noticing on how

Karkat went stiff underneath her hold and was barely resisting the urge to flinch and jerk back and just slam the butt of his sickle into her face.

Aradia nodded, frowning a bit as she glanced at Karkat before smiling and following them both into the living room with both of her family behind her along with one silent Aranea that was thinking about something critically.

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Ondine scowled as she looked at her wrist watch, "Tch, where the fuck are the Zahhaks? They're late!"

"I think it's because of Archer's schedule, didn't he say he was working on a project for the week?" Leonor piped in as they settled in her large living room, the kids were at the other side of it talking among themselves.

"He told me he was done with that shit yesterday, he's free today! I checked." Ondine snapped, she wasn't the most patient person among them, "The fucking Serkets appeared before them, and that's saying something." She deadpanned before smirking as she just knows that if Moira was there she would've snarked back.

Jasper looked around, "Where is Moira anyway?"

"She went to the bathroom, don't worry lover bull your girlfriend is just fine. She's a big girl who can take care of herself, you don't need to baby her ya know." Jasper sent the finger towards Kieran who snickered with Cosima, they high-fived before sending the Nitram mocking faces.

Corinna sighed, "You all insist for me to treat you as adults though you all act like children so much most of the time." She mock despaired, gaining glares from the rest of the group though it was fond glares and such. It had been established long ago that Corinna Maryam was the group Mother despite not being the oldest one there is, though that said she *was* the most mature of them and as they grew she did act much like a mother.

They all perked as they see Vriska coming in from a hallway, dragging with her a disgruntled Karkat with three Megidos following them as well as one other Serket, though it wasn't the Serket Jasper had been inquiring about.

Silently Griselda comes over to them, nodding in greeting towards everyone but Ondine kept her gaze on a certain teen.

"How is Crabcat anyway Kelvin? Didn't he disappear when all the crazy shit happened?" Ondine asked without taking her eyes away from said teen, when she and Karkat made eye contact he froze just for a second before forcefully focusing back on Vriska to get his arm out of the Serket's grip. That made Ondine's eyes narrow in slight suspicion.

Kelvin frowned, "So far Karkat is fine, I think? He's been distant lately, I'm beginning to get worried really because ever since our house was repaired he spends most of his time within his room. Even before when we lived temporarily with Alpheus, he mostly isolated himself in one room or another and mostly avoiding everyone. Kankri, Cronus or Eridan had to find him and drag him into another room so they can hang out. And lately I've been getting the feeling he's been avoiding me." he says worriedly, glancing at his youngest frequently. When Karkat notices it he sends him a scowl.

Alpheus nodded looking at Karkat thoughtfully, "Noww that you mention it Kel, wwhenever I go in a room wwith Kar in it, he mostly avvoids me or leavves the room."

The adults glanced at each other in thought, wondering what to say or do about it.

Ondine shook her head, "Dammit, as much as I want to talk about Crabcat and his problems and shit that has to wait. As soon as Moira gets her fat ass here and Archer too with his sweaty ass we'll get to the point, though we'll have to discuss in another room for this." She tells them seriously. They shoot her looks but nodded nonetheless.

Not even a minute later Moira exits the hall and greets them, giving Jasper a fond smirk when he sits up to kiss her cheek.

"All that's left is Archer." Cosima pointed out as the cerulean woman shamelessly sits on Jaspers' lap, he doesn't seem to mind at all. They ignore them both, used to it but were amused to hear the Serket and Nitram



children groan and groan even more when both Jasper and Moira sends their kids smug smirks.

They didn't have to wait long as finally the Zahhak family appears.

"My apologies on being late, there were some unexpected complications last night and I simply slept through my alarm." Archer Zahhak apologized as Horrus and Equius break away from their father's side and join the group of teens at the other side of the room, greeting their friends.

Archer Zahhak, aka Executor Darkleer, was a large man but not as large as Kieran. He wore a simple black shirt with blue circuitry designs, half-hidden underneath his left sleeve on his left shoulder-bicep was his Sagittarius symbol tattooed into his skin along with a map of blue circuitry. Around his neck were his usual thick goggles that he usually wore or brought as habit, his long black hair was hanging freely as usual though when he was working or thinking he would tie it in a high pony tail like his son Horuss. He wore dark blue jeans and black boots that went over his ankles.

Horuss wore a miniature version of Archer's goggles, though it was less thick. His hair was tied in its usual ponytail, he rarely lets it down and even turns it into a bun when working or stressed sometimes. He wore the same thing he wore as a troll, though only the top half. His pants were simple brown slacks and brown boots, his belt buckle was the same with the blue Sagittarius sign on it.

Equius wore the usual tank top, though the colors inverted like almost every other ex-troll, dark blue with his Sagittarius sign in black. Karkat really wonders about that, anyway, he's wearing black shorts with many pockets and black fingerless gloves and dark grey shoes.

"Finally! Took you long enough Zahhak." Ondine snapped as they all stood, "Come on, we're moving towards a more appropriate place to have the meeting. Yo kids!" She shouted out towards them and gaining their attention, "You can go to the mall or something, or stay here I don't care. Just get back here before 3 o'clock!" she grunts before motioning the others to follow her.

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Karkat watched the group of adults leave, frowning and deep in thought. He could follow them and eavesdrop, maybe leave his wristcrabhusk and record the meeting, no doubt the subject of their meeting would be about him and the others.

"Yo KK, you there?" Karkat jolted as fingers snapped in front of him, Sollux's fingers to be exact, "Woah there KK, calm down. It'th jutht me. Like theriouthly dude, what'th been happening. You're barely on Pethterchum anymore." Sollux asks as the others listen in as well.

Karkat scowled at him, "It's *nothing* Captor. Besides even if it were something, it would be none of your fucking business." Karkat snapped.

Sollux narrowed his eyes, '*Captor? KK, the fuck?*' "Chill dude, wath jutht athking geethe." He says, lifting his hands up as a sign of 'surrender'.

Karkat huffed, "Whatever," he was about to continue before he jumped slightly as he felt his human phone vibrate in his pocket. Fuck, he forgot he had that in there. He needs to get used to having shit in his pockets and not in his sylladex. He fished out his phone and frowned, wondering who the hell was calling him before his eyes widened and he felt himself visibly perk. Dear gog, what was wrong with him.

*Jake* was calling him.

Vriska leaned over his shoulder, "Who's that? I don't think I know anyone of that number, who's 'Jake Harley'?" Sollux raised a brow and leaned over to see as well before both were shoved away.

Karkat scowled at them, "None of your fucking business Serket, you too Captor. You guys *do* realize I have *other* friends than you guys right?" he snaps before looking back at the phone, "Excuse me, I need to take this." he grumbles and walks away.

They all watched him as he moved away, answering the phone and a loud voice surprised them as well as Karkat.

"KARKAT!!" Karkat cursed and fumbled slightly with his phone.

"Dammit Jake! You don't need to shout dumbass, I'm right here! Your shouting right into my fucking ear fuckass."

"Whoops, sorry chum. Anyway you're going to absolutely positively flip with joy about the stuff I'm about to tell you, Ro--" Unfortunately, Karkat shot them a glare and moved away further, even going as far as to move into a separate hallway to talk with this 'Jake Harley'.

Terezi frowned before turning to where she thinks Kankri was sitting, "Kankri, do you know who Jake Harley is?" Kankri was about to shake his head before he sheepishly remembered that Terezi was currently blind.

"No, I do not. Nor do I recall any moment that Karkat even mentioned one Jake Harley."

Terezi hummed in thought with a deep thoughtful frown.

They were all curious, with how strange Karkat was acting coming to light they were getting quite concerned over the youngest Vantas.

"Well, why don't we find out? One, we ask Karkat about Jake when he comes back oooooooooo numero two, we eavesdrop. I vote on number two!" Vriska grinned.

Tavros shook his head, "I don't know Vriska. Karkat'll be really mad at us when he finds out we did that." He pointed out, the other deflated before scoffing.

"That is *if* he finds, come on! You're all as curious as me right???????" Vriska prompted with a mischievous grin.

Kanaya looks at Vriska with a pointed look, "I agree with Tavros on this Vriska, we can wait for their conversation to end and ask Karkat about Jake himself. I'm sure he's willing to share to us his new friend, we *are* his closest group of friends after all." she scolded. Vriska pouted, muttering on how Maryams were such party poopers.

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"No."

"What?! Why noooooooooot?!" Vriska whined as Karkat scowled at them with his hands crossed.

"Who I become friends with is none of your business, besides Jake's pretty cool. A fucking dork like Egbert yeah, but what would you expect? Anyway, O-On dine told us we could go to the mall or something yeah? Well I'm going, I need to buy something and... anyone can come with I guess. Just hurry the fuck up!" Karkat growls as he swiftly leaves, intent on going towards the nearest mall area.

"Egbert? Who the fuck?"

Okay, something was *definitely* going on with Karkat.

And they were going to find out what, eventually, whether he likes it or not.

## Chapter End Notes

Question: Who do I pair Karkat with? I like SolKat, EriKat, really Karkat is one of my shipping people that I love to ship *everyone* with. I'd even have crack GamTav to have GamKar if you want, I don't really know.

Also same thing for Jake, who I pair with him?

# A Day in Life with Now Human Karkat Part 3

## Chapter Notes

Huehueheuhue. Plans of the future and stuff. AND MORE THINGS TO THE PLOT!

This is the last part for the Human Karkat perspective day, after this we're moving along with the timeline and skipping a week or so into the future; and yes the base has been officially picked and will be described in the next chapter ;)

P.S. HAPPY HALLOWEEN EVERYBODY =D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"Dammit Jake! You don't need to shout dumbass, I'm right here! Your shouting right into my fucking ear fuckass."

*"Whoops, sorry chum. Anyway you're going to absolutely positively flip with joy about the stuff I'm about to tell you, Ro--"* Karkat glared at the nosy little shits that were trying to listen in, he scowled as he moved away from the group and into a hallway so he and Jake could talk without interruption or anyone listening in.

*"Isn't it just the best Karkat?!"*

Karkat blinked before clearing his throat, "Sorry Jake, had some nosy fucks who wouldn't mind their own gogdamn business around me so I moved to somewhere more private. Mind repeating what you said?"

*"Oh! No, I don't mind at all Karkat. So, what I was saying was that Roxy finally found a cool base where we can settle and all that jazz! Isn't that just lovely?!"*

*Yes it fucking was.*

"Fuck yeah it is! Where the fuck is it?"

"I don't know, Roxy's being a sneaky chum and wants us all to meet with her when we have the chance. She's going to tell Dave and John about it, and well I wanted to tell you about it. If you, Dave and John aren't too terribly busy today we could show you where it is!"

Karkat grinned, about to agree before faltering as he remembers the predicament he was in currently, dammit, "Fuck, as much as I'd fucking love to do that. I can't. Sign-fuck-Dad, took Kankri and I to this meeting at the Piexes household. He's currently in the meeting with them and I'm stuck with my non-troll-now-human friends." he growled, lightly kicking against the floor.

"Oh... Wait, wasn't Piexes the old last name of Her Imperious Condescension? Oh dear! Karkat, are you alright?! I terribly recall you saying that the Condesce turned human, oh my, is she still horrifying? Do you need help? I swear, if she dared to lay a finger on you I w--"

"Woah there Harley! Calm your fucking hoofbeast there, I'm fine." Karkat interrupted, face a fair shade of red at the mere thought that Jake was implicating or maybe, *maybe*, feeling pale for him too, "The Condesce is human but she's... different. I mean *yeah* she's still kinda terrifying since she's so big and a fucking *adult* yeah but, underneath my instinctive fear and paranoia over her and every other adult she's kinda... nice? Almost? Maybe? I have no grubfisting idea but she's different. They *all* are."

Karkat leans against the wall, feeling more tired than ever, "It's so fucking *weird*, seeing them like this. They're the same fucking friends and people I know of but at the same time, *they're not*. They aren't the trolls I know anymore and *they're not*. They're human, they've lived different wrigglinghoods, they've experienced different trials of their lives that *seem* similar but in all honesty. They aren't similar at all.

"They've never witnessed and faced the violence and hardships of Alternia, they've never killed another living sentient being, they've never played the fucking *game*. They're human and they don't fucking *remember*. I'm the only one, I remember Alternia and all its fucking horrifying trials that the 'friends' I know *now* would barely survive or could never overcome because they were *human*. Maybe they *could* if they tried their very best, but if they

went through the troll shit as humans. They won't come on top unscathed, complete and sane, I know I didn't."

The fuck was he doing. Was he *really* talking about this shit to *Jake*, over the ***fucking*** phone.

"..."

"Shit sorry, I was rambling. Anyway, anything else Jake?"

"Karkat, are you alright? Like, truly, surely alright? Because if you're not, that's okay. I'm here to talk if you wish, not to mention all of our other chums as well! We're here for you, I'm here for you. You might think you're alone in this at times but remember, you're not. I and the others might not be trolls but we're here together and no matter what, we've got your back!"

Karkat froze, stunned and unsure on what to reply.

"..."

"Karkat? I, um. Are you still there?"

Karkat inhaled and exhaled softly, "Yeah... I'm still here. I." He paused again to sigh.

"Thanks, Jake. I, uh, I needed to hear that. Badly."

He doesn't even flinch at the loud reply he gets, no, he actually lets out a *smile* as Jake's voice rang into his ear.

"No problem! You're my friend and I always got your back no matter what! The others too I'm sure, we'll always be here and always will."

"Anyway, where is that base Roxy found?"

"Oh! Like I said, I do not know of the location because Roxy's being a sneaky little lady but I bet it's a lovely place. Although if you're busy with, um, that today, I'll tell Roxy that maybe this little revelation can wait a little longer?"

"No, everyone can go meet up with Roxy if they can. You too if you want. I want to but like I said, I'm in some shit right now so I can't."

"Blast, oh well if you insist. I suppose I can go and have a look there myself, then I'll be the one to show you around when you do have the chance! Oh, this is so exciting!"

"I fucking bet, what I can't wait is to get a good amount of sopor slime so I can actually sleep through a whole gogdamned night!"

"I agree, and don't worry Karkat. My promise to you shan't be forgotten! You'll have the honor of being the first person to use the alchemiter when we have it! I made a promise and by golly gog will I keep it!"

"You, Jake Harley, are one of the most dorkiest dorks I have ever fucking met with the exception of John Egbert who is essentially the King of Dorks."

"Hahah! No truer words have been spoken as yet!"

Karkat and Jake chatted for a few more minutes, Karkat almost forgetting he was in such a shitty situation.

Almost being the keyword; he was still stuck in the Piexes household until otherwise.

"Dammit, I almost forgot. I need to fucking get back to them before they try and find my ass and see what the fuck's up." Karkat grumbled as he peeked around the corner, narrowed eyes glaring at the chattering group of humans in the room.

"Oh, alright. Anyway, I can't wait to show you to our new fabulous base Karkat and I know it will be fabulous because Roxy says so and she picked it! Haha! See you soon Kar, goodbye!"

Karkat smirked, "Bye Jake." He greets before the line ends, only then did he realize at what Jake had called him. Kar? Only Eridan had ever called him that! It was kind of annoying from the ex-seadweller but hearing it from



Jake, he found that he didn't really mind actually. He also found but somehow managed to resist the urge of slamming his face into the wall hundreds of times due to his reddening and warming face and existing train of thought and conclusion.

By gog was he pale for him, this was almost unnatural in some sense.

He shook his head and sighed but as soon as he moved he felt his phone vibrate once more, he narrowed his eyes at it before opening the incoming text message from... Oh hell no.

yeah so  
hey karkles future dave here under orders from future you and time  
shenanigans  
anyway need you to head to the mall around your area and buy some shit  
underneath is the list of random shit you gotta buy and some instructions  
dont bother texting back im heading back into the future after this text and  
itll just be sent to present dave  
anyway fair warning; some shit is gonna begin going down  
what exactly idfk well i do but you get it  
youll know when to send me back in time to this moment in the future  
time shenanigans hah such a fucking pain  
oh and dont mention the junk just yet after your trip to the mall

~future ds

ps follow your gut and dont be an idiot - you told me that to tell you that,  
well you told me to tell that in a LOT more context but you get it

pps also everyone else can come with you to the mall. your gonna have to  
shake them off at some point but theyre gonna come with you in the end  
and yeah good luck dude

With wide eyes he reread the message once, twice, thrice, *more than four times* before he groaned and growled as he clutched at his hair in frustration and confusion, gripping tightly as his phone is punted back into his sylladex.

*Just what the fuck future Dave and Karkat?!?*

---

And so lead to where he was now; standing in a human mall surrounded by humans and his own human-turned friends who kept shooting him *looks*.

Karkat twitched as he ignored them and glanced at his phone, grumbling silently as he regarded the list Future!Dave sent him. Also making sure to save Dave's number, actually he should get everyone's numbers in his phone besides Jake and Dave's. It'll be easier if they had their phones and weren't connected to Pesterchum.

He regarded the list with confusion and other emotions as he went around to look for the items on the list, doing his best to 'shake off his friends' as he did so. He didn't know why he had to shake them off when he could've just gone alone, things might've been so much easier! Unfortunately due to 'time shenanigans' and the stability of his timeline he was forced to deal with it.

The people who went with him to the mall were most of his generation with Tavros, Gamzee, Nepeta and Equius staying back while the rest went with him. Among the older generation came their siblings with Rufio, Meulin, Horuss and Kurloz staying back as well. Shortly however both Piexes and Aranea were distracted with whatever and broke off from the group, then came Latula and Mituna who went to check out the latest version of whatever cool skateboard that caught their eyes.

Eventually Karkat had bought nearly every item on the list and nearly lost everyone in the group to the mall with the exception of the Scourge Sisters and along with Sollux and Aradia. Sollux, Terezi and Vriska kept pestering him about the random loot he bought and asking questions he had no answers to, no answers of *yet* anyway. Aradia was just there to keep an eye on them all being the most responsible among them of their age.

"C'mon Karkles, spit it out already! What is *with* this stuff, it's mostly random shit!" Terezi complained as she tried to snatch the plastic bag from Karkat's hands only to recoil as Karkat let out a quiet near-inhuman growl at her. Her recently enhanced hearing heard it clearly among the other noises it heard and wondered and worried for Karkat, Vriska and Sollux

were being fussed by Aradia to notice it and was a little away from both her and Karkat.

Karkat was at the edge of his wits, today was just too much for him. He was actually quite amazed at himself for holding out for this long, though he recoiled himself as he rubbed at his throat and frowned at the fact he *growled* at Terezi. It could be mistaken as a beast's growl but sounded mostly human thankfully. He groaned and rubbed at his face, tightly gripping the bag in hand.

"Look Terezi, what I buy is none of your business. It's just... for a little side-project." He reluctantly and hesitantly admitted, though he unwillingly flushed as he looked at a certain object among his bought products. It took all he had not to chuck the damned thing into his sylladex to be forgotten *forever*.

"Oh? And what project exactly involveth a bucket, thpray paint, crayonth, and all that other pietheth of junk." Sollux deadpanned as he approached with Vriska and Aradia. Karkat nearly broke down at the mention of the bucket but kept strong, mentally cursing his future self and Dave. Because seriously, *why a new pristine fucking **bucket**?!?!?*

"Uh, you okay there Karkat? Lookin' a little, oh I don't know, uncomfortable?" Vriska asked with a small scowl that didn't really hide her concern for him and wasn't that a shock? Vriska Serket actually *showing* her concern and not fawning over herself like usual, then again this was a fucking human Vriska Serket.

Karkat shook his head and snapped back at them that he was fine with a roll of his eyes before looking back towards his phone, making sure to avoid any attempts to swipe at the device for the last item and narrowed his eyes at the last instructions written besides the last item.

Okay, he could do that.

---

"Okay what did you want to talk about Ondine? What was so important to gather us all together, surely you could've just sent us a message for whatever this is." Moira asked as she and the others settled into their respective places within the room, most of them taking to sitting down with Ondine, Kelvin, Jasper and Archer favoring to stand up.

The fuchsia woman sent the cerulean woman a pointed and irritated look, "Sure maybe, but I thought whatever the fuck this was was big enough to issue a personal session meeting with you all." She replied with a frown, reaching for a pocket before taking out what seemed to be familiar.

Dexter leaned in in interest, "Ith that?" His lisp accidentally being shown as he was too focused on the object.

"Holy shit." Jasper uttered as he and the other's eyes widened at the object that Ondine had in her hands.

It was one of those mysterious gem-like object that had dropped from the monster attacks, it was blue elongated hexagonal bipyramid shape and seemed to fit more in a video game than in real life. Also it bore a striking resemblance to a certain line of product within Betty Crocker's snack line, Fruit Gushers or Gushers really but at the same time, no.

Ondine puts the strange object down on the table and gets another one from another pocket, only this one wasn't blue but red.

"Some associates of mine managed to snatch these bad boys before the kiddy heroes managed to make'em disappear. They're not edible if that thought crossed your mind despite them lookin' like the gusher shit from Betty Crocker's shit." She told them as gets *another one*, in purple this time.

Archer picks one up, the red one, and observes it with a close eye. "What are they?"

Ondine shrugs, "We don't fuckin' know, we're still researching the hell outta these guppies. Though it seems that only the kiddy heroes can make'em disappear, anyone else can just pick these up like no problem. Which kinda is a probelm, like I said, only the those kids could vanish these things into thin air. Question is; why? What are these things and are they dangerous?" By then, they were looking at these small objects with wary paranoia.

"But so far, there's no side effect in picking them up so go ahead. Hold them to your hearts content guys." Ondine told them cheerfully with a smirk, throwing the purple one towards Dexter who swiftly caught it and looked it over.

"If I recall, these things were in quite the varying sizes. I've seen one such thing being the size of two cars on shaky recording and videos from the internet." Corinna said as she was given the blue one to hold, eventually giving it to Kieran.

Ondine nodded her head, "Yep, Mama Maryam's right. These things come in a lot of sizes, the biggest one we managed to get was the size of a normal ass chair. Strangely enough, these things aren't that heavy even when that size. Sure it was kind of a hassle in carrying it around and shit but it wasn't that heavy for one of that size." She said as everyone passed it around.

"And *I* remember other types of these things in various other shapes falling from the slain beast." Moira commented as she had both red and blue in her hands, trying to figure out their worth and what their possible uses were. She didn't really get far seeing as she had no clue in what these things were.

"Me too, but we couldn't find any. I guess the kids took them all, we got what we could managed to get which was mostly those things." Ondine answered as she finally took the three items back. "But then that brings us to another thing we should discuss about next; our new resident kiddy superheroes." And they all frowned at that.

It was irrefutable that these new heroes of theirs were just teens, mid-teens at most with Breath's awkward introductions and their height and subtle

interactions with one another. Then came their powers which were hard to catalog and figure out.

Breath's power was the most obvious and easiest to recognize, his command over the wind and even becoming the wind itself at multiple recorded times. Which also brought the question of why choose to call himself 'Breath' rather than 'Wind', did it imply more or something?

Blood was the second easiest with his multiple demonstrations of showing his total control over the life liquid running through everyone's veins. Though the implications for that could turn towards a dark turn even with most people already finding it a bit uncomfortable with the thought of blood and what not but a lot of them were enthusiastic over it.

From there it got a bit harder to figure things out.

Time was obvious, control over time but to what extent? His own time? The time of others? He didn't demonstrate much of it but it was implied heavily really, then there was the tidbit of his clothing being very similar to Blood's clothing. Was there a reason? It didn't seem to be a coincidence, were Time and Blood related to each other?

Void was the second to last hardest to figure out, what powers were the void? So far she, even though she was developing it was clear she was a female and was developing quite nicely for a young woman of her supposed age though it seemed that she was the only female within the group, was seen summoning objects from nowhere and then banishing them to nowhere. Mostly those objects were weird green cube-like things that Ondine wanted to get her hands on but unfortunately it seemed that Void would make those disappear once they served whatever purpose.

And lastly, Hope. What powers did Hope have? They have only seen him shoot from afar, acting as backup or a long range fighter or just helping out civilians to get away from the fight. How was powerful and useful was hope? They had yet to see him fight much like the others but they couldn't underestimate him just yet.

There were so many questions and little to no answers.

"So far they've been doing a fine job in combating the monsters. Skill as they are however they have little experience in fighting within a populated area, in the first fight it seemed that they had forgotten that they were even surrounded by other humans as they fought those monsters. However they acted accordingly once they realized." Moira commented as she thought back to what she found through the videos she's seen of the first attack, she had carded through every single video of it after finding out her daughter had been injured in it. Not fatally of course but it was *her* daughter that had a chance of dying there.

Corinna sighed as she thought back to Breath, "They're only just children. Why must they be burdened with this?" She murmured as she recalled on how cute Breath's introduction was.

"Children they may be but they're skilled motherfuckers. They have experience in fightin' and how they handle their fucking weapons is mostly un-fucking-heard of for teens their age, just look at the hammer and sickle kids! Also that one fucker that mostly fights with fucking *half a sword* that sometimes turns into a full fucking sword. Then there's the two other punks that have clear experience with firearms." Kieran replied with a deep grunt, looking impressed, a lot of them were impressed really but that itself was worrying on how these kids were so experienced in fighting.

Alpheus sighed as he added his two cents, "They wworked together bef're, their teamwwork in fightin' is no thing to ignore really. It's actually really impressivve to be honest. They kind of remind me of back when I was a marine, wworkin' together with my squad and shit." He says with a slightly fond look, lightly tracing at the jagged scars on his face. Those times weren't all happy and sunshine, it was actually quite traumatizing but he'll admit that there were times he wished to relive again.

Then he frowned and turned to look at the others with pointed but slightly confused looks, "Okay, this might be a wweird question and all but... lookin' at these kids and all, do *any* of you feel somethin' familiar? More specifically their symbols? 'Cuz I swwear, Hope there is nigglin' wwithin my head wwith that symbol of his. Or is it just me then that's just fine and fuckin dandy." He said dryly as he looks around, and he's surprised and kind of pleased to see that he wasn't alone in that.

Kelvin, Archer, Griselda and Jasper all nodded in agreement, all looking just as confused as he was. Though Griselda was the first to answer.

"The Time boy, his red gear speaks to me. I don't remember but yes, it feels very familiar." Griselda admitted, crossing her arms as she glanced at the others.

"Void's blue spiral is the symbol that disturbs me, however it's not necessarily the bad kind." Archer said, looking a little uncomfortable as he stood tall.

"The Breath kid calls out to me, though it may be the fact he controls wind and flies. You all know my love for the sky is only rivaled with my love for my doll." Jasper says with a smirk, a flirtatious one that was aimed at Moira who smirks back at him and kisses his cheek.

Kelvin frowned as he went last, "Lastly mine is Blood's, though I don't know why. But then again, there's a lot of things I don't know, we don't know." He admitted, "I... doubt that this is a coincidence, however without any actual knowledge about this all we don't really know for sure do we?" He says tiredly, raising a wary brow.

Unfortunately they had to agree with him. They had no clue on what was going on.

"What I wonder is why you five feel that way and the rest of us don't?" Leonor wondered out loud and that entered their minds as well, why just them?

So many questions, and little to no answers...

---

Karkat sighed in relief as he finally, *finally*, managed to lose Sollux.

The guy was stubborn in following him around, couldn't an ex-troll just go around doing his own business in peace? Buying random suspicious but ridiculous crap on his own? Following the orders of his future self like the fucking asshole he was because of stable timelines and whatnot?



He sighed again as he looked around then back to his phone, okay he was suppose to be heading for the roof of the mall now. No biggie and totally not suspicious or anything.

"Just what the fuck am I suppose to do on the fucking roof?" He grumbles as he makes his way upwards, he passes a few people on the way by using the stairs but they were all heading downwards to lower floors instead of upwards. Soon enough he's on the damned roof, and he's alone so far so he puts his newly purchased items into his sylladex and looks back to his phone.

He groans and rubs at his face, wondering what the hell was going on as he shuffles around the roof, looking for the place that future him described. He found it easily, it was near the edge of the roof right at the back of the mall and had a perfect place to hide and a possible escape route. He feels rather stupid as he follows instructions and hides, even getting one sickle out as instructed as well as change into his god tier pants, pants only not the rest of his outfit.

He's feeling stupid and he has a bad feeling about this...

Suddenly he hears the roof door open, he takes a peek and sees a human exiting the door and out into the roof looking around in suspicion. Instantly the back of his neck tingles and he's feeling like an alarmed dog but he keeps silent and observes the strange human.

He's around his age if a year older, he's got the same stupid pair of shades that Dave had on his nose but he wasn't a blonde. No, he had dark black hair and wore a black hoodie with a brown symbol on it, a circle with two mirroring brown 'F's' on top of it and he wore grey jeans with black sneakers.

Brown symbol on black hoodie, almost as if-*no*.

Karkat's eyes widen at the thought and quickly ducks his head as the mystery person looks towards his direction, careful not to make a sound but he's clutching at his sickle.

"... Seems clear enough." He hears faintly and takes the risk to peek again with narrowed eyes.

The 'human' flicks a hand and suddenly a *very familiar* object appears out of thin air (*a fucking sylladex?*), and for all that's holy it's a motherfuckin' **husktop**. 'Shit, shit shit shit shit shit what the **fuck**' Karkat thinks frantically as he puts it down, he looks at the husktop and sees that its a bit different, but it was definitely *troll* grub-tech.

The black haired 'human' flicks the husktop on, and suddenly there's a holographic image appearing above it. *Holy shit what.*

And yes, there's, there's a *grubfucking troll* in that holographic image. It's a fucking *yellow blooded troll* seeing the yellow eyes of the image, not to mention the two sets of horns on their head! They seem to be the same age as the other guy.

"*Tetrarch*" The mystery troll said revealing the other's name, or at least *title*. 'Tetrarch' smirks at them, nodding in greeting.

"Beekeeper." And with that, he fiddles with something underneath his sleeve and suddenly the human disguise disappears revealing dark greyish skin and *horns* growing out of his skull and Karkat has to take careful control of his breathing and vocal chords as he ducks back down, bloodpumper thumping loudly in his chest and his blood is rushing through his veins.

How was this possible?! How were there trolls out there? The Condesce herself was fucking human for gog's sake! W-Wait, who was their leader if the Condesce was human? *Don't tell him there was an actual troll* Condescension out there!!

"*How goes reconnaissance of the daily human population? Weird right? I've been scouring through the internet and human stuff is just downright weird but at the same time awesome. Have you heard about the 'Heroes'? Soo weird! I kinda doubt their even humans, humans don't have powers and psionics! What do you think?*"

Tetrarch shrugged, "I don't know, but whatever they are they sure got Her Benevolence's attention. Can't believe she chose us and the others to do this. Hey, how's Xef doin'?" He asked with a concerned frown, a moirail then?

'Her Benevolence?' Who the fuck? She. She sounds, *familiar*.

Though Karkat silently sighed in relief at that, no troll Condesce then. Good. Benevolence was a good thing, he thinks, it was a title but... *gaaah*.

Beekeeper sighed softly, "*Still asleep, he just arrived on Earth and his body is still in stasis mode so far but he'll be up and around soon enough!*" they stated cheerfully before shifting to a more serious mode. "*Her Benevolence has sent new orders, she said to be careful around the new heroes or something. And to look for certain humans too. There's a lot, but they're all related to each other so it'll be easy.*"

Shit what. Oh gog no, please in the name of Paradox Space don't do this to him...

Karkat gulped, bloodthumper hammering painfully in his chest and he could feel the beginning of a nosebleed. *This was too much stress for him for one day!*

Damn his future self!

Unfortunately for him, he instinctively reached to cover his nose with the one hand that held his sickle which clanged against the metal object he was hiding behind. He let out a quick curse and ducked as the brownblooded and goldblooded trolls hissed in surprise.

*NGAH SON OF A GRUB FUCKER.*

"The fuck?!" He heard Tetrarch say and hears the sound of a gun cocking, strife specibus too or did he just get it from his sylladex?

"Son of a fuck!" Karkat hissed and feels warm liquid start to trickle down his nose, he futilely wipes his nose and looks towards the edge. He's got an idea and he does not like it one bit.

"Who's there? If you know what's good for you you'll step out into the open." Tetrarch demands as he slowly moves in as Karkat shifts and clutches at his sickle.

"I'm warning you..." Tetrarch growls and Karkat sees droplets of his own blood starting to float, no, not that. His feet tense as he hears the footsteps getting closer, and closer, and closer...

*Now*

The troll curses in surprise as Karkat makes a break for it, booking it towards the edge of the roof. He hears the troll closely following him but stops in surprise and gapes as Karkat *jumps off the edge of the roof* and rapidly falls but not as fast as he would have been had he not been wearing his god tier pants.

Still, the roof was tall and the troll had the perfect advantage of shooting him down if he wanted to. And he's not too worried about people seeing him fall, it was the back of the mall and no one seemed to be there. He curses himself as he shoves his sickle back into his strife card, having no real need for it right now and cursing his future self and his past self at the fact he listened to those dumb instructions.

***Bang***

Karkat yelped in pain as a bullet went through his leg, he's close to the ground. "YOU GOGDAMN FUCKING TAINTLICKING NOOKMUNCHER!!" He instinctively yells in pain and curses as he recognizes the fact he used troll vernacular.

As he touches down painfully with his legs absorbing the painful landing, he nearly crumbles and falls over but he's quick on his feet and absconds, strangely there were no other gun shots aimed for him after that one shot that took his leg.

He takes refuge and enters back into the mall, limping as he tried to look for somewhere to hide and recover from the injury.

Back on the roof the brownblooded troll looked down in disbelief.

*"Did... Was that a fellow troll in disguise?"* Beekeeper , or Zebede asked behind him, *"Dammek that's not supposed to be, we and the others are supposed to be the only trolls assigned to be around this general area! There's no word from the others about them crossing our territory."*

Dammek shook his head and snapped out of it, cursing as he disguises himself as a human again shivering at the lack of horns. Never getting used to that.

"I don't fucking know, but I'm on it. Looks like he went back into the mall, I think I can find him." He says hurriedly before greeting them goodbye and shutting the holo-grub off and throwing it back into his sylladex and rushing it down the stairs.

Many questions were on this bronzeblood's mind as he rushed down the stairs, one being at the fact he saw the red blood that came out of the mystery 'troll'. Red like the humans, not a shade darker like burgundy which was impossible since the smart trolls have yet to figure out on how to hide their blood colors, only just figuring out on how to disguise themselves as humans.

Something was going on and Tatrarch Dammek was going to find out what.

## Chapter End Notes

8D didn't expect *that* did ya?! Huehuehue!!

Next chapter; a little jump to the very neat future to where the base is and Karkat telling everyone about this chapter :D.

Note: this had been longer before and probably better, but then ao3 derped and i lost one good draft of the chapter *forever...* fucking hated when that happened >:(

# The Base of Operations (1)

## Chapter Notes

BLUH! Sorry for the long wait guys, a bit of writer's block, my own stupidity and lack of self control and being sick got in the way. Anyway, I hope you enjoy!

Oh yeah and some stuff changed for the tags, don't worry about them alright?

BY THE WAY HAPPY NEW YEAR :) HOPE YOU ENJOYED,  
HAVE A NICE 2018 83

EDIT: HURR DURR I FORGOT TO CHANGE THE YEAR FROM  
2017 TO 2018 SORRY FIXED THAT

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

"KV, you doin' alright?" Dexter asked in concern as he noticed his best friend rubbing at his wrists for the thousandth time in what seemed to be in 3 hours. Kelvin blinked and noticed what he was doing, inadvertently bringing everyone's attention to him as he frowned deeply and looked at his wrists.

"I think so... It's just... weird, my wrists have been feeling weird all morning ever since I woke up." He admitted as he flicked both wrists. "I don't think anything's physically wrong with them, I feel fine to be honest but... It feels like... I don't know how to describe it, it just feels weird ever since I woke up from this crazy dream this morning."

Leonor looked at him curiously, "Dream?"

Kelvin got this weird look in his eyes, "I don't remember much of it but I remember... two moons, a pink one and a green one in the dark sky... a-and

I was being surrounded by people for whatever reason. My wrists... they were held together and they... hurt... so badly, burning I think."

At the description Corinna, Dexter and Leonor stiffened as they for only a moment, saw a blurry flash of what Kelvin might've described and they didn't like it. Not one bit.

They weren't the only ones though, Archer looked confusedly somber and his hands flexed as if they were trying to hold something that wasn't there in his grip. The others were tense, it sounded vaguely familiar to them as well but not as much as the others.

Kelvin shook his head and seemingly broke whatever spell or trance everyone was under and smiled reassuringly at his best friend, "I'm sure it was nothing more than a strange dream, I'm fine. Honestly." He says to him with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Yeah okay, sure..." Dexter nodded hesitantly but it was all clear to them that they were all hesitating on it, the strange mood stayed for the rest of the meeting in the background, seemingly lying in wait for something else to trigger it but they were all too busy to know that or were ignoring it in the first place.

Griselda's lips thinned to a hard line as she stayed in the background, taking note of the strange mood and thinks back to Kelvin's description to the green and pink moons. The green one seemed to be the most familiar to her for whatever reason, just as the symbol of the Time boy.

Unlike the others, she always knew that something was strange about all of them. Twelve families, twelve signs, their first generation of children looking unnaturally like them and now something else was going on? Something was coming over the horizon for all 36 of them, and she would find out what even if she'd have to consult that damned Doctor eventually in the end if he had any answers or clues.

Speaking of the Doctor, she wonders about him from time to time.

She doesn't regret her actions at all, what she does regret was letting him live so well off of everything she and the others have done for him.

She should have smashed his head in when she had the chance.

---

"I'm just saying dude, enjoy the change, embrace it. As far as I can tell your bro's actually pretty cool and caring, an actual brother compared to the one you told me about." John said as he lounged in his chair, across him was Dave laying comfortably on John's bed.

Dave lifted his head to glance at his boyfriend once before dropping it down to stare at the ceiling again, "I know, I know but... It's just so, *different* and shit that it's going to be a while for me to get used to it alright? I already am, the memories help with that but shit man, the guy fucking hovered over me the whole time I was 'healing' which by the way was a pain in the ass since I had to slow down my healing time to *normal* human healing shit." He grunted as he turned to flop unto his belly and send John a disgruntled frown much to the other's amusement.

"I forgot how slow normal people actually healed!" He complained making John snort.

"Well we could always fake good genes for a bit to make it faster than normal but not too much or else everyone would get suspicious! I mean, Dave, we're kinda literally gods now among people, you know it's going to be hella different than before." John says with a laugh, using his windy powers to nonchalantly lift from his chair as if to emphasize his point. He flew from his chair and gently unto the bed where he pointedly cuddled up to Dave who turned to lay on his back again to let John lay on his hand and have said hand to curl around John's waist.

"Hell yeah it'd be different, just kinda forgot that, nearly gave the doc checkin' over my back a fit as he looked it over. First I was healin' abnormally fast, then slow then 'normal' if a bit faster than normal. Shoulda seen Bro back then, looked like he was gonna throttle the poor bastard who kept givin' him mixed results."



Dave smiled as he remembered back then, though John noticed it didn't really reach his eyes underneath his shades but the smile seemed genuine so that was good.

John smiled and slowly reached for Dave's shades, letting Dave know what he was about to do. The blond did nothing to deter him so he confidently but gently takes the aviators of his face, Dave blinked a few times to adjust the change of brightness and was glad they were inside John's room where the light was relatively dim. His red eyes were quite sensitive to light.

Blue gazed into red and suddenly slow sloppy makeouts were what they were totally doing, Dave didn't complain as he shamelessly groped at John's ass.

*Ping*

Went Dave's shades as well as John's glasses.

Dave could feel John slow down a bit in their kiss and pointedly got his attention back by tugging at his lower lip, it worked.

***Ping ping ping***

John pulled away with a pout while Dave groaned in disappointment before taking shades back from John and both checked who was pestering them, it turned out to be Roxy who brought good news. Good news that was good enough to make them somewhat forget their interrupted sloppy makeout.

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] opened private memo in board Heroz Unite lol ;3

TG: i did it!

TG: took a while but i deeeed it!!!

TG: guyz cmon com in here n congratulates me pls i did so good lik u wouldnt believe :)

turntechGodhead [TG] joined the memo

ectoBiologist [EB] joined the memo

TG: did what now rox

TG: a mans got to know what ya did to congratutate you ya know

EB: :BB congratulations! erm, congratutations? for what exactly though...

TG: wonkwonkwonkwonk iii....

golgathasTerror [GT] joined the memo

GT: Good golly, congratulations for what roxy?

TG: sssssshssssshhhh Jakey im doin a tense revelation here.....

TG: ...

EB: :| ...

GT: ...

TG: I FINAFUCKINGLY FOUND A PLACE FOR US :DDDDDD

TG: lik it took a while lookin thru a lot of places but i found the most perf place 4 us to set shop ;D

TG: holy shit

EB: :O

EB: roxy that's amazing!!! congratulations!!

GT: Jesus christ on a cracker roxy you did what?! Dear me this is wonderful! I can't wait for Karkat to learn of this piece of amazing information, good going dear lady! :)

TG: why tank u Jakey :)

TG: speakin of beep beep meow, were da fuk is he

TG: he should be shoutin praises @ me n shit

TG: Jakey where is he

GT: Oh he's off meeting with the families of his friends, all of them if i recall correctly

TG: well fuck is he going to be alright

TG: i imagine that it aint really going to be easy meeting the human versions of your previously alien friends that remember jackshit about the shit you remember

TG: like the last time we talked about that he kinda went silent on us

EB: yeah i'm really worried for karkat :(

EB: it must be hard going through all of this on his own in his group, i mean i got you guys with me but karkat's on his own and a different species to boot too!

TG: aww poor karkitty :(((

GT: Yes it has been hard on karkat, he hasn't been sleeping well at all ever since he got his memories. He can't stand sleeping on a bed, he prefers the pile he made in his closet and even then he doesn't get the healthy amount of sleep!

GT: Um roxy, i was thinking that when we finally got an alchemiter and stuff that karkat would get the honors of alchemizing the first thing in our new base? I promised him that if you um, don't mind

TG: rly now?

TG: ofc he can dude! i think i know wat he's goin 2 make, its that slime stuff he kept rantin aboat b4 rit?

TG: oh yeah i remember now

TG: he like finally figured out the code for his weird ass slime or like his weird slime cocoon right before shit hit the fan

EB: you mean that weird slime that trolls use to sleep? like their weird alien cocoon beds that dave and karkat mentioned?

GT: Well duhh, what else would he make? He was pretty excited to make it when i offered him the honor of alchemizing first before us, well he tried to hide it but i saw right through his angry little facade! :B

GT: Man, he's going to go bonkers when i tell him the great news!

Congratulations again roxy, you're the best!

GT: Talk to you later my chums! I am off to inform karkat of all of this :BB

golgathasTerror [GT] left the memo

TG: hmmmmm

TG: is it just me or is jakey and karkitty gettin aawwfully close 2 each other

TG: cuz like jakey keeps motherhenning karkles lik-!!!

EB: what. roxy, what is it?

TG: hm-oh, well shit

TG: O M GOOOG :DDD

EB: wha- dave too?

EB: c'mon you two tell me what's going ooon!!!! >:[

TG: omlordy john u ignorant slut

TG: *karkles and jakey r fallin 4 each other dummy*

TG: lik either red like u n dave or pale like the 3 of us

TG: im leanin towards pale, infact i bet it IS pale! 10 bucks says jakey and karkitty go full on pale on each otter!

EB: wha-ooooh :OO

TG: well shit beep beep meow and sir shorts a lot falling for each other like swooning maidens

TG: yeah its probably definitely pale going on between them cause its like too brotherly to be red and holy shit i cant believe im going on with karkles stupid troll romance stuff i mean not that you two are stupid far from it obviously but holy shit i got like john as my heart and part diamond with roxy as our shared diamond dear gog

EB: pfft, you love it you dork :BB <3

TG: ye u do like totally ;DD wonk wonk <>

EB: hahahaha i wish you were here to see him, he's like really flustered in real life X] its adorkable <3 <3 <> <3 <3

TG: omg rly?? aaawww davey X33 <> <> <3 <> <>

TG: omf you two you guys suck why do i love you guys

TG: john stfu with roxy you guys are awful

TG:

TG: <3

TG: <>

TG: !!!!!!! AWWWWWWWW!!!!!!

EB: :OOOO :BBBBBB

TG: uuugh shut up

turntechGodhead [TG] left the memo

EB: hehehehe he's so flustered!! :BBB

TG: snork hahaha :DDD

"You suck Egderp" mumbled Dave as he flopped back down on the bed with John laughing brightly at his flushing pink face, "You and Roxy, you two suck so bad."

John leaned down and grinned widely at him, "But you love us both anyway." He gave the blonde a kiss on the cheek before kissing him fully on the lips for a solid minute. After that minute both their eyewear pinged again, Dave didn't bother going back on the memo and just relied on John to tell him what Roxy was saying.

"Roxy's asking if we want to visit the new place she found as our base, it's not that far if we go full speed." John says and Dave takes a moment to think.

"Yeah sure why not, let's see our new crib, establish some ground rules, claim land and shit."

John shared a grin with Dave as they got out of his bed, they could always do another private session of sloppy makeouts any time later on. They were excited to see their base of operations and the chance to alchemize again, it was kind of weird not alchemizing anything after so long.

John told Roxy they were coming and soon enough they were out into the living room where John's dad, Bro, Dirk and Jane were. Jane's father was out on a run for more baking supplies most likely.

"Hey Dad, Dave and I are heading out for the afternoon. We'll be back before sundown promise!" John says to the elder as they both head down the stairs, chuckling when Dave mumbled a warning about the stairs.

Jack frowned, sharing it with Bro as he looked at his son and Dave. "And what will you and David be doing out, also only the two of you?" He questioned. Dave twitched at his name but held back a sigh, it seemed Dadbert and Crockerdad would always refer him as 'David' rather than Dave, he didn't mind much because they were Dadbert and Crockerdad and they were so gentlemanly and polite it would actually kind of feel weird if they didn't refer him as 'David'.

John smiled, "Yep, just the two of us. We're going to go see that new movie that hit the theaters then hang out in the park." John lied, there *was* a new movie that got released into the movie theater but they could watch it another time and the park thing too.

Jack smiled, of course, he knew of his son's obsession with movies. Bro however narrowed his eyes behind his shades and turned to Dave, who tensed slightly but instantly relaxed and schooled his features to a cool facade.

"You sure about this lil' bro? Back okay?" He grunted, crossing his arms and a frown of concern on his face. The doctor had said that by this time Dave should have healed fully without any major problems but he didn't really trust him seeing as he kept freaking out about Dave's 'strange regeneration', maybe he *should* have throttled him like he wanted to.

Dave gave him a look, "Back's a-okay Bro, got nothing on this prime Strider back. Going to take more than some dumb stone to take me down completely from behind dude." His back was totally fine, one hundred percent healed albeit too slowly for his tastes but he couldn't do anything about that unless he wanted to end up catching the eye of someone important.

There's abnormally fast healing to full out insane healing-factor of the X-men, anime and fiction kind.

A full minute later Bro reluctantly nods, "Fine, you two have fun but make sure you answer my texts or calls alright lil' man?" Stiffly Dave nodded, 'lil' man' made him remember the rare times *his* Bro would call him that.

John grinned and tugged Dave out of the room, saying goodbye to his father and Bro.

On their way out they were called out by Dirk and Jane.

"Oh John! Where are you going?" Jane asked as she noticed them, Dirk lounging beside her. Both were previously watching an anime show about cooking it seemed, looked awesome with its exaggerated movements and ridiculous reactions of the cooked meals.

"Hey Jane! Dave and I are going out to watch the new movie in the theater, after that the rest of the afternoon in the park!" John said brightly, putting on his jacket.

Dave nodded as he did the same, "Some outdoors bro-time, but if you want to come." The least they could do was offer to not seem suspicious, it would be harder to sneak away but fortunately both Jane and Dirk declined and went back to watching their show, Food Battle or something. The food definitely looked delicious, John wonders if Jane would try to recreate the meal on the screen, baking wasn't the only skill in her repertoire.

"Bye guys, see you later!" Both called as they both headed out.

On their way to a more private place to change into their god tier clothing they were greeted by, well, *themselves*.

Both John and Dave blinked as they both saw themselves walking down the street, smiling like nothing was out of the ordinary. John caught himself winking at them before tugging his Dave down the street towards the direction of the nearby movie theater.

"Huh, looks like we're going to still see the movie after all." Dave commented and John grinned at him, "Thank god for time powers."

And with that, they were off.

---

Karkat gritted his teeth, focusing on the gunshot wound on his leg. Cursing underneath his breath he leans against the wall for support as he grips his leg and closes his eyes, the perks of being God Tier as well as a Blood Player was the healing factor it gave and soon enough the gunshot wound was healing and only stung, both fortunately and unfortunately the bullet went straight through his leg so he didn't have to dig the metal out of his flesh but unfortunately it would leave a shot scar on his leg.

There goes his chance of wearing shorts in public.

Also thank gog for God Tier pants, no need in stitching it up since it would mend itself. Clothes with healing-factors, not the strangest thing to occur in his life.

He changed out of the pants as soon as it mended for his previous jeans, hissing as the jeans pressed against his still tender but no longer bleeding or gaping gunshot wound, the denim fabric rubbed irritably against his leg but he would deal with it. Schooling his face he breathed before pushing away from the wall and headed inwards towards the public area of the mall; he was lucky he was alone out there and so far.

He was limping slightly, but he did his best to hide it.

Karkat breathed as he walked through the crowd, adrenaline and paranoia still in his veins and troll instincts that shouldn't even be there making him slightly more hostile than he should be. He needed to calm down before he did something he would regret or lose into his anger and hurt someone innocent.

It was hard with his blood rushing underneath his skin and being surrounded by strangers of a different species, crowds were definitely something he absolutely hated even back then when he was on Alternia. He



breathed and flexed his hands and fingers, counting in his mind as he journeyed his way to a less crowded part of the mall.

"Yo KK!" He jumps, spinning around and hissing through his teeth at both surprise and at the pain his leg gave him for the sudden movement. He found Sollux backing up with wide eyes and his hands up in surrender, "Woah dude thettle down, jeeth. Man, you okay? You're jumpy, actually where were you? The otherth and I were looking for you atthhole." He says with an irritated look on his face.

Karkat took a deep breath and shook his head, "I'm fine, fuck off. Where I was is none of your business Sollux. Can't a t-guy go on his own for a bit for some peace and quiet?" He shot back with a normal scowl.

Sollux snorted, "Fine, whatever. Jutht thay thomething next time alright? Kankri almotht loht it when he found out you went off on your own." Okay, that made Karkat a bit guilty because he just knew that Kankri was thinking back to when he 'disappeared' in the first fight with the denizens.

Karkat grumbled, "Yeah yeah whatever." He caught Sollux looking at him with confusion and raised a brow at him. "What?"

The bi-colored glasses wearing genius sent him a look, "Where'th the thtuff you bought? Like, the bucket and thhit?" Karkat paled a bit and bit back a curse, oh.

"Oh yeah, shit, hold up a fucking second. Stay right here, I need to get it." He said and bolted away into a random direction, ignoring the shocked call from Sollux and the pain of his leg. Thankfully the pain wasn't as much as before so it wouldn't be long before it was fully healed.

He stopped at a random place and looked around to make sure no one was looking and took the plastic bag out of his sylladex, scowling with tinted cheeks at the bucket in the plastic before heading back to Sollux.

"Thanks for the reminder, anyway let's get back to the others. I got what I came for." Karkat said with a dark scowl, future him and Dave were so

going to get it, ugh, why did he even listen to the instructions in the first place?!

But then again, if he hadn't he wouldn't have found out about the existence of trolls in this universe. That would be vital information, just what were they doing on Earth? In disguises? Things just got a lot more complicated.

"Hold up KK! Jethuth fucking chritht man, what'th your deal?" Sollux grumbled as he went up by Karkat's side, who ignored him and seemed to be deep in thought about something. The genius frowned and then noticed something weird, Karkat was walking but he seemed to be limping ever so slightly now that Sollux observed closely.

Did something happen? What was with the limp? And why was Karkat hiding it? Nothing was adding up with Karkat, his strange behavior the last few weeks...

He was going to keep a closer eye on his best friend.

Later on when they met up with everyone, Karkat had to suffer through a small lecture, well not really small but it was relatively small compared to Kankri's other lectures and scoldings, by Kankri as well as a tight hug from the elder Vantas.

Karkat grumbled but said nothing but sorry towards the other and got out the hug, warily looking around for the disguised troll he saw on the roof. When Latula asked if he was alright he shrugged and said he was but inwardly he was anxious to leave the mall, get back home and talk with the others about his discovery.

That and go to the base Roxy had picked out.

He saw him as he left, the human disguise of the bronzeblood 'Tetrarch' looking around not-so subtly in his opinion. Biting his lip he thought back to the roof, there were more of these fuckers around in disguise, *looking for something*. And he had a feeling he knew what they were looking for.

When the shaded bastard made eye contact he jerked and broke it, getting out of the mall with the others in tow. A few of his friends noticed his strange behavior and looked around before they left, seeing nothing wrong or anything particularly eye-catching.

Meanwhile Dammek 'Tetrarch' Sitred narrowed his eyes behind his shades at the humans leaving from the mall, trying to figure out who the disguised troll was from among the crowd with no such luck. There were a few suspicious humans but there was no sure way in discovering who, so far no one seemed to be limping and he was damned sure he got the troll in the leg before he reached the ground with his weird floating trick. A mutation perhaps?

They most likely already patched themselves up and changed pants and were long gone by now. Beekeeper was right, no other troll from the other factions and groups told him of crossing their territory. They were all allies and underneath orders of Her Benevolence, the factions always told each other if they were crossing territories for one reason or another no matter how mundane because they were few and under orders to do so from Her Majesty herself.

This was *his* territory to look after, it had been bad enough with the first monster attack, they didn't have a clue on what to do before the *heroes* showed up. They had no information on them other than what the human public already knew, and the most recent monster attack a few weeks ago destroyed the base of the faction stationed there in the city.

Luckily no troll there got seriously injured and their covers weren't blown, that and they managed to snag a few bits of the strange material that exploded from the monster. The same material the heroes harvested whenever they defeated any monster that showed up so far.

They were still analyzing it, figuring out on what it was and why the heroes collected it and they would share their findings in the next gathering which was in a few days and was the perfect opportunity to ask the other factions. But in the off hand chance that none of the factions were involved with this...

He didn't know what to think about a rogue troll on Earth that managed to bypass their surveillance, informationa and other shit and possibly go against the Empress.

But he was going to find out one way or another...

---

Roxy grinned as she shifted in the air, awaiting for the others high above in the sky. Right above her house actually.

"Roxy!" She squealed as she sighted her moirails flying towards her, instantly she takes the two in her arms, hugging them both.

"You guys are here!" She laughed as they hugged her back, "Great, now we only need Jakey to come 'n we're all gucci!"

Dave snorted, "Gucci?" He questioned amusedly.

She sniffed, "Ye, *gucci*." She stressed with a wide grin that made John laugh. They made small talk, as they floated about high in the air awaiting for Jake's arrival.

A few minutes later Jake Harley appeared in a bright brief flash of white light meters away from them, he laughed and waved as he approached them. "Sorry if I kept you all waiting! Had a brief chore to do, well that and deter Jade from following me." He said sheepishly.

John waved it off, "No problem here Jake, we didn't wait long."

Roxy clapped with a bright smile, "Goody! Now that we're all here... actually no, Karkitty's still not here." She frowned unhappily.

"Oh don't worry! Like I said he's off having a big reunion with all his friends, I'll show him the way to the base as soon as he's free to come!" Jake reassured brightly, Roxy blinked before smiling slyly.

"Oh really now? Okay then, I will leave it in your capable hands Jake En, sorry- *Harley* to get Karkat to our new base and speaking of new base..."

She turned around and pointed dramatically, "It's about fucking time we get there! Follow me guys, this is going to be *awesome*." She said before shooting off across the sky.

The three males shared a grin before following their Rogue of Void towards their new base of operations.

A place where a lot of shit is going to happen apparently.

## Chapter End Notes

FINALLY DONE PHEW!

Sorry for the late update :(

Happy 2018 everyone and I hope this year treats you all well! And hey, first updated story of 2018~~ Hehe, anyway, next update hopefully won't take as long but no promises. I hope you enjoyed!

Also regarding to the pairing of Jake and Karkat, I have decided on SolKat for Karkat and after a long time thinking things over, DirkJake for Jake. Sorry John, the planned Strider Harem is gone now... But hey at least you still get Bro!

Yes I'm turning this into a BroJohnDave pairing bc honestly I can't think of any other pairing for everyone. Maybe another time the Strider Harem shall come to existence... Anyway! Till later everyone!

# The Base of Operations (2)

## Chapter Summary

A surprising place for a base one might think but it was perfect for the heroes.

## Chapter Notes

Note that I will be changing a few things from previous chapters to accomodate a few things, like Beekeeper for a change. I'll be changing 'she' into 'they' because Beekeeper is Xebede in this fic, sorry for the stuff but yeah.

Originally I was going with the leaked out Beekeeper from before Hiveswap was let out and stuff but I decided to change the Beekeeper from then to Xebede who will now be known as the Beekeeper here by Dammek because I find it perfect.

Anyway, enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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### *Slightly in the future...*

Dammek stiffly walked through the base, his now-awake moirail trailing beside him with left-over fatigue from his awakening.

Trolls were usually put into stasis, sleeping most of the way towards Earth (though mostly it was lowbloods as highbloods were able to choose whether or not to sleep or stay awake the entire or partial journey), *especially* when entering the Earth's atmosphere. Entering the Earth was no easy task despite their obvious technological advantage but something about or inside the atmosphere surrounding the Earth made it difficult for most ships to enter normally.

Powerful psionic captains and navigators had trouble focusing on their psionics into landing their ships, lowbloods felt unbelievably uncomfortable entering the place, midbloods felt uncomfortable as well but not as much as rustbloods to bronzebloods like himself, highbloods just felt a strange sensation entering and are mostly able to shake it off the moment they landed.

"Zebede." Dammek greeted, stopping besides the goldblood who blinked at him before nodding back in greeting.

"The meeting is starting soon, you should get in there." They told him, "Maenad is asleep, Moolah is off tinkering with more human technology, Skalbi is scoping out another human library again while Goezee is Empress' knows where, Entykk is most likely exploring the vast quality of human coffee." They reported and Dammek's eye twitched.

Beside him Xefros looked at him worriedly as the bronzeblood took a deep breath and nodded his thanks to the goldblood, "Get Goezee back to the base, have Skalbi come back as soon as she can and get Entykk to come back with a shitton more of that coffee we had this morning." He ordered, having Zebede nod in confirmation while Dammek entered the block.

He was in the meeting block, where his team usually met for important meetings and what not. Also it was a meeting room for not only him but the other leaders of the other factions sent to Earth besides them. Currently there were only a few groups and factions on Earth, 3 in the general area of city and towns they were in, one lead by himself obviously and two others lead by who Her Benevolence chose as leaders just as she chose him, much to his great pride of course.

The hexagonal table shines as the meeting starts, a light passes over both trolls as four holograms activate and reveal the leaders and their co-leaders slash confidants of the other group.

"Xigisi, Kalbur." Dammek greeted politely, the blueblood and tealblood leaders greeted back just as politely, "Sitred." They said together.

Beside Galekh Xigisi, the blueblooded leader, was his fellow blueblood Amisia Erdehn while with Tegiri Kalbur was his own fellow tealblood Tagora Gorjek, or Gor-Gor as he obnoxiously insists on everyone to call him.

Supposedly, Dammek could have chosen a fellow bronzeblood with him but having his moirail was more beneficial to both him and the mission, besides, he couldn't let any of these two fucks get their claws on Xefros.

"How goes in the rebuilding of your base Xigisi?" Teygiri asks before Dammek could ask them about what happened days ago at the human mall but pauses slightly as he was curious to hear it from Galekh himself, from the report Xebede had given him the recent attack in the city had torn down and destroyed the base the blueblood established in the city via the strange monster that had an uncanny like-ness with his Honorable Judgement back on Beforus. Only a lot more bigger, scarier, as well as a hell of a lot more violent.

The blueblood stiffly pushes his glasses back into place, "Repairs are currently being made in the event, we have managed to repair most of our equipment with little hassle. No troll was found out and research is still going underway for the strange material we have picked up."

"The material is strange, they all weigh fairly light despite their density and size. We've tested their weight and they all impossibly weigh the same, one the size of a chair weighed exactly the same as the other which was the size of a fist."

Dammek and Tegiri blinked, that did sound impossible.

They could talk about the material at a later date or maybe even after he confides to them about the event that happened days ago.

"Forgive me for interrupting but there is something I would like to talk about first before continuing..." Dammek interrupts before the two higherblooded trolls could say something, face tense and serious.

---



Karkat picked at the hem of his sleeve, fingers catching a stray thread and toyed with it pensively as he waited for both Kankri and Kelvin to just get in the damn car and drive them home. Today had been stressing, very stressing, and he was anxious to report it to the others as soon as possible, as well as see Roxy's pick of a new base of course but the matter of trolls existing must come first.

He's already said his goodbyes, almost uncaring about the worried looks he gathered from his friends but he managed to stay civilized and *not* flip the fuck out and just fly away due to stress.

His blood pressure rose and heated slightly underneath his skin for the nth time of the day, this was one of the most stressing days of his life! But he couldn't afford to break now, not now, and hopefully not ever. Anything to keep his friends and family from being involved in this whole shithole of a mess.

He breathed a silent sigh of relief when finally both elder Vantas' entered the car, Karkat even indulged in giving the others a final wave of goodbye from inside the car as Kelvin started the car and drove out of the Piexes' driveway. Soon Karkat could give the excuse of sleeping early or just haul himself in his room and etc.

He missed the meaningly shared glances both Kankri and his father had as he stared blankly at the moving surroundings, lost in thought.

Kelvin coughed loudly which drew Karkat's attention to him, "You okay there Karkat?" He asked, glancing at him using the rear mirror. Kankri sending concerned glances to both of them but kept quiet, which was a feat to Karkat.

"I'm fine. Why?"

"It's nothing, just worried about you son. You still having trouble sleeping?"

Karkat grimaced, "Yeah, the medicine's not working so don't bother buying anymore of that shit." He made a disgusted face as he remembered the

medicine Kelvin had specifically bought to help Karkat sleep, it didn't work, it should have but it wasn't like sopor and despite his now human body; he needed sopor to sleep properly.

The type Karkat would alchemize would be enough, it had been on the meteor, it was lowgrade but it was actually higher than the sopor he usually bought back on Alternia. Sopor slime had regenerative abilities and effects but it all depended on how high of a quality you got, since Gamzee's was as high as you could get his slime had probably helped his own already insane regenerative healing factor not to mention the chucklefuck's consumption of that high quality slime probably helped even more somehow even if it made Gamzee high as fuck.

Speaking of regenerative healing abilities, maybe he should make a fuck ton of slime for the others as well, the new base might be a perfect place to heal up.

Kelvin and Kankri glanced at each other worriedly again, this time with Karkat noticing, not too deep in his train of thought this time.

"Look, I'll be fucking fine. You two don't have to worry about me like I'm a damn wig-kid." Karkat scowled, hastily plowing through his mistake of almost calling himself a wiggler. He huffed and looked away, muttering about a nap and feigning sleep, all too aware on how both Kelvin and Kankri stared at him worriedly.

It was still weird, having someone, *two* someones actually, that were biologically related to you care for you in a real sense in real life. Karkat was getting used to it, it was actually nice on some days, annoying on others, and downright still weird as fuck on most others even with the memories of his human life in his mind.

His troll memories were clearer than the human ones, he could remember things much better when he was Karkat Vantas, mutant troll hiding for his life rather than Karkat Vantas, little brother to Kankri Vantas and son of Kelvin Vantas.

And despite all his bitching and stressing over today... it was nice to see his friends living good lives as humans, better than their troll lives really. He didn't know before if he was glad that he was the only one to remember out of all of the trolls but, now he was sure; he wanted his friends to live good normal lives as humans and be free.

Free from the game, free from Alternia, just free from the bad shit that clouded their lives as trolls.

So he would keep them safe and in the dark, they deserved it the stupid assholes.

---

Roxy grinned as she lead the others, excitement filling her to the brim.

She had found the perfect base! Well, perfect in her eyes, she didn't know if the others would like it; especially the fact of its location... but she was optimistic! If her first pick wasn't okay, then she'll go find another one.

Though, she hoped the others would like the base she picked out first for them.

"Here it is!" Roxy said with exaggerated flourish, grinning brightly at them, "Tadaaa~!"

All three males had to blink at the sight of their new 'base'.

John recognized it instantly, "Hey isn't that...?" he trailed off as Roxy nodded frantically.

"Yup! It's the old lab buildingmajig us Lalondes used to live near by!" Roxy exclaimed, "Look there's even our old house!" She pointed to the smaller building miles away from the giant lab underneath them.

True to Roxy's exclamation it was the old SkaiaNet lab that went abandoned for reasons on John's 12th birthday, originally Rose lived with her mother in the house that was near by and Roxy lived in the same house in her universe

but in this one it was an old family home that Roxanne Lalonde raised both her girls in since it was closer to work.

The lab underneath them was big, and entirely abandoned or so SkaiaNet had said, to be honest John thought it looked smaller than the original SkaiaNet lab that Rose used to live by in their old universe but that was probably a difference in this universe.

Anyway, Roxanne moved away when all of a sudden SkaiaNet declared they would be moving to a bigger and grander place, abandoning their old smaller lab for a new bigger one, Roxanne moved with them since she was a bigshot scientist working for them.

"If you don't like the lab we can always take over my old house." Roxy murmured hopefully as she sees them staring at both the lab and the old house that the Lalonde family lived in.

John shook his head, "The lab would be great Roxy just one thing," he looked her in the eye, "Is it safe and secret-y enough for us? Like for the five of us?" He asked with all seriousness.

Roxy smiled brightly and nodded, "Yuppers! I managed to hack and discretely buy the land and shit, I searched SkaiaNet and they *do* have an eye on this place but only outwardly, no cameras inwards and shit, we can trick the cameras anyway and take them down carefully as we move in! There's more than enough space in the lab for us and if we go greedy we can form Casa de Lalonde into a safehouse or something!" She rambled excitedly as she grabbed the three males and used her Void powers to get them inside the lab all invisible and intangible.

It was dusty in there, like *really* dusty. Years worth of dust covered the place that made both Jake and John cough before John used his Breath powers to blow most of the dust into another room, a temporary solution since there wasn't a window nearby for John to blow the dust out of, they'd have to clean the place up. Also, it was dark, to which Jake helped fix by creating a ball of hopeful light, something Jake wasn't even sure would work but it worked out just great! Giving light to the previously, dark as hell room.

Dave whistled, which echoed in the empty place as the four of them began to look around the room Roxy brought them into. It seemed like a controlroom of some sorts, powered down monitors and controls. "Damn girl, ya got us a swanky ass place to set up base." he said much to the blonde's delight.

Roxy laughed cheerfully, "I know right?! It wasn't even that hard getting this place under our thumbs! Not hard for me at least because I am the greatest Haxor cred girl to live!" She boasted, dramatically posing on a table laughing up a storm.

John laughed with her, "You're right Roxy! This place is great, there's tons of rooms in here we can use! Though I think we'll have to move to another room for the alchemiter, this place is too small but if we can get the power running we can turn this control room into a proper control room slash meeting room!" John said excitedly, plans forming in his head as they looked around.

"Hey!" Jake called out, gathering their attention, "I think I've found a blueprint of the labs, we could use it as a map until we make one ourselves." He said as he unfurled blueprints unto the control deck, there were many for the many levels of the lab, they gathered around him to look at the blueprint map and quickly found where they were.

"The perfect place for the alchemiter should be... right... there!" Jake exclaimed, pointing to a big room, "This is the biggest room! It says it should be a couple of grounds right underneath us. Roxy, if you would my lady?" Jake asked as he furled the blueprints again.

Roxy giggled and mock-curtsied, "Of course, gentlemen?" She offered her arms to which all three males held on to before sinking down into the floor. They pass two floors before reaching the giant room that Jake mentioned, it was just as dusty as the previom rooms.

Jake provided light as John swept the dust into another room, they looked around in awe at the giant room.

There were big many glass tubes that could easily fit them, there was plenty of room to put down the alchemiter in the room; they just needed to get things like chairs and tables out of the way. They didn't know what the room was previously used as but they'd probably find out later in the future while fixing the place up and turning it into a proper base for the five of them.

It took a bit as they stashed chairs, some machinery as well as tables into their sylladex to clear room but soon enough they had enough space for a good alchemiter.

"Ready guys?" John asked, a smile on his face as Jake and Roxy paired together. Dave stood by his side as the two nodded confidently.

"Totally!"

"Ready as we'll ever be!"

Both John and Dave stepped back as Roxy and Jake faced each other, closing their eyes and breathing deeply. Jake opened his eyes which were enveloped in white while Roxy continued to close her eyes but her hands moved, as if to grab something from somewhere. Jake grabbed on Roxy's shoulders and turned her around, palms glowing softly and Roxy grinned as she reached out and gestured to the empty space in the middle of the room.

Jake gave a brilliant smile as his eyes flared at the same time Roxy opened her eyes which glowed dark blue with the hint of bright pink and the Void aspect symbol flashed before their eyes for a brief time before disappearing and--

### ***VOID APPEARIFIED***

The ground shook slightly as the big machine landed on the floor, John cheered loudly as Dave clapped. Jake blinked and his eyes returned to normal and Roxy did the same, she squealed after a moment of staring at the newly appeared alchemiter while Jake laughed in triumph.

They had done it!

"Good work you two! Hehe, this looks just like one of our modified alchemiters!" John praised and Roxy sent him a bright smile.

"Probs because it maybe is? When I asked you guys about your alchemiters I thought, 'hey, those are perf for us' because we wouldn't need to get any other game machine thing! I think at least." Roxy admitted as she hugged the Heir who laughed and ruffled her hair.

"Sweet. Yeah, I don't think we'll need to appearify anything else for now, this big baby will help us in the long run." Dave said, knocking at the big machine, checking out the controls before taking notice to something. "Hey guys check this out." He called out, motioning them to come closer.

Dave pointed to a monitor that seemed to be installed into the modified alchemiter that Jade and Dave had first messed around with way back in the game. "Did you think to have a screen telling us how much grist we had in stock Roxy?" Dave asked, scrolling through the list of grist and materials they had picked up from their fights with the game constructs on the touch-interface screen.

Roxy blinked before slowly nodding, "Yeah... I wanted to know how much shit we got from the fights and all... Rogue Void powers are op as hella." She said as she stared at her hands in wonder before smiling crookedly as well as tiredly, "But appearifying the alchemiter was really tiring to be honest, if it weren't for Jakey here I think I might've fainted or something... Never really did anything bigger than the matriorb and some bottles of booze before," She admitted sheepishly, "And the generic objects and pumpkins are the most easiest to appearify obviously."

The three males nodded, that sounded about right.

---

GT: We're at the base now and we're exploring the hell out of it! And by golly it is great so far, i can't wait for you to see it karkat! :B

CG: WELL THAT SHIT'S GONNA HAVE TO WAIT TILL TONIGHT THEN, IF I TRY TO GO NOW BOTH FUCKERS THAT ARE NOW MY

RELATIVES ARE GOING TO BE NOSY AS FUCK AND PROBABLY PROHIBIT ME FROM GOING ANYWHERE

GT: :(

GT: Are you quite alright karkat?

CG: NO

GT: D:

GT: Why not?!

CG: A LOT OF SHITTY ASS REASONS BUT I THINK I'LL WAIT TO TELL YOU FUCKS ON THAT

CG: THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I NEED TO TALK WITH YOU GUYS, ALL OF YOU, AT THE BASE

CG: SOMETHING FUCKING ENORMOUS

CG: AND I'D RATHER TALK IN PERSON THAN IN PESTERCHUM

GT: Oh, alright :(

GT: But will you be okay?

CG: I DON'T FUCKING KNOW BUT I HOPE SO

GT: :)

GT: I hope so too. I'm always here if you need me karkat, like i said, we all are

---

"That doesn't sound like anytroll of ours." Xigisi said with a frown, "I can testify that all my trolls were in and accounted for during your encounter. I can even provide you the log if you wish."

Kalbur grunted, "Same. And none of us have a rustblood with the ability to float, granted they have psionic abilities but as you pointed out there were no traces of any psionic energy at the mall. None at all." His eyes narrowed underneath his glasses, "What I find extremely suspicious is the fact the troll was *hiding* before you found them, but are we so sure that this guy was



a troll? It could have easily been a human, if so then your group has been compromised."

Dammek shook his head, inwardly bristling at the sword wielding leader for saying such a thing, "No, I'm sure it was a troll. No human knows troll vernacular and they said and I quote, 'You goddamn taintlicking nookmuncher' unquote. Still think it's a human?" He asked dryly at the two.

Xigisi made a face at the words he had quoted while Kalbur narrowed his eyes at thought.

"Then this poses as a problem them." Teygiri admitted, "We have an unknown troll, possibly a rustblood, with a human disguise that we had no knowledge of. We three are the only troll groups of the area, any other group would have to travel from their assigned territories and for some reason spy on Sitred's group for whatever reason."

The three leaders frowned, the thought of such a thing seemed bizarre to them. What was this mystery troll's goal? Why would they do that?

"Question is," Xigisi spoke, "Do we report this to Her Benevolence? We can always check on the other nearby factions for their rustbloods but on the offhand chance that this troll is off the grid, well, we'd need orders on how to proceed."

They all shared a tense look, their companions shifting uneasily, even 'Gor-Gor'.

Dammek shook his head, "No, not yet at least. First we check the rustbloods and if they don't match, *then* and only then we report this matter to Her Benevolence. She's already too busy as it is, not to mention for some reason pensive and I'd rather not worry her with a possible false alarm." He said, though he doubted this was a false alarm but he wouldn't burden the Empress with this matter if they could handle it.

Both higherbloods looked at each other then nodded, "Agreed." They both said.

After that, the meeting continues but their minds often stray to the mystery troll.

One now-human Karkat Vantas suddenly shivered violently as he impatiently waited for night to come and for both Kankri and Kelvin to sleep.

---

Night fell and Karkat couldn't feel relieved enough as he jumped out the window, god tiered and jittery. He's flying as fast as he can towards the meeting place where Jake had told him.

Soon enough, he sees Jake in the sky and Jake sees him flying towards him, he grins frantically shakes his hands in the air in greeting.

"Karkat! I'm so happy to see you, come on!" Jake says excitedly, grabbing the ex-mutant's wrist and leading him towards their new base. Karkat lets him, inwardly cursing at the fact he instantly calmed the moment Jake grabbed at his wrist, he was going to have to deal with this at some point that he knows but right now there were much more important matters to focus on and it wasn't his romantic life.

Roxy is there above the lab to get them inside without being seen and Karkat is briefly appreciating their new base but quickly turns serious as they enter the newly dubbed 'Alchemy' room where the alchemiter was.

"The alchemiter's ready for use! Karkat you have the hono--" "Yeah that's great and fucking all but we've got a major fucking matter to discuss here also maybe a big problem too." Karkat interrupted, gaining their attention.

John frowned as they gathered around him, "What's wrong Karkat?"

---

*Back at the Vantas household...*

Kelvin thrashed in his sleep, sweating profusely as he gritted his teeth, curling tightly as he clutched at his wrists.

*"I am... I forgive you.... I will be the biggest fucking fool on.... because when I close my eyes.... world and it's so.... beautiful..."*

Kelvin gasped breathlessly as he jolted awake, heart pounding as fleeting images of a dark sky with two moons and a crowd of mismatched featureless creatures flashed in his mind.

"Fuck..." He breathed as he stumbled out of bed, throat aching and parched, "Fuck..." he repeated as he walked towards the kitchen. He stops to briefly look at both of his sons locked rooms before continuing his journey to the kitchen, he passes a quick glance to the mirror he passes and his blood freezes and he frantically looks back towards the reflection.

His pupils are an unnatural bright red while the white of his eyes are gone and replaced with yellow and his skin is a dark, very dark, grey and almost black in the darkness and he sees faint faint outlines of something coming out of his hair.

He takes a step back and frantically rubs his eyes and checks his hands, only to see tan skin, he lifts his gaze back to the mirror and only sees his reflection, his normal reflection.

"Okay, Kelvin you're hallucinating. That's just fucking dandy." He said quietly in a rasp, reminding him at the state of his throat. He shakes his throat and determinedly pushed his thoughts away from what happened and went to get a drink.

In the privates of his room, Kankri stared at the ceiling, his breath stuttering as he *sees multicolored lines in the air*. Multiple lines of various familiar flying through the air, phasing through the wall and Kankri tries to bury himself deeper into his bed, turning to his stomach and clenching his eyes shut.

"It's just a dream, probably a brief hallucination from staying up too late and worrying about your brother." He whispers tiredly and focuses on going to sleep.

And it wasn't just the Vantas household who was affected, something similar happened with the rest of the ex-trolls.

But outside a certain household, a bandaged and horned figure darts from her hiding place and into the dark of the night.

### Chapter End Notes

Yep, a lot of Hiveswap characters are gonna be involved in this too. Actually maybe even all of them :0

A lot of shit is happening and tensions are high on the horizon, what will happen next for our heroes??

Read to find out in the next chapter which will hopefully be coming out soon and *before* next month. Hopefully.

At any rate, hope you enjoyed and thanks for all the support! Till next time guys~! :D

# Begin Again (1)

## Chapter Summary

A rough start, a calming middle, and a crash landing.

They're fine though, everyone needs to stop making such a big deal out of it.

## Chapter Notes

SCHOOL IS NOW UNOFFICIALLY OVER FOR ME 8D

Well, school isn't really over for me yet but classes are done!! Just gotta survive Clearance Day and see if I can pass my grade :P

But whatever, more time to focus on my stories now! At any rate, updates will come be easier to dish out now.

Also last chapter, a couple of comments caught my eye. All I want to say is that there is a reason I put in the certain tags in this story, some tags might be changed over time but the reasons for that will be clear as the story progresses. I can *finally* put more stuff and move at a pace that I wanted to. It's gonna take a while and I need to find my momentum in writing my shit but I'll be fine.

One thing's for sure though, be prepared for what I have planned; it's not going to be all sunshine and rainbows and there's going a lot that's going to go on here. It was a rocky start but I think it's going to be smooth sailings for a bit. :]

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

"... And that, as fucking frustrating and stressing today was, was pretty much it."

Karkat finished, sending everyone an uneasy glance as they all sat around the alchemiter. He eyed the big machine and though he was happy at the chance to make sopor slime again, he was too tense and focused on the whole '*Trolls on Earth and incognito*' debacle to be fully happy.

The silence that took over was tense, as Roxy exchanged nervous and unsure gazes with Dave and Jake. Soon enough though, Roxy also broke the silence with a question on everyone's minds.

"So... What do we do about this."

John, who was silent throughout Karkat's explanation and had been starting to worry everyone, answered. "We don't do anything."

Karkat whirled towards him with stress and rage clear on his face, "The fuck do you mean '*don't do anything*', *we should be out there a-!!*" "*We don't do anything... yet.*" John interrupted in a rare face of seriousness.

Gone was the friend-leader, the prankster and dork. Here was the Leader, the Heir and the person who stood up and lead them to victory against enemies like Lord English, Jack Noir, The Condescension and more.

John stood, a serious but thoughtful look on his face, "We can't really afford to go after these guys, not yet at least. Besides, they don't seem to be doing anything harmful yet. We have more important things to focus on, making our base safe for us and fully functional, keeping our families and friends safe and find out everything else. We don't know why *we*," he motioned to the five of them, "remember the game and why the game enemies are crossing over here. We don't know what happened."

Karkat grunted but reluctantly backs down because John *did* have a point. The Trolls weren't their only problem, if anything the game was on top fo their list because of how unpredictable it would be. Or was *it even the game itself*? The Honorable Tyranny wasn't part of the game, at least they don't think so.

At any rate, figuring out things should be their top priority, but that didn't mean they could let the trolls off the hook and on their own doing who knows what.

John gave Karkat a stern but understanding look, "Look, we'll keep an eye on these trolls. But unless they do something drastic or something that will personally effect our lives or compromise our identities and more, we're not interfering. We can find them while or after we made this place into a proper base where we can work, deal?"

Karkat grumbled but nodded, "Fine, but the moment they do something suspicious as hell, I'm taking matters into my own hands." John looked exasperated but nodded in agreement nonetheless, the ex-troll ignored the concerned look from Jake and focused back on the alchemiter.

"So, does this thing work or what."

Roxy and Jake shared a grin, though when Roxy winked Jake was a little confused.

---

timaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

TT: Yo Jane.

GG: Good evening Dirk :B

TT: Hey Jane, have you heard from Jake or Roxy lately?

TT: Feels like it's been a while since all four of us talked, and I feel like Jake's been avoiding me for some reason. I'm probably being speculative but it has been a while since I talked with him.

GG: Hmm, unfortunately I have not heard from either Jake or RoLal in quite a while.

GG: But perhaps they're just busy?

TT: Perhaps.

TT: Anyway, Jake and Rox aside. You doing okay Jane?

GG: Oh I've been just dandy! But you know that, you're in the next room silly :B

TT: I know, but I am very content with my ass on this bed. There's a low chance of me moving from this spot for a while.

TT: By the way, thanks for letting us stay at your place for a bit. You and the Egberts of course, your families are awesome.

GG: It's no problem Dirk, you and your family are always welcome in either of our households! Or well, when dad decides if we should get the house next door anyway. Uncle Jack certainly feels the same, and living together been's a hoot! Hooohoo :D

GG: Oh yeah, Dirk. What's going to happen to you and your brothers? Your apartment is still quite... destroyed. Dad and Uncle Jack are willing to let you stay but I know you and your bros won't like the thought of staying am I correct?

TT: Yes, you are correct. We are going to stay for a while of course, but not forever. We Striders will not leech off of a friend of ours like this.

GG: Dirk you and your brother are not leeching off of us! You are all welcomed all the time >:(

TT: Well, it doesn't feel right. Don't get me wrong, your place is great and you guys are too but eventually we have to stay somewhere else on our own.

TT: Our apartment is completely wrecked, the whole building is. They're repairing as much as they can but Bro is thinking about moving out, he even told me he was thinking of us moving out of the apartment anyway.

TT: So right now we're just staying until Bro looks for a good place for us now that Dave's okay.

GG: :/ Oh alright.

GG: Also, has Dave's back truly healed now? It's been a few weeks so his back should be in tip top shape. He did went out with John to watch a movie earlier.



TT: Seems like it. And yeah, they should be back any time now. But Bro's being paranoid and overprotective, I'm actually surprised that Dave and John managed to leave without Bro tailing their asses.

GG: Hooohoo, your brother certainly cares for you two :)

TT: Bro's one of the best. Dave being just under him but he understands.

GG: Hooohoo! :B

TT: I

TT: Hold on, what?

GG: ?

GG: What's wrong Dirk?

TT: Someone's pestering me but

TT: It's weird, hold up I'm going to pester back

GG: :| ?????

?????!!!!!! [?!] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

?!: AI-----DFPY

?!: NDSAPIFYOBC

TT: The fuck.

TT: Who is this.

?!: APEF2NO8Y SHTI SORYR

?!: ANPIqwx2

?!: shit

?!: sorry i uh

?!: shit shit sorry im sorry i was

?!: its complicated to say

?!: crap i broke the

?!: nevermind

TT: Who the fuck is this. How the hell did you get my handle.

?!: unimportant

?!: who i am is unimportant but who you are is important

?!: you are dirk strider and your in the crocker/egbert house right now right

TT: What the actual fuck.

?!: freak out later so listen to me right now

?!: i want you to remember something and this is very fucking important  
fuck its weird to type like this but listen to me and remember this

?!: at some point in the future you and your friends are gonna have to do  
something and that something is going to need these exact words, or  
numbers whatever the fuck but remember these, its a bunch of different shit  
but you'll need it

?!: '413 rise up' '612 shenanigans' '1111 batterwitch' and finally ' 461 we  
won'

?!: thats it, remember these dirk because you'll fucking need them

TT: Dear fucking god, is this a prank. John is that you, you little shit.

?!: i fucking told you who i am is unimportant and no this is not a prank but  
whatever you say just as long as you remember these words, when the time  
comes you'll know what these mean

TT: What the fuck.

?!: show this to jane but don't show it to the others, she'll need it too

?!: and jane you are going to be important, very fucking important, when  
time comes *listen to him before he explodes like the idiot he is*

?!: and for the record, we're sorry for everything but we did the right thing  
no matter what you and the others think

TT: Okay joke's over, who the hell are you?!

???????!!!!!! [?!] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

"What the actual *fuck*. Oh no you don't asshole, you're not--!!!"

TT: What the shit, what the *actual fuck*

GG: Dirk??? Are you alright? What happened?

TT: I don't. Shit. Look, here.

TT: I have no fuckng idea what just happened.

timaheusTestified [TT] sent file [weirdasfuckwhat.pgn](#)

GG: ??????

GG:

GG: ??!?!?!?

GG: Dirk?!?

TT: I don't know.

GG: I don't. I don't understand, what *is this?!*

TT: Like I said, *I don't know*.

TT: I tried tailing the asshole but, I couldn't/

TT: I couldn't find his trail, whoever he is, he managed to get away with this bullshit.

GG: Dirk, what do we do??

TT: ... I don't know

---

Karkat yawned as he entered his bathroom, it was morning and he had *just* came home a few minutes before sunrise and had spent a solid 10 minutes making sure that no one had seen him flying back into his room. The sun was now over the horizon and for this morning, he didn't let Kankri 'wake' his ass and just dragged himself into the bathroom for a bath.

Strangely enough, Kankri's door was still locked. Hmm, his *a-older brother*, was having a rare day of sleeping in. It was rare but nothing to worry about.

He tiredly rubbed his eyes as he looked at himself in the mirror, taking in once again the human before him, reflecting his outer appearance. He took

a deep breath and went to take a good, ice cold and eye-waking shower. He shivered and gritted his teeth at the cold temperature but went through it, he'd take a nap in the afternoon but the morning unfortunately had to be spent in the waking world.

He had spent the whole night up with the others, planning and figuring things out. The alchemiter worked fine, fantastic actually however there was an unexpected drawback; it took a bit of time to create and combine certain objects.

Creating sylladex cards were quick, instantaneous as they had later found out after Karkat created a good batch of slime for himself but it had taken about 5 minutes to fully be created with the alchemiter, and that was with a gallon of sopor slime! Which, would seem as an impressive batch but in reality; it wouldn't give him a full night's sleep and full mental rejuvenation. It would help immensely in letting him sleep and could be used for a few good nights since it was only a gallon so far -they needed more oil grist unfortunately so a gallon was what he could make without draining their oil grist supply completely- but it mostly likely would not keep away the nightmares all the time even though the slime would help him sleep and have his slumber be relatively calm.

Unless he was fully submerged in slime, the slime's true potential would be unusable to him. Since he only had a gallon, he was content to just rub slime on his body for now and sleep on his pile (no matter how disgusting it was, though he would only put slime on his face, his arms and his legs).

He could ration the slime for now, not sleeping was a thing he was used to and he could afford to stay up a few nights and sleep the other nights. Though he couldn't stay awake as much as he'd like like a few weeks straight but unfortunately his human body could not deal with no sleep for 1 week straight much less the amount of weeks he had foolishly endured during the game.

Also, it seemed that the alchemiter *did* run on a power source, which was Jake's Hope powers surprisingly enough as they found out while fiddling with the controls. It would seem that Jake would have to 'recharge' it manually through the screen for a bit every now and again if they wanted a

fully functional alchemiter, he didn't mind of course; it was nice to find some use of his powers outside of battle and even then all he was good for was support so far (or a glorified but hard to ignite bomb as they had later found out in the future).

Another thing to sopor slime; the human body was especially susceptible to the slime it seemed, or at least more so than trolls. Since the slime had healing and regenerative abilities that didn't just concern the mind, he had tested the slime on himself by making a large cut on his arm and slathering it with slime. It healed faster than his already regenerative healing and left not much of a scar, which was good but Karkat suspected that it was because he didn't really cut too deep, just enough to spill a lot of blood but not enough to scar apparently.

He tested it again and this time dipped his arm into a container of slime, it healed even faster rather than manually putting it on the skin. And this wasn't the best batch of slime Karkat could make! It was an imitation, enough for him and the others on the meteor to sleep somewhat comfortably but it seemed that humans were more reactive to it.

He could only imagine the reaction of the human body to *real* sopor slime, something he would eventually have to get his hands on now that the existence of trolls was revealed to them but he was content with the slime he had for now; actually he was *very* content and happy with it.

He could finally get a good night of sleep tonight, for the sake of celebration, he would splurge a bit to his new sopor reserves and use enough slime to get a good full night of sleep. His body needed it anyway, with how weak and vulnerable it was. Stupid human body, how he wished for his old troll one; at least he had actual experience with it instead of this shitty one!

How did humans live like this?

Bluh, that was a thought of contemplation for another time.

He quickly finished his cold shower, sighing in relief as he slipped into his warm hoodie before frowning as he tugged at his sleeves. Hopefully the

slime could reduce the scars that would inevitable come, this body was too easily scarrable, even by human standards. Leave it to Karkat to be the stupid outcast!

Ugh, he needed something to eat.

As he made his way towards the kitchen his mind thought back to last night.

With the sopor slime problem solved for the time being, actually he would have to talk to John about it's healing powers since they didn't have a true healer or medical person on their team -their own healing factors could only do so much for wounds of course- the slime would have to be a good substitute, there were some glass containers in the lab that were big enough for them for a fully submerged dip; should any of them take near fatal damage they could always heal up in the future in a tube of slime (that and have the best sleep of their lives, *totally not just thinking of using the tubes as a replacement for a recuperacoon what are you even insinuating*).

Anyway, their new base was something to behold at. It was perfect, and Roxy insisted that they could use the old Lalonde house as a safehouse or something else in the future. The land was theirs for the molding, they just needed to take care of the surveillance over the lab. Because even though it was abandoned, SkaiaNet still kept an eye on the lab, a lazy eye but an eye nonetheless.

Roxy, being the amazing and intelligent teen she was and Karkat was glad they had her on their team and that she even remembered and was proud for John and Dave for having her as a moirail, promised to deal with that in the near future.

Last night they were up fixing up the place, or least, do what they could in one night before eventually leaving for home. That and planning for the future of the base, the main room was still undecided but the alchemiter room was fully operational with extra sylladex cards, storage space, and other items they could think of for it and gather in one night.

Karkat had captchalouged the giant glass tubes and would find a good place for an infirmary, preferably near the alchemiter and somewhere big enough for more than enough elbow room. It shouldn't be hard to find, there was plenty of rooms in the lab and Jake promised to help him look after Karkat told him what he was planning.

Which was good, ignoring the fluttering pale feelings in his stomach as the bucktoothed adventurous boy declared it with conviction and that stupid grin of his.

They planned throughout the night, John even proposing the interesting and favorable idea of them having personal rooms within the lab, a place for them to relax in private without the worry of their families barging in to see them doing their own things like messing with their powers and such which led to the decision of having multiple training and sparring rooms where they could refine their strife techniques and powers.

It spiralled to them going as far as to planning in making an indoor swimming pool for whatever reason Karkat couldn't bother to remember. Their base was going to turn into a mansion at this rate, but then again it would be a second and much more comfortably open home for them. Somewhere they could go back to without the fear of hiding their powers from their families, a place of safety and more.

Which then lead to the discussion of them hiding their identities and the powers the damned game 'gifted' them. They couldn't afford to let the others know of it, not when they couldn't remember themselves. It would just lead to trouble they just know it. They wouldn't understand, they had reasoned and the non-remembering others would get in the way and get themselves either hurt badly or even worse; *killed*.

And the thought of losing one of their families or friends like that...

That only resolved their determination in keeping this a secret, for however long it would go as long as it would keep the others safe, keep his friends and family safe...

Speaking of family however.

"Holy shit, you two look almost as worse as me." Karkat deadpanned as soon as he entered the kitchen and saw his brother and father in it. Looks like Kankri had woken up at some point while he was taking a cold bath, he came straight to the kitchen and was nursing a cup of coffee with a tired look.

Kelvin smiled tiredly at him, "Morning Karkat, you're up early. I didn't even need to send Kankri after you." He laughed before continuing, "Yeah, rough night for all of us I guess. Another sleepless night kiddo?" He asked, flipping a pancake.

"Yeah." He took seat across from his lightly dazed brother, when he did he had snapped Kankri from his daze with a small jolt. "You okay there Kankri?" He asked, not bothering to hide his concern.

Kankri sniffed but nodded his head, "Yes, I am fine. It just seems that sleep had evaded me frequently last night, but at least I managed to get a few hours of sleep though unfortunately I did not get the full eight hours still something is better than nothing, no need to worry about myself dear brother. Worry more about yourself actually." He responded shortly, taking a sip from his coffee.

Karkat gave him a strange look but said nothing as Kelvin finished making breakfast and served it to them with a small yawn.

"Dig in kids."

They ate, all three of them sluggish and slow but they didn't care.

Kankri's mind wandered as he ate, just as both his brother and father's mind wandered as well.

His thoughts lead to last night and he firmly shook his head, it was just a hallucination, something he hallucinated in the middle of the night due to his constant worrying and stress over his little brother and other problems that may have caused him more stress. There were no colored lines in the air, his vision, though tired, was clear and he was fine.



Meanwhile Kelvin's mind wandered to last night as well, but just like Kankri he had dismissed it as late night stressed hallucinations. He had tan skin, his eyes were normal red on white and he had nothing in his hair. It was silly and probably remnants to that bizarre dream he had previously, he couldn't even remember clearly on what he was dreaming!

Just something about, two moons? He doesn't know, so he dismisses last night easily, if a bit warily as well.

Karkat eyed the two before shrugging it off and continued to eat his breakfast. They seemed fine aside from the lack of sleep.

---

"Jade, oh for the love of-, wait for me!" Jake cried out as the elder sibling giggled while running ahead.

Jade laughed as she turned back to Jake, grinning happily, "Hurry up Jake! I found the perfect spot!" She urged, sprinting ahead much to the exasperation of Jake.

Jacob chuckled as he put a comforting hand on Jake, "Well she's certainly energetic today, but it was to be expected. We're having a picnic and everyone's coming!" He said, mirth in his old eyes before they looked at him concerned, "Are you sure you can carry that my boy?"

Jake smiled at his grandfather, again *very weird* but a good kind of weird, "I'm *fine* grandpa, besides I insist! It's not that heavy. And yes, I suppose Jade's excitement can be justified as it *has* been a good while since everyone came together for a picnic." He said with a smile on his face as he turned to the waving Jade that was standing around on a certain patch of grass.

They were in a park today and everybody was coming.

It's been a few days since Jake and the others had officially found a base and it was coming along nicely but over the days it seemed that the adults had agreed to meet up and have a picnic; a day everyone could enjoy each other's company which was a smashing idea!

He was not really lying when he said it *had* been a while, though it only applied to Jane, Dirk and Rose since he, Roxy, Dave, John and Karkat often met up at their base, though unlike on the first night they didn't stay there for the entire period of the night. Only for a few hours to touch up the place and discuss a few things.

They would have to make a schedule soon, days where they could meet up; not only nights since it would affect their already problematic sleep schedule.

Anyway, it was up to the Harley's to set up the starting picnic area and Jade truly seemed to have picked the perfect spot Jake admitted as they began to set up the green picnic blanket. There was enough shade and sun and the view over the park was pretty, not to mention that there was a good table and benches nearby, good job Jade.

"That should do it." Jade chirped as she sat on the blanket, "Oh I can't wait to see the others again! It's always nice to talk to them on Pesterchum and all but seeing everyone like this is even better!"

Jake hummed, putting the picnic basket he had been carrying from the car on a good spot of the blanket, "Yes, I agree whole-heartedly! Online conversations are swell and all but physical meetings are just as good, if not even better." He reached in the basket and took out a bottle of deliciously cold water.

Jacob squinted as he looked off into the distance before smiling, "Haha, it seems that the Lalondes have beaten the Egberts and Crockers for the time of arrival. A welcoming surprise, though no doubt the Striders are doing quite the job holding back the families." He laughed as both Jake and Jade perked.

"Jade, Jakey heeey!!!" Roxy squealed, waving frantically as she, Rose and Roxanne came closer. Rose smile in greeting while Roxanne had the same grin Roxy was wearing.

"Jade, Jake." Rose chuckled as they arrived, carrying the pink picnic blanket underneath her arm while Roxy attacked both Jade and Jake with

hugs. They both hugged back, grinning widely along with Roxy.

"Heya Rose!"

"Greeting Rose."

"Roxanne! You look well." Jacob chuckled as Roxanne pulled him into a hug.

"And *you* still look like an old coot." Roxanne shot back playfully, fortunately sober. Jacob would have been slightly disappointed if she arrived drunk but knew she was going to drink wine later anyway, at least she was sober driving here.

Jacob smiled, "I'm afraid I cannot do anything about that me dear, this *old coot* is content on staying as he is. An old coot." They shared an amused chuckle as their kids began to talk to each other.

Jake helped both Roxy and Rose set up their spot that was right beside theirs as they began to wait for the final three families to arrive. Which did not take long, 10 minutes later came the whirlwind of Crocker, Egbert and Striders.

Jack huffed as they arrived, "Apologies for being late. *Someone*," He shot an accusing look to Bro who held his hands up in surrender, "Kept us waiting." He said, Bro chuckling at him.

"Hey don't look at me like that, we're not *that* late Jacky."

Jack huffed, "I would appreciate if you did not call me that."

Joe chuckled as he came between them, "Now now, let's focus on the picnic for today yes?" He laughed, sharing it with both Jacob and Roxanne as Jack shot him a look while Bro smirked in amusement.

"Dave, Dirk, Jane, John! Hi!" Jade cheered, waving at them frantically from her place on the pink blanket, cards in her, Jake's, Roxy's, and surprisingly enough, Rose's hands. "Come join us after you guys sut up your spots!"

Dirk deadpanned as Jane giggled, "Is that *Uno*?" Indeed it was as Roxy crowed in triumph, putting down a blue +2 card, making a mockingly dejected Jake take two cards from the deck on the blanket.

Rose gave them a smile, "Indeed." She smiled, gracefully switching the flow back to Jake after the green-eyed boy puts down a normal blue card.

Jake hummed before switching the flow back with a yellow reverse card.

Dave chuckled, "Sweet, we join next round." He declared as he and John took out the picnic blankets with Dirk and Jane helping them.

What followed in the next round was John cackling, Jade and Jane giggling, Roxy snickering, both Dirk and Dave sharing amused looks, Rose not really hiding her simpering and Jake crying out, "Is it *pick on Jake Day*?!" He cried out as he begrudgingly takes 8 cards into his already large deck.

"*Maaaaybe*." Roxy wiggled her brows as she reverse the flow back to Jake, Rose had outed herself early as she quickly finished her deck. Dirk and Jane had followed quickly and were watching the fun.

Bro came by, tussling both Dirk and Dave's hair much to their protest and ire -no one else noticed Dave's brief tense and defensive nature when Bro did that, no one but John, Roxy, Dirk and Rose who were both confused over it- "Alright brats, time for lunch." He said, giving them a grin, "Clean up the cards and eat."

The day was relaxing for everyone as they enjoyed each other's company, later on Jake, Dave and Roxy lounged on a bench as Jade, Jane and John played frisbee while Dirk and Rose were off somewhere.

"Man, today's great." Roxy sighed as she nonchalantly lied on her back with her head on Dave's leg, her own legs over the arms of the bench they sat on.

Dave chuckled, looking back to John as he shouts in triumph as he caught the flying disc, "Yup, we totally need to do this more often." He smirked as he ruffled Roxy's hair a bit making the usually inebriated girl laugh. It was a

work in progress, breaking Roxy from her alcoholism totally, it had worked slightly in the game for a bit but she lapsed back into it for a while and again when they woke up in this universe.

Jake hummed, "I agree, today was quite fun and relaxing! Though I wish Karkat was here to experience it, heaven knows he needs to relax fully." He huffed, both Dave and Roxy shared a sly grin with each other.

Roxy turned to her stomach, looking at Jake with interested eyes, "By the way, how is Karkles? Kind of forgot to ask him last time." She said, a plan on her mind that she knew Dave knew as well.

Jake beamed, "Oh Karkat's been better! That sopor slime has worked wonders on his insomniac problems," he frowned, "though unfortunately they don't help him get a full night of good sleep without any nightmares, apparently he'd need more slime, it's complicated but I'm quite sure we can help him!" He said determinedly much to the amusement to both Dave and Roxy.

"Oh yeah, also, Karkat's going to ask soon, in the next battle afterwards that we gather as much as oil grist as we can, as well as some shale. It turns out that sopor slime has quite the healing properties on us humans, and he's planning on making sure that our base be stocked with the slime should any of us are near fatally injured."

Dave wrinkled his nose at the thought of the slime before he thought more of it, "As much as I'd like to diss the slime and how gross it is. Karkitty's right, we probably really need that slime since we don't have a bonafide *awake* Life player on our side." He looked at Jane who was playfully scolding John, "We're gonna have to either alchemize or buy more medical shit too, stock up and make a good infirmary or clinic or whatever. Yeah, I'll run it by John later when we have the chance." Dave told him, with Roxy humming in agreement with a thoughtful look on her face.

Jake grinned brightly, "Oh that's wonderful news! Karkat's going to be happy about it, indeed he will!"

"Who's Karkat and what and why would he be happy about?"

Jake jolted as he turned to see Dirk and Rose coming back with drinks in their hands. "We're back and we brought drinks." Rose said with a smile but there was an interested look on her face.

Jake mentally cursed as he crookedly grinned at them, "Why thank you Rose, Dirk, I was beginning to feel a little thirsty!" He laughed, taking the offered drink of soda from Dirk while Dave and Roxy did the same from Rose.

Roxy sat up as both Dave and Jake made room for both Rose and Dirk to sit down on the bench. Dirk narrowed his eyes and looked at Jake curiously behind his pointed shades, "Soo, who's Karkat?" He asked, as nonchalantly as he could, inwardly very suspicious.

Jake laughed, "Oh, a new friend I made over Pesterchum! I've recently met him a while back and he asked me something... about... Programming! I uh, I told him that Roxy was more suited for that subject and that I would ask her if she could teach him something about it and she agreed to teach him a thing or two! I'll tell Karkat the moment I'm online on Pesterchum, he'll be glad!"

Dirk gave him a speculated and suspicious look, "Uh-huh." He deadpanned but didn't breach the subject again.

Jake internally sighed, knowing it was going to be a bit awkward around Dirk for a bit for him. The other didn't remember their relationship, they seemed to be friends now but he didn't really know in the game. It had been rocky and strained after a few months into dating, it had seemed great and almost perfect at the start but then even Jake began to notice the strain and awkwardness between both Dirk and himself.

He and Dirk never really approached the subject back then, things got in the way or it seemed way too tense or awkward that neither could talk to each other about it. Then the battle began and their relationship was put and hidden away in the back of their minds as they focused on the more important things like winning the stupid game.

Before and during the battle whenever Dirk died, Jake had been devastated each time; turns out his feelings for Dirk were more intense than he realized but then he himself realize what a horrible boyfriend and companion he was for Dirk, not to mention Jane's little evil phase due to the horrid Condescension had given him a slap of his own reality, and after they had crossed the house-shaped sign that signaled their victory Jake had been planning to... break up with Dirk, it was for the best even though the thought made his heart clench.

He just, wasn't good enough for Dirk. Dirk deserved better, and... here was his chance.

Dirk didn't remember, they were just, *friends* here in this universe. And they'd stay friends, Jake didn't mind, Dirk was going to find someone better than him and he was going to support whoever Dirk was going to date! Yeah... He...

He was really bad to lying to himself.

"You okay there Jake?" Jake shook his head and shot Dirk an easy and bright smile, shoving down the negativity he felt deeply for later.

"I'm fine, sorry I was just dozing off like usual hahaha! Anyway, continue on, what did he say again?"

Dirk frowned but was about to continue on when Jade, John and Jane came back, panting and smiling.

"That was fun!" Jade cheered as they came closer, holding the frisbee, the four who could remember amusedly imagined Jade with her dog ears and tail, her ears would be perking happily and her tail of course wagging frantically.

"That was tiring!" John countered with a laugh, taking the drink Dave offered him, "Thanks Dave."

"No prob dude." Rose rose a brow at Dave as he had grinned a bit and accepted the drink back from John and took his own sip from it. "What?"

Dave questioned, frowning at her suspiciously.

"Mm, nothing." Rose hummed.

"Yeah right." Dave deadpanned as Roxy rose a brow before looking between John and Dave and an imaginary light clicked in her head and she grinned widely, Rose caught her grin and smiled slyly at her to which Roxy's grin widened even more as she tried so hard to withhold the laugh in her throat. *'Oh, Em, Gooog. This is gonna be hi-la-ri-ous!'* Roxy thought to herself as she would be so entertained at the thought of Rose trying to get both Dave and John together romantically *even though she didn't know they already were.*

Oh yes, she cackled in her mind, it was *totes* going to be hilarious!

---

"Well, the kids are having fun." Roxanne said with a grin as she watched Roxy chase a laughing John with mock rage that was ruined by the grin on her face.

Jacob chuckled as John was tackled by Jade, "Indeed. Why, we should have done this earlier."

"Agreed, gathering like this is quite pleasant. We must do this again soon." Joe says with a smile, sharing it with his brother as the twin adults smiled at the sight of their children laughing happily.

Bro smirked as he took a swig from his soda, "I ain't complaining. As long as the brats behave and don't do anything stupid of course." He said, though the smirk faltered a bit when he sees Dave flop on the grass on his back but he didn't seem to be in any pain as John, Roxy and the others followed suit.

Jacob notices it and frowns, "How is young Dave's back? I heard it's healed quite well."

Bro sighed and nodded, "Yeah, it has. Still though, he shouldn't be shrugging off this shit." He took off his shades and rubbed the bridge of his nose, "Kid took a hit for me, nearly scared the fuck out of the both of us



when he did that." He looked at Dave with soft but protective eyes, "If I have anything to say about it, he ain't gonna do it again, not on my watch." He nearly growled out as he clutched at the bottle of soda in his hands.

The adults exchanged understanding looks, they'd do the same in his shoes.

---

A few days later after the picnic, another rift opened and released three kinds of different underlings into the world and causing havoc as imps, ogres and basilisks poured out of the rift. Luckily, it seemed only to be those three only.

When the five arrived at the scene they smirked at each other, *this was going to be soo easy.*

And it was, they gathered the remaining grist and even helped the surroundings a bit before disappearing like always.

Over the next couple of months or so, the rifts opened from time to time and so far spilled easy underlings that had only some of the group to appear, they would quickly take care of the underlings as quick as they could but all good things must come to an end at some point.

---

"*Shit.*"

One Rufioh Nitram, Aranea Serket and Meulin Leijon watched in horror as the blue colored hero was stabbed through the chest above their hiding place, both Meulin and Aranea screamed as Breath fell only to be caught by Blood.

"*Way to go E-Breath! You just had to let your fucking guard down!*"

Blood raged before looking down and tensed as he saw them, he looked at the swarm of powerful underlings before to them and growled, he flew down, kneeling in front of them as he sets Breath on the ground. "*I need you three to do me a favor and keep an eye on this idiot, just for a bit.*" Was all he said before he was back into the fray, muttering something but 'not a

heroic death' which made *no* sense as he left the corpse of his comrade with the three frozen civilians.

Confused?

Let's go back a bit...

## Chapter End Notes

And by let's go back a bit, let's wait till the next chapter coming in a couple of weeks!

DONE! Finally updated again, whew!

Hope you enjoyed, next chapter will be quite exciting don't you think? Sorry if its a bit fast paced, next chapter is going to be a bit slower paced since we'll be flashing back.

I'd stay and chat more but I need to go, I'll see you all next time! Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoyed!

P.S. Wow, long ass chapter, been a while since I did that! Also; be prepared to see a glimpse of *something* or a certain *somebodies* in the next chapter ;}

## Begin Again (2)

### Chapter Notes

Okay, so media wise I don't know what the hell to ask, I am not a reporter so I just asked what I think they would ask at the times. And as for the other stuff, I'm winging it. The story though, don't worry there is a general direction to which this story is heading.

Also, you might want to brush up a bit on your Hiveswap Zodiac Sign info, it would be a bit handy near the end :}

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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It had been only a few days after the picnic when the first rift opened up.

Rose watched in frozen shock as seemingly millions of strange creatures bled through the rift, wearing colorful and strange outfits. But then again, some of them were not wearing such clothing and were entirely something else.

They were almagamations of other creatures, she would observe later on after the fight, rewinding to look at each one with a critical eye but she couldn't help but think they seemed familiar somehow...

Roxy on the other hand...

*'Underlilngs? Lings. You would have thought they would've showed up first before the rip-off denizens and that weird Tyranny guy.'* Roxy thought to herself as she snuck away, her mother was out at work while Rose was in the living room watching the chaos. She herself had been about to go down stairs when the news hit, she locked herself in her room and phased through the wall, quickly trying to meet with the others.

---

Karkat recognized the underlings of course, while most of them were from the kid's session there were multiple of them that were from his own old one. He looked down at one particular imp that had a combination of CrabDad and Dragonsprite, easily dodging the attempt of attack as he frowned at it.

CrabDad... it had been so long since he had last thought of his crustacean lusus, his death had hurt him truly but it had been so long since he had thought of him he's afraid he'd forgotten completely.

He snarled at the abomination, he never liked the minions that took partial form of his beloved custodian, even though said custodian was mostly a pain in the ass he raised Karkat to the best of his unnatural life; he *was* created just for him for no other lusii would ever choose him as their grub.

Shaking his head, he focused back on the battle; internal monologue should be continued later since the entire city was overrun by these bastards and now was not the time to look back at the past. Right now he had to clear out the damnable minions that threatened to destroy and cause chaos wherever they went and it was clear they were not going to leave the populace alone judging by the amount of minions that went after people.

Dear gog this was starting to look like those morning superhero shoes he's seen in human television, anime bullshit and more! Only this it was real and *real annoying*. These underlings ranged from low-life imps to mid-life ogres and basilisks, plus none so far had Becquerel's unholy First Guardian powers so they were good, they weren't the highest ones on the echeladder within the game so to them they were easy to deal with if a bit annoying due to their large numbers and tendency to ambush and flock together.

To the un-used human populace? They were very dangerous, though some would find themselves able to counter-attack with weapons but that was if they were one-on-one or on equal grounds, those that had underlings ganging up on them soon found themselves on the very short end of the stick.

Anyway, it was far too easy to deal with them for the five dubbed-as-superheroes, the only problem they had was corralling them all away from

the civilians and keeping everyone safe and unharmed.

"This whole scenario is starting to look like Dirk's anime shit." Dave said bluntly, his voice had been modified via the voice-changers they had Dirk unknowingly build not to mention Roxy herself looked over the devices and slightly upgraded them with the new alchemiter at their base. She added in a communicator to the voice changer and told them to keep it underneath their masks or hoods, which were where they are now.

They should name their base, Dave thought faintly to himself, wiping out an entire squadron of imps on the streets in a single swing with his broken sword. Seriously these imps were so below them on the echeladder they were mere specks from where they stood on the God Tier Ladder.

Jake grinned, "Right-o my chum! This kind of reminds me of that anime Dirk sent me a few years ago, what was it again? Tokyo Meow? I dunno, it's been a while." He chuckled, "At any rate, we should be finishing it up in a jiffy. John did say it would be easier to collect the grist with all of them in one place yeah? I mean, just look at all these grist-filled underlings! Why, I spot a handful of those Ruby Imps!"

Roxy squinted from where she was sniping the poor game constructs, her sharp eyes honing in on a few scampering red cat-like imps, "Aw sweet! Look at that, just what we need for more shit at our base, good eye J-um, Hope!" Roxy hastily corrected herself, mentally reminding herself that she needed to get used to their code names while out and about in their God Tier Jammies.

John nonchalantly hefted his old Telescopic Sassacrusher, before he would have needed his old Ecto-controlling gloves to hold one of these things but his current Mangrit and God Tiered strength was more than enough to haul around the giant war-hammers of funnily-scopic weaponry. It was nice one-shotting these guys into oblivion with his Warhammer of Zillyhoo or his Pop-o-matic Vrillyhoo Hammer but going old-school was just as cool, that and he would like to see the reactions of the public to a lithe-built teen like himself lifting this monstrous hammer like it was nothing.

He clearly wasn't muscular looking, if anything he had a swimmer's build but his strength was utterly ridiculous due to his leveled up Mangrit plus God Tier strength.

The Heir of Breath called out to the others, "Alright, gather up the last of them and get ready for grist-sweeping duty!" They agreed and quickly took care of the rest, "Was anyone hurt? Like the civilians and stuff."

Roxy shook her head, "I think so, and if they are hurt it shouldn't be anything serious. The police probs' took care of the rest, plus who knows, normal humans can be just as surprising as us sometimes."

They quickly collected all the grist, which was easy since they mostly grouped all of the underlings together; soon enough the media were on them just as they were nearly done gathering all the grist.

*"Breath, Breath, what were those creatures? Are you really the leader of the group?" "Time, why the broken sword? What happened to it?" "Hope, what is your significance? Your power? What is Hope?" "Void, are you the only female in the group? Why?" "What are you Blood? Are you even human?" "Are you all really teens? Where are you parents, the adults?"*

In another time maybe the kids would have liked the attention the media was giving them enough to answer a few questions but in this time where they were still suffering bad PTSD, still coping with the fact they were no longer the last humans alive and the rapid questions that the reporters that struck a nerve.

Especially with Roxy who was quick to disappear without a trace, leaving the scene. Jake was right behind her but he left together with Karkat, seeing him frozen above the ground but close enough an adult could jump up and try and grab his cape, which a few did, the green eyed Page felt something flare inside him as Karkat jerked away, breathing heavily, he was quick to Karkat's side and hugged him from behind, snapping at the few that dared and try to bring both him and the Knight down, "Don't touch him." he gritted out before disappearing in a flash of yellow light, taking Karkat away with him. Dave was next, gone in a red cog and the sound of a gong

trailing behind him and John was the last, he steeled himself and left with parting words.

"Those creatures were Underlings but don't worry about them, they're low-leveled so it's all okay. Just leave them to us when they appear okay? Goodbye uh, citizens." John blurted out quickly before bursting into wind and slipping away from the horde of reporters.

They were so used to little-to-no human contact that it was too much for them, they were barely passing by in their 'normal' lives by both forcing and easing themselves into civilization. It helped that they were around familiar people and rarely went out into the crowded public and if they did they tried hard to stay together and act like themselves, which worked most of the time as they ignored their surroundings and focused on no one or nothing else but themselves and their families or even the task at hand.

The others haven't noticed yet, and if they did, well they weren't acting on it for the time being but who knows how long that would last.

---

Jake appeared with Karkat near-flailing in his arms, heart-pounding and still bleeding wounds lightly lashing out. "Karkat!" he gasped out, trying to hold the other still, "Karkat calm down! Karkat, it's okay, it's just-ow! It's just me, Jake!" Karkat slowed as Jake turned off his voice modulator, Jake loosened his hold but still held on to the ex-troll. "That's it, don't worry, it's only your best pal Jake En, well, Jake Harley. Come on, you remember me yeah?"

Karkat took a shuddering breath, "Yeah, yeah I," He inhaled deeply, gulping, "I do... Fuck..." Facing the underlings that had his old lusus prototyped into them did *not* help his already unstable mental capacity and sanity, it just, it brought out old thoughts and memories he had nearly been glad were almost forgotten; back on Alternia with death looming heavily over him even with the naivety of thinking maybe, *just maybe*, he could live. But no. He was the mutant, an unnatural waste of genetic material that freakishly did shit like have candy red blood *and remembering shit an--*

"Karkat, are you okay?" The red-eyed Knight of Blood inhaled, bad train of thought derailed by Jake's soothing and concerned voice.

It was then that he noticed what position they were in, at some point Jake had dragged him down to the ground, still hugging him from behind and he was so close to him that Karkat could feel the light air of his breath against his neck and ear, he had shrunk into himself between Jake's legs and that had the younger but unfairly taller teen hugging him closer. Karkat could feel his skin redden at the very pale under-goings beneath this moment.

"Y-Yeah I'm fucking fine!" Barked Karkat, jolting him to stand. Jake let him go without complaint but faintly missed the feeling of hugging the other, "Where in fuck's name are we? And where are the others?" Karkat asked instead, pointedly looking around and *not* look at Jake.

"On top of a building, one of the highest ones in the city, no one is going to be up here." *'At least I think no one's up here.'* "No one but us, dunno where Roxy, John and Dave are though but I reckon Dave and John went to look for Roxy, she left in quite a hurry." Jake told the other, standing up and looking around with squinting eyes.

"I hope they're alright though."

With Roxy, she was somewhere nearby but was huddled in the shadows of an abandoned building, slightly shivering.

Never before did that happen, she thought she could take it since out of Jake, Dirk and herself; she had grown with kind-of company, with the carapacians. But humans were not white and black-shelled chess people, they did not scurry around in silent hunger or prefer to stay in the silence rather than speak (It was thanks to her mom's help she grew up speaking, *her* mom, not her Beta-self, she and Dirk's Bro had left advanced technology and programs and stuff to help the two learn how to read, write and talk, and when they both found out about each other, Roxy and Dirk helped each other learn and then Jake and Jane too) nor did they mind their own business and instead went up *and hounded her, surrounding her with nOisE and, and--!!!*



She gasped as she felt two sets of arms wrap around her, John and Dave saying nothing as she slowly relaxed into their hold.

Both her moirails, and wasn't that a fun and nice way to say describing her boys? Stayed by her side, Dave rambling off lowly, talking about Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff while John snickered and teased Dave but kept a firm hold on her, hugging her close while Dave let go to add arm movement to his colloquial conversation. Roxy quickly recovered and giggled as Dave began to describe with a straight face about the cleft of Jeff's ass, and from there it somehow devolved to both Roxy and Dave teasing John for his movie tastes with the windy boy becoming mock offended.

They were all laughing when Jake and Karkat found them, "Everything okay there chums?" Jake asked with a worried frown.

Roxy shot him a grin, "All's good in the hood Jakey! We were just makin' fun of Johnny's taste in movies, oh wait, you guys have the same taste don't ya? Man, it *is* genetic to have bad tastes in movies!" she mocked with a smile, Jake's nose curled up.

"Oi! Our tastes in movies are not bad!" Jake mock huffed, John joining him as the two ecto-biologically related began to simultaneously pout.

Karkat joined Dave and Roxy's sniggers.

The five stay there a little longer, nonchalantly chatting before going on and agreeing to meet later at the base.

---

Corrina frowned as she watched the news, watching how the teen in blue briefly answered before leaving, re-winding to Void's withdrawal the moment the reporters surrounded her, disappearing into thin air, how Hope took Blood away, actually confronting the adults with a firm commanded that wavered underneath and Time's hasty yet neutral disappearance.

"What's wrong Corrina?" The Mother Maryam glanced to her dear friend and then back to their living room TV. "You look troubled."

She scoffed, "Of course I'm troubled Moira, these 'heroes', they're *children*, I am quite certain they are no older than my Kanaya and what's more, it seems that *they* are very troubled as well!" Maternal instincts rose again as she watched Void's quick act of escape and Blood's frozen form, "That there! The poor dears flinched, jumped, they're not used to people." She had good instincts, she had worked as a Child Protections Agent until she had Kanaya so she could see the signs of a child in need of help, she had quitted her job and settled as a teacher at Kanaya's Highschool but she kept contact with her former job and helped when she could.

Moira glanced at the television and then back to Corrina, who sighed and let the news play as it was, the five teenage superheroes would once again be the talk of the world for the next few weeks.

She couldn't help but wonder as well about the mysterious superhuman teenagers that suddenly appeared the day her neighborhood had attacked, it had been awfully quick of them to appear, she recalled Breath showing up first, swinging around that ridiculously colorful hammer of his (he was quite strong wasn't he? Ridiculously so to lug around that brown hammer of his from the latest fight), Time was next hefting around that broken sword that somehow fixed itself but then broke itself again throughout the fight and then Blood, attacking with bright red sickles-who fought with *sickles*?- and finally after that Void and Hope appeared, late to the party but finished with a bang with the others in that combined attack of theirs.

They were exceptional fighters, even though half of them fought with weaponry mostly unthought of outside the realm of fantasy; both Hope and Void kept up with the modern times with their guns and rifles, even with Void's strange tendency to summon green cubes as well as for some odd reason pumpkins. *She spotted a few pumpkin the last fights, why that of all things?*

But they didn't seem to suit well with the media, or with people generally.

They left as quickly as they could, collecting their bounty which came in the formation of those odd materials that burst out of the enemies like an explosive piñata. What even was that stuff? Ondine was currently working on it and so far, they had nothing on the blue gusher-like material but the

red and purple ones seemed to have the same components of the gemstones of *ruby* and *amethyst*, which was incredible but as well as somehow impossible since the structure and weight just didn't add up according to the fish-loving scientist.

While Ondine was mainly a Marine Biologist, that was her main job, but she was also very adept in genetic and structural sciences, marine biology and all its assets were something she did full time because she enjoyed it very much and was comfortable with it being her main job. It paid her good money, surprisingly *very* good money but she didn't complain but just because she was a marine scientist didn't mean that was all she was, she was a smart woman, many degrees and PhDs was earned through hard work and she was very well one of the smartest people she ever knew.

At any rate, she and her other scientist acquaintances were still performing mind numbing experiments on the strange material that the heroes collected for reasons once again unknown.

Hopefully they would make a breakthrough soon, that and possibly capture a living creature that came from the rifts, *especially* those weird serpents that nearly flattened her daughter months and months ago, *oh how she wanted to get her hands on one of those freaks for DARING to harm her little Vriska...*

She, Jasper and Ondine were on the same page, well her and her beloved lover Jasper were. Ondine simply wanted to conduct a research and experiment on the damnable things while Jasper and her wanted sweet revenge that Ondine would gladly let them have if it meant keeping the thing alive and more for research and things.

Vriska had survived the attack well, Tavros on the other hand was temporarily handicapped, which Jasper was glad for, the Nitrams would have been devastated if it had been permanent; Archer's offer that if ever they needed a prosthetic he could easily provide one did not really go well with the Taurus-inclined family. Jasper hadn't stopped glaring at Archer for even offering for a straight week whenever they met, but she knew that deep inside Jasper had been grateful for the offer but it was going to be a last option for them since Tavros' injury was only temporary and he was

healing fine, but that didn't stop her boyfriend and his eldest son from being overprotective.

Oh what bull-headedness her Taurus lover was, it was amusing.

It was also amusing that each of the family were Zodiac-themed and inclined, each somehow born in the same month of the sign and were all interconnected; it was quite the phenomenon actually.

Every family had three members of the very same sign, each adult with their own little clone at the second generation while their eldest children were quite different from their parent but they were quite the same inwardly but their youngest children? They were quite the little clones physically, and sometimes even personality wise! Her own Vriska was quite the charmer and she looked oh-so like herself and she was growing up so fast, she was so proud!

~~—This un8r8ka8le white oracle or8—~~

Having Aranea and Vriska had been the greatest moments of her life, besides meeting the others that was even though she would never admit it out loud haha.

~~—What a pretty little thing you are my dear, let me see those teeth—~~

Moira smiled as she thought about her daughters, only for her smile to slowly fade as her train of thought took an abrupt turn; *when* did she have Aranea?

~~—Such pettiness is un8becoming of you, our rivalry has 8een sullied 8y it—~~

And then Vriska? She... she couldn't remember their fathers, well she had slept around the age for Aranea but she couldn't remember her birth *or* Vriska's for that matter, she, the memories blurred the farther back she tried to remember.

~~—REDEYES IT H8RTS, R8D GLAR8NG, MY 8Y8—~~

She tensed as she tried to remember giving birth to her daughters, if not birth then maybe even *adoption*, but...

~~HAHAHAHAHAHA WHAT A LUCKY 8R8k~~

She couldn't. How, *how* did she get her daughters? *When*?

~~I will w8t for you, and I dedicate this page to you my dearest future m8tesprit~~

*Were they even her own daughters? WHO were they? Who was SHE?*

~~There you are my flying pupa~~

What-- !!

"Moir!"

Moir! jolted, cursing as she drops her cup of tea, letting it fall to the carpeted floor, staining the carpet but saving the porcelain tea cup, "Shit." She cursed, quickly picking up her fallen tea and curling her lip in distaste at the brown puddle that was being soaked into the carpet. "My apologies Corrina but my mind seemed to have wandered, I also apologize for the waste of tea and the no doubt unbecoming stain that will appear on your lovely carpet. I will have it dry-cleaned, do not worry." Her jade-eyed friend glanced at her with clear worry.

"It is not the carpet I am worried about Moir!, though it is a shame but I am more worried about you my friend, I have been calling your name for quite some time now." Corrina told her, "Your mind must have wandered very far for it to not hear my voice, pray tell, what is on your mind?"

The cerulean-woman blinked, tilting her head before sighing and shaking her head, "I have forgotten to be frank but it must be unimportant for me to forget, again I am sorry for the carpet, let me clean it for you Corrina."

"No need, as long as you are alright."

"I insist, it's a shame for a carpet as beautiful as this to be stained by mere tea! Marvelous tea as it is though, tea does not belong soaked into fine cloth."

And thus began the debate of a Serket mother bargaining to clean the carpet with her fellow mother Maryam, her mind forgetting the internal crisis easily with a lasting haunting phrase that would stalk her in her sleep but would be forgotten in the waking world.

~~"Kill me please"~~

---

CG: JOHN WHY IN THE BLISTERING FUCK DID YOU TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THE FUCKING UNDERLINGS

EB: well they deserved to know what was invading their city, but at least i didnt tell them everything

TG: chill karkles everythings cool in the pool

TG: so cool the pool turned into gog fucking ice thats how cool the pool is

CG: OH NO, YOU ARE NOT GOING ON ANOTHER RAMBLE HERE STRIDER

CG: NOT IN MY GOGDAMN MEMO

TG: karkitty chill out n jus look at the bright side of today

TG: we gotz a SHITTON of loot hellz yea :DDD

GT: Roxy's right karkat! We did a bang up job with the imps and snagged ourselves a treasure hold of grist! :D

GT: Do you reckon we've got enough grist to fill up those erm, what did you call them? 'Healing' what'sits? The healing tanks in the infirmary at the base.

CG: THE HEALING GLASS AND TUBULAR-RECOUPERACOONS BUT YEAH I GUESS YOU HAVE A POINT

CG: AND YEAH I THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH GRIST TO FILL ONE TUBE WITH SOPOR SLIME SO WHENEVER ONE OF US GETS

HURT AS MOTHERING FUCK AND NEAR DEATH OR SOMEHOW SURVIVE A CLEARLY HEROIC YET IDIOTIC FUCKING DEATH BUT NEAR DYING WE CAN JUST JAM THEM INTO THE HEALING COONS

TG: why not just call them healing tanks like what jake said

TG: also like fuck am i going anywhere near that green ass slime shit

TG: i aint touchin that

EB: but daaave what if you get hurt and near heroic dying and shit?? i dont want you to die a slow heroic death :C

TG: yeah what if u get stabbrd in the stomach whale savin someboby? thats gots to be like a totally heroic death ngl

TG: \*bed \*body

CG: WE ARE CALLING THEM HEALING COONS AND THAT IS THAT. ALSO LISTEN TO YOUR MOIRAILS STRIDER, YOU'LL LIVE LONGER THATS A FUCKING GUARANTEE

GT: Come now dave, the slime is not that bad i tell you! Its healing properties are quite marvelous, they hardly leave any scars! :B

TG: i dont know

EB: daave :[

TG: cmon davey ur makin our lil bb sad, u dont want john sad do u

EB: yeah

EB: wait-roxy i am not a baby!! D:<

TG: hush child mommas talkin

TG: oh alright

EB: yay!! :D

TG: yess

CG: THANK FUCKING JEGUS WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A DEAD KNIGHT OF TIME ANYTIME SOON

GT: That's the ticket! :)

TG: but i am not going in that thing only to come out with sloppy slime soaked clothing no siree

TG: how the fuck does it even work

CG: SHUT UP STRIDER OBVIOUSLY I'M STILL GOING TO WORK ON SHIT AND THINK UP SHIT. WHEN IT'S OFFICIALLY DONE I'LL TELL YOU ALL

GT: Do you need any help karkat? I could if you want, i'm always willing to help out a chum :B

CG: YEAH SURE WHATEVER

CG: BUT ANYWAY, WHAT THE FUCK DO WE DO ABOUT THE FUCKING IMPS? BECAUSE I HAVE A FUCKING FEELING THAT THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE THE LAST TIME WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE LITTLE SHITS AGAIN. AND IF WE DO, WHAT THE FUCK DO WE DO? THEY'RE FAR UNDERNEATH THE ECHELADDER BENEATH US SO EVEN ONE OF US CAN TAKE A GOGFUCKING HORDE OF THEM

EB: mm you may have a point karkat, any one of us can take care of the low-leveled imps

EB: but that doesn't mean we should be doing most of it alone, strength in numbers applies to almost everything and even though they're low-leveled their still dangerous to the populace and remember these imps were the ones that lacked bec's first guardian powers and not a lot of them had swords and wings

CG: SOME OF THEM WERE FROM OUR SESSION TOO BUT LUCKILY I THINK THEY ONLY HAD CRABDAD, DRAGONSPRITE AND I THINK MAYBE LEONSPRITE PROTOTYPING, NONE HAD THE FUCKING ABOMINABLE ABILITIES OF FEFER'S OLD HORRORTERROR LUSUS OR SOLLUX'S BICLOPS



CG: WATCH OUT FOR THOSE FREAKS THOUGH, THEY'RE FUCKING HARD TO KILL AND MAKE LIKE SOUND-PROOF EARMUFFS, I DON'T KNOW HOW THE SHRIEKS WILL AFFECT HUMANS BUT WE HAD A HELL OF A TIME FACING UNDERLINGS THAT HAD THAT HORRORTERROR NIGHTMARE PROTOTYPED INTO THEM, LUCKILY THE SOUND DEGRADED FROM THE PROTOTYPING BUT IT DIDN'T STOP THEM FROM GIVING US A FUCKING HEADACHE EVERY FUCKING TIME THEIR BEAKS LET OUT THAT DAMNABLE SHRIEK OF HORROR

CG: IF ONLY THE SAME COULD HAVE BEEN APPLIED FOR THE BLACK FUCKING KING, WELL IT KIND OF DID BECAUSE HIS SHRIEKS DIDN'T IMMEDIATELY SEND US TO THE FUCKING DREAM BUBBLES BUT THE MIGRAINES WE HAD AFTERWARDS THE FIGHT WERE A BITCH TO DEAL WITH. FUCK I FEEL THE PHANTOM PAIN ALREADY. AND YOU ALREADY KNOW THE BICLOPS SHIT, PSIONIC ENERGY PLUS UNDERLING STUPIDITY AND RECKLESSNESS, ENOUGH FUCKING SAID.

TG: aight noted

TG: so whats the plan oh glorious friend-leaders

GT: I suggest that not everyone shall answer to heroics whenever the imps show themselves, though it all depends on the level, type and the amount of underlings that appear. Like, say the basilisks and ogres appear but they have only prototyped twice and what-not, i suppose only one or two of us can deal with that but should say an underling with the prototype of the, biclops or erm, the horrorterror? Then we should all come together to deal with it as a team like before.

EB: jake that is a genius idea

TG: good job Jake for comin up with a bitching plan :D

TG: also i suggestt that the least busyest person come first n if he or she needs backup they can jus call us up or smthn

TG: \*st \*iest

TG: that sounds like a good idea dont want anyone getting suspicious if we all left at once like in the fucking shows

TG: im half glad those things exist bc we can use them as a reference on what *not* to do and shit

CG: THOSE ARE GOOD IDEAS YEAH

CG: LET ME KNOW ON HOW THINGS GO LATER ON, I NEED TO GO, WE'RE GOING OUT APPARENTLY FOR THE PARK

GT: Will you be alright karkat?

CG: YES, DON'T GET YOUR HUMAN PANTIES IN A FUCKING TWIST JAKE I'LL BE FINE. IT'S JUST GOING TO BE ANOTHER FRIENDLY FAMILY OUTING WITH THE OTHERS, BESIDES, ONLY THE MAKARAS, PYROPES AND CAPTORS ARE COMING FOR SOME FUCKING REASON

TG: say hi to terezi for me will ya

CG: STRIDER SHE DOESN'T FUCKING KNOW YOU YOU DUMB IDIOT

TG: i know that but still kind of miss her is all

TG: her rose kanaya and the mayor actually

TG: hope the poor guys alright miss him so much like you cannot believe it

EB: don't worry dave, i'm sure the mayor is okay :B

TG: ye dont underestibate carapacians dude they got thick skin n all that ;] wonk

GT: I am certain that this mayor fellow is fine and dandy! Who knows? Perhaps he's already in this world but as a human instead?

TG: ...

TG: i never really thought of that but itd be so fucking cool if that were the case like dear gog mayor look at you black shelled no more but rockin the human style like dear old karkles here

CG: SHUT UP DAVE, I MISS THE GUY TOO AND IT WOULD BE AWESOME TO SEE HIM AGAIN HUMAN OR OTHERWISE BUT I'M

WITH JOHN AND JAKE ON THIS. HE'S FINE, HE'S THE FUCKING MAYOR

TG: damn right he is

CG: YEAH, ANYWAY, TELL ME MORE ON THE PLANS WHEN I GET BACK. LATER.

GT: Bye karkat! Have a hopefully cheery day and don't worry, i and the others will inform you if anything happens :B

CG: THANKS JAKE

GT: No problemo :D, bye!

carcinoGeneticist [CG] left the memo

TG: sooooo >u>

TG: how long~~~ wonkwonkwonkwonkwonkwonk ;))))))0)

GT: How long what

TG: how long have you had the diamond hots for our residential grumpy ass blood player

GT: I beg your pardon!?!

EB: hehehehehehe

---

Jake closed his computer with a red-tinted face, he could practically even feel his *ears* change their color to red as he recalled the most recent and embarrassing but also mind-revealing conversation he's just had with the others.

Were they correct? Was he really...?

He doesn't know how to think about it all.

---

Dammek narrowed his eyes at the oliveblooded troll before him, "And where in the stars have you been Goezee?" He snapped, said troll stayed silent as she stared at her supposed leader with her one narrowed eye.

"Scouting." She said gruffly, gaze unwavering as Dammek deadpanned at her.

"Scouting." He repeated before raising a brow, "And do you have anything to report Polypa Goezee?"

Polypa huffed, scratching at the bandages on her arms, "I have located the True Taur, or at least have a strong suspicion but I have also found the True Le, I do not doubt them, they are of Le but humans... they claim to be *Leo*, but then again with the whole fucking 'Zodiac' human nonsense, a lot of them claim to be Leo but I *know* I have found the *True Leos of the Le*, I might even wager as a Leus."

Dammek jolted, staring at her akin of disbelief, he almost wants to say she was kidding him but no, wagering as their Sign, that was serious business.

He opened his mouth before closing it, shaking his head and tensing, "And you're *sure* about this *Leus*?"

Polypa grinned sharply underneath her bandages but it was clear to Dammek as Polypa's pupil slitted and her iris darkening to a darker olive, "As sure as you're a *Taurcer*." She spat, grin growing wider as Dammek's breath hitched.

"What do they go by Polypa?"

Polypa eased a bit, leaning back and relaxing to an almost lazy manner, "The *Taurus* goes by Nitram, and The *Leos* go by Leijon, fitting really."

"*Taurus*?! " Dammek hissed, bristling and snarled at her, "You better not be joking *Polypa Goezee*, or you *will* regret it."

She sniffed haughtily and sneered, "When do I *ever* joke as by the True Signs? I am not that kind of troll Sitred, you know that."

And with that, she slinked into the shadows of the base, probably escaping into the fucking vents again.

Dammek huffed angrily, slowly calming down as he thought more of the matter.

If what the olive had said was true, then...

They would have to make sure first, prove authenticity and see for themselves before they could report it to Her Benevolence; not to mention there was still matters on that rogue troll on the loose. *Grah!* So much to do. The bronze stomped out of the room, off to find Polypa *again* and try to wrangle more information out of her.

---

Weeks later, the imps came by days in between, alarmingly frequent but were taken care of as fast as they could by John and the others. Though this time, only one or two of them appeared, though the last fight had John, Karkat and Roxy appearing together to take care two underlings that escaped a rift. Those two underlings had the biclops prototype with them, but strangely and luckily enough the rift closed before any more of them could come out. Any more than all five of them would have had to appear.

John had been out with his family when the latest attack happened, shopping for multiple things when the huge plaza suddenly had an ominous green rift, with familiar green electricity running along the edges of its portal.

'*Oh no...*' John thought as a single imp got out first, a *Uranium* Imp, complete with doggy features and First Guardian-esque powers.

The small thing *roared*, seemingly signalling the start of chaos as *more* imps appeared, thankfully normal-ish but John felt dread settled in his stomach as a handful of *Acheron* Underlings stepped out of the rift.

Those shits were hard to kill! *And these Acheron had the full package of the beta-session prototyping.*

"*John!*" John was almost happy that the crowd separated him from his family, feeling guilty as he faintly hears them call out his name, he calls out their names as well, ever so faintly but immediately hid to change and deal with the attack all the while texting to the others.

everyone to the mall plaza where im at!! now!! acherons are here and they  
along with some of the underlings have bec's powers!  
~john

He had a bad feeling for today.

### Chapter End Notes

DONE! Hope ya enjoyed :D

Sorry for the long-ish wait, but guess what?

*This author now has a computer again!* No more bluetooth keyboard and use of iPad when it comes to writing my stories here! Woohoo!!

Anyway, things are heating up and soon it will begin to boil quite badly, and I'm not *just* talking about the death of John or aka Breath (yes its gonna be temporary this time) but it means *so. Much. More. Than that!* What exactly do I mean? Be patient and find out in the next few chapters~~

Till later everyone :]

## Begin Again (3)

### Chapter Notes

Okay so this was a little later than I intended but that's fine, at least I managed to get it in before next month :D

Anyway, lots of things happen in this chapter but basically there's progress on all side of everyone involved. Kind of, but there's definitely progress.

I hope you'll enjoy :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Karkat was in the middle of teaching Jake more Alternian when John's text arrived.

everyone to the mall plaza where im at!! now!! acherons are here and they  
along with some of the underlings have bec's powers!  
~john

"Shit."

Jake looked up at him from his phone and they both shared a look of determination, "Ready?" Karkat smirked.

"Of fucking course."

He locked his door and jumped out the window, his father and brother were out of the house, Kelvin was at work while Kankri was out... in the mall.

*Shit.*

---

Aranea had definitely regretted agreeing to Meenah's suggestion for a full day at the mall with the others.

It had started out wonderful with her going to the bookstore and finding her favorite books on sale as well as other books that were on her list to buy with her saved allowance, she had bought as much as she could without totally wasting all her money.

As expected, everyone had split up and went their own ways as usual but they had planned to gather around lunch at NkDonalds.

"Hey Aranea." The cerulean eyed teen blinked and turned to see both Rufioh and Meulin coming her way.

"Oh, hello Meulin, Rufioh. What are you two doing here?" Usually they were around around their beloved boyfriends.

Rufioh grinned sheepishly, "Well uh, we accidentally separated and I got lost and I found Meulin here while trying to find Horuss, now we're both trying to find Kurloz and Horuss."

Aranea nodded in understanding, the city's mall was one of the biggest malls in the state and it was easy to get lost as well as separated from others if you weren't careful, even for people who lived in their city for years and frequented the mall can find themselves lost sometimes, there were many stores and it seemed that every few months the stores would switch places and more.

No one really knew why but no one seemed to care.

"I might as well join you in looking for the others, I've already spent my time favorably." She smiled, hugging her packed books to her chest.

Meulin grinned, "Alright!" She cheered. Despite her hearing disability, Meulin, as well as Kurloz, had the uncanny ability to read lips, though Meulin was much better than Kurloz as she could read lips from even the corner of her eye.



She and Kurloz were deaf and mute respectively, it was why everyone in their group were relatively good at understanding sign language and could even use it as well but since Meulin and Kurloz preferred to read lips they didn't use it as much as Meulin and Kurloz used to communicate.

They were just passing the plaza when things went bad; a rift appeared in the middle of the plaza, green energy crackling along the seams as one of those Underlings was spat out but it was different from the ones that appeared on tv. It had dog-like features and was neon green with the same green energy around it as from the portal.

It *roared* and all hell broke loose.

"Run!" Someone shouted as more of those Underlings were pouring out of the rift and there was bedlam as people ran all directions to avoid the creatures, a lot managed to escape out of the mall by exiting but soon enough Underlings overran the main entrance and forced people to look for another way to escape, either that or to hide.

"Quick, over here!" Rufioh shouted, tugging both of his friends with him to hide in a space underneath the stairs, it was a secluded place and was a good hiding spot, big pots of plants were their cover as they hid underneath the stairs and ducked behind the pots.

Meulin squeaked as they ducked out of view as a group of Underlings came by, chasing after a random couple.

"This, this can't be happening." Aranea whimpered as they hid, grimacing at the panicked screams and shouts from the populace that were still trapped within the mall with them.

"What about Kurloz and the others?! Do you think they made it out in time?" Meulin whispered worriedly, clutching at her cat-shaped headphones.

Rufioh grimaced but was quick to reassure them, "I'm sure they're fine doll. They're smart, if they're still in the mall they can keep themselves safe." He

said not only to them but also to himself, thinking how his boyfriend was very smart, he could look after himself.

He hoped.

---

Dave arrived first in a flash of red gears and clocks, appearing in the air and immediately noticing the chaos as imps ran amok in the plaza.

Roxy appeared not a moment later right beside him, they shared a determined look and went head first into the chaos, chasing after imps and pounding them into grist. They saw John not a moment later, bringing imps into the air and slamming them to the floor or whirling them around.

"Guys, I can't find the imps that have Bec's powers, we need to find them quick and deal with them before they cause more damage! And look out, there are Acheron Underlings here with Bec's prototyping!"

Both Roxy and Dave tensed at John's warning. Acherons were tricky Underlings, they were smarter than average imps and quicker as well, they were the harder game minions. One Acheron was easy to deal alone with but the fact there were multiple made it harder, they worked very well in packs, helping each other and more. And the fact these Acherons had First Guardian Powers? No wonder John called for them all to be here.

Jake and Karkat arrived minutes later, managing to make a path from the entrance of the mall however...

"That fucking rift is still open?!" Karkat growled as he blocked an attack from an imp that thankfully didn't have all four prototypings. True to his word, the rift that had opened in the plaza was still there and Underlings were still coming out but at random intervals.

"We need to close that pronto, but what can we do?!" Jake asked into the communicator, shooting away at the Underlings all the while looking out for civilians, "Duck" He shouted as he aimed at a teen boy around his age, he had black hair and tan skin, he wore a black shirt with a red symbol of some kind of 'X' on his chest while wearing grey jeans, the boy jerked but

obeyed, crouching low to the ground and whimpering as Jake quickly laid waste to the imps that tried to ambush him.

"Are you alright there chum?" He knelt by him, helping him up.

The teen nodded vigorously, "I-I am, thank you!" He said, smiling nervously but gratefully.

"Xefros!" A black haired and pale skinned girl with green lips shouted, she wore a green vest with a white long-sleeved undershirt and a jade green tie as well, she nearly tripped with her long green skirt but she was determined to reach them.

'Xefros' seemed relieved to see her before that worry turned to fear, "*Lynera watch out!*" He screamed as an Acheron appeared behind her, sword at the ready. 'Lynera' whirled around with terror in her eyes, as the Acheron swung its sword down. She closed her eyes on instinct and braced herself...

*Clang*

Lynera opened her eyes and her eyes widened as she saw the hero *Blood*, standing over her and stopping the Acheron's sword with a pair of red sickles. "What are you sitting on your ass for? Get the hell away from here!" Karkat barked to her, struggling against the unusually strong Acheron that sparked with First Guardian powers.

Lynera jolted and scrambled away, Xefros was quick to go to her side and help her up as Karkat pushed the Acheron away, "Hope!" Karkat ordered and wordlessly Jake was by his side glowing with power as Karkat started glowing as well.

Xefros and Lynera were quick to run away to safer grounds, meeting up with the rest of their teammates later on and with Dammek who demanded to know if they were okay. Their report about their day at the mall was going to be an interesting one.

"Hope's right we need to get that portal shut but how?" John questioned as they gathered at the plaza minutes later, the rift still going on strong. They

had managed to prevent most of the other imps from getting to anywhere else from the rest of the mall, however they were having trouble in completely finishing off every imp since the rift was still spitting out imps like no tomorrow at random times of the fight, not to mention the Acherons that had Bec's powers... Karkat and Jake had dealt with one, managing to corner it alone after it tried to attack a random civilian.

John had taken care of the Uranium imp from before and there didn't seem to be any more imps with the full prototyping but at the rate the rift was going, they were surprised that there hadn't been another one.

Roxy grunted as she kicked away an imp, hitting another one away, she had put away her rifles and went at the imps using hand-to-hand combat. Sniping imps was fun and all but she liked up close and personal as well. "I don't know but we should think of something fast, we may be God Tier but we don't have unlimited stamina! I don't at least." She panted, she had already been tired even without the fight that day, she had been up all night finishing up on setting the computer-system at their base, she had started a few days ago, as well as setting up firewalls to the private server she had created yesterday.

John panted lightly as he nodded in agreement, dodging a sword and smashing an imp into another with his warhammer, she was right. Their staminas had increased because of their time in the game and their training but it wasn't infinite, usually their fights didn't take long but at the rate the rift was going, it was only a matter of time before they got very tired.

John thought quickly, flying above the rift and he quickly formulated a plan, a shoddy one but it was what he had to work with at the moment since neither he or the others had anything else to work with.

"Time I need you to stop the rift from spewing anymore imps, Hope, Blood, keep the imps from going anywhere else and Void, think you can seal it away with void-y powers?" He asked, *'This might've been easier if they had a Space Player with them, Kanaya maybe because she was a Sylph? Porrim was a Maid wasn't she? Jade could also help since she's a Witch bu-- okay that's enough, we can do this on our own, they're alright and we're okay.'* John thought as he batted away more imps, they didn't need the other's help;

they were fine on their own, they didn't need to bother the others or take away their normal lives for this, it was only a handful of Acherons and a butt-load of imps and nothing more. They could do this.

Even then he kind of doubted they could do anything since they were 'normal' in this universe, no powers, no sylladexes, no Go Tier immortality, no memories...

Roxy's answer jolted him out of his inner thoughts and inwardly he berated himself for doing that since he was in the middle of something important, like fighting, "I think? I dunno, but I can certainly try!" She said determinedly, she didn't want this to continue and wanted really badly to go home and sleep for the next week or so.

"Good, Time?"

Dave grunted, looking at the rift, "I can stop it but not for long and definitely not forever so Void's gonna have to work as fast as she can because freezing the time for that thing is not a good idea as far as I can tell, who knows how it's gonna react to my time shit." He told them as he dunked a bunch of imps into one of the indoor fountains of the plaza, grist floating in it afterwards.

Karkat grunted, snarling as he lashed out before talking through the comm, "And what of the fucktards that have the First Guardian's power? Breath said there were others didn't he? Hope and I only dealt with one so far." He reminded them, frowning heavily beneath his mask.

John answered him, "First we deal with the portal and then deal with the Acherons, I don't want that thing spitting out anymore imps or anything with Bec's prototyping. I'll try and locate them though and at least either subdue them or corral them to the plaza." Karkat grunted at that, "In the meanwhile you guys go with the plan, I'll go look for them right now and make sure everyone in the mall is safe!" He said, no, practically *ordered* as their leader.

"Right!" They responded.

---

Jack could feel his heart beating out of his chest as he and his brother were cornered by a pair of nasty looking 'Underlings' as Breath had revealed earlier on, they were glowing an ominous green and crackling with unrefined energy that practically screamed dangerous to the touch while brandishing their swords which they *took* from *out of their chests*.

As much as he was worrying for his brother and Jane, who was whimpering and clinging close to the both of them, he couldn't help but worry for his own offspring, for John who they had separated from in the chaos of things and had tried to find desperately as the mall was a soon to be battleground that they had no place in. He could only hope that his son was safe somewhere and that he was away from the heart of the battle that was in the plaza where he heard the heroes had finally arrived.

They had been trying to find John after things seemed to have calmed down somewhat, no Underlings going after them when out of nowhere these two creatures appeared and cornered them. Both he and Joe stood on firm grounds, ready to fight if it means for the possibility they could survive or at least save Jane and the other, but as strong and talented as they were in boxing, they had both taken it in their youth and made sure to stay in shape and refine their skill even in their lives as normal gentlemanly fathers, they doubted they could take head on these- these, *powerful abominations*.

He took in a deep breath and he faintly hears Joe gulp all the while making sure Jane was behind them both, quietly reassuring her that things were going to be okay, that they were going to be okay and that John was okay and they were all going to have cake afterwards. James smiled and decided that they *would* have cake afterwards, a big blue cake, a big blue cake with different layers of flavor, one chocolate, one vanilla, one strawberry, maybe even velvet, yes, that was a nice thought.

The brutes grinned nastily, swords at the ready and both he and Joe tensed, fists high in the air as they both took guard while Jane pressed herself against the wall, biting her lip and looking on with a sense of helplessness that she *abhorred*. She had to do something. She *had* to, her father and uncle were willing to try and give their lives if it meant either she or even

John if he was present at the moment, could live! And speaking of John, she hoped he was okay, her cousin had already somehow survived through one attack even though he wasn't as involved *then* as to *now* seeing as he was in the house that wasn't touched but... She could see how terrified John could have been back then at this feeling. A faint static sound fluttered in her head.

***Fight.***

What could she do?

~~***Fight, we became strong didn't we? You have to wake up. Remember!***~~

She was just a normal girl who loved to bake!

~~***No you aren't, we're much more than that Jane.***~~

She couldn't do anything.

~~***Wake up Jane.***~~

She was only Jane Crocker, daughter to Joe Crocker, no one special.

~~***Jane, wake up, listen to me we are more than that, you know this. Remember how strong we are! How strong we became!***~~

Jane was near hyperventilating, feeling something to near painful in her chest.

~~***Wake up Jane, wake us up if you want to live.***~~

She *screamed* as the crackling green creatures pounced, swords up in the air and ready to hit-- ***she felt something beginning to burn in her chest --***

~~***Yes, that's it--!***~~

Only to stop as a certain figure appeared in a gust of great wind, slamming into one of the creature's sides and inadvertently slamming them *both* into the other creature's side. The pain in her chest died as she felt immense

relief at the sight of the hero Breath, standing over the stunned creatures, great colorful hammer clutched in his hand in a tight grip.

~~No! J@&^ I was so close you idiot, let me help! Let us help, wake us up!~~

"Don't you dare touch them." Breath growled darkly, glowing deep blue as his windsock whipped around as the air around him began to simultaneously heat up and spin around the angry hero. Why was he angry?

She didn't have time to wonder as quickly Joe grabbed her and protectively held her in his arms, both of them along with Jack moved back as Breath began to attack the creatures, switching from one hammer to another somehow, she didn't know how but the hammers he kept switching between would disappear and reappear in his hands on a whim as he fought the two creatures that tried to do them harm.

Breath growled in anger and frustration as he managed to get rid of one of the Underlings but the other one seemed to have teleported away, "Dammit!" He huffed in anger, hammer disappearing from his grip as his fists curled and clenched. He seemed to perk and turned to them, asking in concern, "Are you guys okay?"

Jack and Joe shared a look as Breath came closer, "Yes thank you." James said earnestly before frowning as he looked *down* to Breath. The hero wasn't as tall as he was, he was about the same height as his son! He seemed so... small looking down to the hero and he felt his fatherly instincts rise up as he sees how ruffled Breath was, he knew that the heroes were around his son's age if a bit older or maybe even *younger* and that, that just didn't seem alright!

Breath shuffled uncomfortably as he kept looking and observing the other and that just made him frown more, fatherly instincts rising even higher and he knew Joe was just the same as he and Jane looked over the hero.

"That's good, anyway um, you three should find somewhere safer to stay until this is all over. Bye!" He said, lifting into the air but just before he



could either fly away or flash into wind or whatever Jack stopped him.

"Wait! Before you go, can you find my son John? He's a teenager like you, we got separated in the mayhem but he's still out there and we can't seem to find him. Please, make sure he's safe." The father pleaded, Breath stilled before nodding and Jane was sure he was smiling reassuringly underneath his mask.

"Don't worry, I'm sure he's fine, he's probably hiding somewhere and waiting things out, something you three should really do but again don't worry. I'll find him and keep him safe, I promise." He said with genuine conviction that had the three of them smiling.

They nodded in gratitude, "Thank you." Jane said with a bright and relieved smile that was mirrored by the twin fathers.

Breathe waved it off before greeting farewell and dispersing into wind once again, presumably off to chase after the creature that escaped.

Jane watched him go and rubbed her chest, finding the pain gone but something else was slightly bothering her as she and her family ran to find a place to hide, she couldn't put her finger on it as she ran with them. The static that filled her head were gone though.

~~**J@#n you idiot...**~~

...

And so she slept on while running.

---

"Phew! That was close." John sighed in relief, glad he made it in time to save his dad, Jane and Uncle Joe from the Acheron bastards, he managed to get one of them but the other teleported away before he could finish him off.

He would make the other *pay* for trying to hurt his family, for aiming their *swords* at his Dad--

***Bleeding on the floor, he was dead Dad was dead he was deaddeaddeadDeaDDEAD***

-- John paused in the air, panting as his heart pounded in his chest. He was fine, Dad was fine, he saved them, him before they ~~—jACK—~~ stuck their sword through them. Everything was fine, he just needed to focus...

One peek at his family wouldn't hurt, to make sure they were really okay and not in danger again.

John breathed deeply before closing his eyes, form glowing slightly as he *listened* to the *Breeze*.

He *listened*, it fed him bits of information, how everyone in the mall was alright and more importantly how his family was alright and in hiding. He sighed in relief, accidentally letting his guard down-

***A sword ran through his chest.***

Fuck.

"Shit." Was all he uttered as he died for the first time in this universe.

Underneath, Rufioh, Meulin and Aranea could only watch in horror as he fell.

Thankfully Karkat was around and managed to catch him as an Acheron, the same one that escaped from John, cackled in victory above.

Karkat cursed, "Way to go E-Breath! You just had to let your fucking guard down!" He snarled, hefting the corpse but urging to go back into the fight. Instinctively he knew that John's death was not *Heroic* and like hell it was going to be *Just*, he was going to revive, so he shoved down his panic and frantically looked for a place for John to stay safe until he could come back.

Karkat raged before looking down and tensed as he saw them, Rufioh, Meulin and Aranea -*where was Kankri he was suppose to be at the mall today hopefully he's okay-*, underneath the stairs and behind the big pots, he

looked at the swarm of powerful underlings, *weren't Dave and Roxy dealing with the rift?!* before to them and growled, he flew down, kneeling in front of them as he sets Breath on the ground. "I need you three to do me a favor and keep an eye on this idiot, just for a bit." Was all he said, *ordered*, before he was back into the fray, muttering something but 'not a heroic death' which made *no* sense as he left the corpse of his comrade with the three frozen civilians.

"Where's J-Breath? What happened?" Dave demanded as Karkat rejoined them, snarling as he dragged with him the Acheron that stabbed John.

"Indisposed for a bit, he's fucking fine or he will be. Right now, why the fuck is that rift still going?!" Karkat hissed back, blood rope strangling the Acheron and slamming it down to a group of imps, lowering the health but not necessarily killing it yet.

Dave grunted, "Void's been hit, it's not fatal but it knocked her out for a bit but Hope's with her so she'll be fine."

Karkat groaned, "Of course." He gripped his sickle and *beheaded* the Acheron, smirking smugly as it exploded into grist.

"Now, tell me what's going on with Breath."

Karkat cringed as he hears the tone in Dave's voice, he sighed and silently urged for John to come back sooner.

---

"He just, *He just left him here!*" Aranea shrilled as she looked at the still bleeding corpse of the blue hero.

Meulin was slightly hyperventilating before she shakily exhaled, "*Maybe he's not dead?*" She asked hopefully.

Rufioh bit his lip but looked determined and grabbed Breath's hand, his gut churning as it stayed limp before shaking his head and tugging at the blue sleeve of the hero before laying his fingers over where his pulse was supposed to be, his heart dropped and he felt vomit threaten to rise as he

dropped the hand and mournfully shook his head, "He's dead for real doll." He whispered, hands shaking.

Meulin looked heartbroken, "Are, are you sure?"

"Sure as hell, I'm sorry." He said, more to Breath who laid still forever more.

Aranea growled, but it ended in a whimper, "Blood just, he *left* him here. It was like he doesn't even care his comrade *died*. I know he's a hero and all and that things are still more important things going on but *Breath just died*, and he just dumps him on us and goes on like nothing happened!" She ranted, her first experience with death was not going well.

*Tick.*

Suddenly the Scorpio stilled, as if she heard something. "Wait, do you hear that?" She asked, turning to look at them.

*Tock.*

Both Meulin and Rufioh stared at her in concern and confusion, had the situation been different she would have sarcastically thrown back '*No Aranea, I can't hear anything*' but right now, she only stared at her with wide teary eyes.

*Tick.*

She narrowed her eyes, "But I... *There!* I hear it, can't you?! It sounds like... a clock, it's... ticking..." She trailed off, biting her lip, wondering if she was finally losing her mind.

*Tock.*

Rufioh sighed and opened his mouth to respond only to pause and narrow his eyes before they widened, "No, wait, I-I hear it too!" He says all of a sudden while he looked at them both.

*Tick.*

Meulin gave him a look before she tilted her head and her eyes widened, "I can, but I'm, *I'm deaf why am I hearing that?*" She cried out. *Tock.*

Suddenly a glow caught their attention, leading their eyes back to the body they had turned their backs on. It was starting to glow a myriad of colors, the ticking and tocking in their ears grew louder and louder as the body began to float. Aranea fell back, gasping in awe with Rufioh and Meulin, huddling close to them as a colorful star-like flame engulfed the body.

*DING.*

The ticking turned to a grandfather clock's ring.

*DONG.*

The body floated up right and the blood that was dripping turned into starry rainbow flame, the body slouched forward as it slowly floated back down and was standing on its feet. Right before it ended there was a big explosion, a sound and movement that left the ground shaking as Breath's flaming body was floating back down, the three teens yelped and clung to each other even more as they *heard* something.

*Undetermined.*

A voice whispered as the sound in their ears died as soon as the flames did, revealing Breath, alive and well, the wound in his chest gone and he was no longer bleeding.

"Wha..." Breath groaned as he stood straighter only to freeze at the sight of the three teens huddling away from him with wide eyes. "What?" He blurted out in confusion as he looked at them, hand scratching at his covered head. He looked over them though he seemed to freeze at the sight of Aranea.

He stayed silent before awkwardly laughing, "Uumm... So uh, thanks for watching over me I guess?" He faintly remembers Karkat catching him but he wasn't around, he probably left him with them but...

"You, *you were dead*." Aranea gaped.

Breath shrugged, "Now I'm not." He snarked before bowing his head, "A-Anyway, I need to go, thanks again I guess but I need to help Da-Time and the others. Bye." He said before dispersing into wind and disappearing.

The three of them didn't know how to react, they sat there frozen until the end of the fight and until Meenah and the others managed to find them.

---

"He *what?*!" Dave snarled, impaling a bunch of imps on his swords.

"He got stabbed in the back and now he's dead, it's not a heroic death though that I'm sure. You'll see he'll be back in a while." Karkat responded, grunting as he kicked away an imp and slashed at another, both Knights were now in the plaza taking on the rest of the Acherons that appeared above them and seemed to be orchestrating an attempt against the both of them.

It failed as the two Knights powered through them and were gradually picking the Acherons one by one, soon enough Roxy was back in the fray with a bruised head but an angry and determined look on her face as Jake followed her guns-blazing.

"J *what?*!" Roxy shrieked as she heard Karkat as she came barging in, drop kicking a bunch of imps while seamlessly flipping back on her feet. "Knight of Fucking Blood what did you just say?" Roxy demanded, heart hammering as breathed in quickly in anger as she raised her clenched fists.

"FUCKIN! Goddamn it L-Rogue of Void, okay, you know what? Screw it! Use that anger and wail on the imps and not fucking me! John's fine, he'll be back in a second but we need to close that rift now!" Karkat barked angrily, but Jake and Dave could hear the slight terror as the Lalonde growled at him before launching herself to the imps.

Karkat breathed in deeply and gulped, "Remind me *never* to get on her fucking bad side." He told them as they paused from their own fights to

watch Roxy mow through the imps and practically punching them into grist with her bare hands.

"Agreed." Jake responded before headshotting a weak two-prototyped imp.

Dave only smirked and grinned, "That's my girl."

"Time, rif.t"

"Wha-oh right sorry."

Dave leaped after Roxy, reminding her of John's original plan.

Dave slipped past most of the imps around the rift that was *still* dishing out imps, but thankfully no more imps or Underlings that had Bec's prototyping.

When Dave finally managed to get to the rift and was close enough to freeze it and the area around it, he nearly buckled at the amount of energy he was expending, "V-Void you better hurry cause this thing's a bitch to freeze! Hurry and close the gogdamn door!" Dave practically *screamed*, feeling his hands beginning to numb as red veins were surging underneath.

Turns out freezing the time around a dimensional and powerful rift was energy-zapping for a Knight of Time who was not really equipped or ready to freeze the time of something so powerful and full of energy. It was as if he could *feel* the electricity of the Green Sun numbing his hands and nervous system.

Roxy sent him a worried look before glowing bright in determination, "On it!" She yelled before throwing herself at the rift, dodging and kicking an imp trying to jump her and using the frozen imps in the air as stepping stones to get nearer, her pupils underneath her mask disappearing as she focused her Void powers to do *something* on the rift.

She wasn't a Space player, she was a Void player and a *Rouge* at that. As she touched the frozen rift she could *feel* some kind of Void beyond its

seams and the *power* of the Green fucking Sun lining the portal walls that seemed to destabilize at her touch.

Just as the power of the rift *closed*, knocking Roxy and Dave away from it, Roxy thankfully being caught by Karkat but Dave was less fortunate and solidly hit the stairs. A voice in their heads whispered.

*Undetermined.*

Somehow, *somehow* they knew it was connected to John and though they were both in pain, Dave moreso than Roxy, they both sighed in relief, though Dave actually wheezed and let out a wet cough.

"Time!" There he was, John appearing right above Time and settling beside him, cradling him close as quickly and gently as he could, "Oh no, are you okay?!" John asked, his unsteady mind and thoughts wiped away the instant he sees Dave on the stairwell in pain.

Dave groaned as he was moved but grinned weakly at the sight of John, alive and unharmed, "There, you... fucking are Eg-B-Breath, was fucking... worried 'bout y'er dumb... ass..." He said weakly.

John panicked, "Don't talk! We, we need to head back, now, I, but." He looked conflicted, looking around seeing the mess, the rest of the imps and the amount of grist left that they hadn't picked up yet.

Karkat cursed, quickly at their side, "We need to get him in the healing coons."

Before John could say anything or even protest both Jake and Roxy were there, Roxy hanging on to Jake but looking relatively better than Dave. "Go windy-boy, we got this, jus' leave it to Hope 'n me, I'm fine I say." She reassured, managing to get off of Jake and stand on her own, she winced but stood strong and was determined for them to leave.

Karkat snorted, "Oh no fuckin' you don't you are *not* staying here like this Void, you are gogdamn coming with us and we are going to get you in motherfucking a healing coon as well. Leader's orders." He was still co-



leader dammit! John usually took the reigns, and wasn't that a surprise? No? Alright, but he still made orders and were adamant of them getting fulfilled.

"I'll stay here, I can take care of the rest by myself and get the remaining grist. You lot go back to the infirmary and get healed, I can do this by myself so don't wo--" Jake was cut off as all of a sudden a few red cogs appeared from away from them, Future Daves appeared and starting to take care of the remaining imps and gathering grist. "Or, well, yeah." Jake finished lamely.

Dave huffed painfully, "Bout fuc...king time... man, where the... fuck were... you shits when... I... needed you." he asked the nearest Dave who stopped and shrugged at him, "Fuckin... figures..." His breathing slowed and that made John panic again and even more.

"No no no, stay awake D-Time, you need to stay awake come on." He demanded, his tone wavering as he grabbed at Dave, wincing as he only made Dave groan.

Karkat grabbed unto Roxy who protested, "Come on, Hope and Future Time/s can deal with the rest. We need to get them to the healing coons." The Knight commanded before wrapping Roxy's arm around his neck and supporting her before disappearing in a dark red light.

John bit his lip but nodded, taking Dave bridal style before they *both* dispersed into wind.

Jake and the other Daves watched them leave before continuing their work, they needed to get this over with rejoin their group as fast as they could. Though they made sure to check on the rest of the people who had hid during the battle, but they left as soon as they could.

As they did, within an empty part of the mall, two people appeared on in a red cog, Dave kissed John on the forehead before disappearing in a red cog.

John reunited with his family with no problems, lying to their faces as his heart thudded almost painfully in his chest as he recalled how things went after they had gotten to the base.

Underneath the stairs, three teens were found by their friends and they were quick to tell the others on what they knew.

Later on two undercover-aliens reported on what they experienced.

---

She inhaled and exhaled before looking at her beloved friend.

"And you're *shore*, they're on Earth and no other planet?"

Her friend smiled, nodding underneath their black hood.

"I am quite sure my dear friend, they, along with a group of other very important beings are on Earth. I am, as you put it, quite *shore* about it." She giggled.

They shared a smile before the monarch bowed and left, leaving the other to muse in silence.

"I'm sure they're there... Hopefully we find them first before *he* finds them. But fortunately, we have the upper hand."

"Check, my friends move forward."

## Chapter End Notes

A lot has happened in this chapter, and a lot is coming! You know how in the summary the Condesce is coming? She's still coming, even though she's already there in a sense since Ondine but she's coming and she's *pissed* but that's not for a good while.

Also yeah. This was much later than I intended but it's finally out and it's a long chapter, I'm satisfied with it.

Anyway:

The troll side is a much bigger thing than you'd expect.

Something's up with Jane.

John died but he's alright.

Rufioh, Aranea and Meulin are traumatized.

Roxy and Dave are hurt badly and they're finally using the 'Healing

Coons' ~~those are going to be so much fun to use by the way, somewhat spoiler ish? I think anyway, they'll be as fun as Karkat's self-inflicted scars. ;]~~

And something's up at the end, I wonder who they were????

*)(MMMMMMMMMMMMMM??? i wonder what's going on here Under all this madnes?????*

# Pawn and Queen (1)

## Chapter Summary

Dave and Roxy are hurt but they heal.

Aranea gets a suspicious headache.

Xefros meets Aradia and basically freaks out.

## Chapter Notes

Whoop! Chapter 17 everyone! One chapter closer to more madness and mayhem!

Man, this chapter was a bit of a hard one to work on and lately I've been suffering from **Writer's Block**. At any rate though, I hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Karkat grunted as he and John appeared in their base, feeling drained and tired but he and John had to focus on healing Roxy and Dave.

As quickly as he and John could, they took both blondes towards the newly established and slightly equipped Infirmary of their base.

It was stock with bandages and some medicine but at best they could only do First Aid, they weren't really healers and they could only rely on their basic knowledge to patch themselves up or learn from the internet. Karkat planned to fix that with the help of Sopor Slime.

It was an incredibly good healing way, but the problem with Sopor Slime was the fact it needed to be filtered from time to time and they only had a limited amount, granted it was slowly being solved, they couldn't just use most of their grist on the slime despite it being valuable. And again, they

needed to filter the slime they already had, which was hard to do since they didn't have a recuperacoon.

Karkat knew how to filter slime, any troll worth their shit could do it since it was *their* recuperacoon and it was their responsibility to filter it after a few days or so. Though he found it hard to filter the slime he had without the necessary equipment, which drove him to Roxy and the both of them set to making something that could filter sopor.

It wasn't as good as a troll coon but it would do for measly humans like them, not to mention they *were* working with cheap, diluted slime rather than the pure and possibly more effective? Classic troll slime.

At any rate, the old giant glass tubes that were settling in the dust in the labs were reused to contain the slime and both he and Roxy managed to suit approximately two tubes with the equipment to filter slime from time to time, though at some point the filtered slime would have to be replaced after some time since with each filter it would only dilute the slime even further in the process of cleaning it.

Though this would be the first test they would have to have someone completely submerged in the healing 'coon' as Karkat dubbed them even though they were tubes/tanks.

"Hold on. Set them down for a minute, we need to get the healing coons open first." Karkat barked as he gently set Roxy on a nearby chair, he made a mental note to either alchemize or steal a hospital bed at some point so they could have a place to lay an injured person in.

Their Infirmary was approximately four rooms, with two rooms on top of each other merged into one, the tubes were gigantic and could easily fit a human adult and possibly a troll with smaller horn like he used to have, a troll with big horns however would find trouble in fitting in the healing coons comfortably, someone with horns like old Troll Tavros wouldn't even be able to *get in* the tube.

It was sparse, with a few tables and chairs around the four primary healing tubes that were moved into the room. Though only two were fully

functional, supposedly. Again, they hadn't really tested it fully but they had no other choice if they wanted Dave and Roxy to heal without the risk of dying or the risk of time, even though Dave was a time player, each time jump obviously costed him energy; time tables or not.

Not to mention he usually tries to keep the time and somewhat space continuum from messing up as he told them before.

Karkat and John flew to the top of the tube, iridescent and seemingly glowing with all of the sopor slime and the inner lightbulbs within the tube. The top was a hatch that was easily opened, though if you couldn't fly it was hard to access since there was no other way to get to the top or get it open without breaking the glass.

As soon as the hatches opened, both heroes were quick but gentle in getting both Dave and Roxy. Both panting heavily and struggling to stay awake. "We need to strip their godhoods if we want them to heal faster, direct skin contact with slime is faster." Karkat informed John, he grimaced and sent John a apologetic look as he began to take Roxy's bloody but mended god tier clothes off of her, stripping her to her underwear refusing to go farther than that.

John blinked but gave Karkat a reassuring smile as he himself began to strip Dave of his god tier clothing, "Alright, I trust you." John replied as he did so and leaving Dave in his boxers, grimacing as he saw the extent of Dave's wounds. He wasn't a healer but he could recognize the signs for internal bleeding, a concussed head, not to mention broken ribs. John gasped as he took in Dave's chest, seeing the Time Aspect clear on Dave's chest, pulsing quickly like a heartbeat and spreading red veins all over the red-eyed teen's torso.

Karkat was stunned when he found the same thing on Roxy's chest, the Void Aspect pulsing brightly and dark blueish veins crawling all over the place. "Not good, we need to get them into the coons." He urged, gently taking Roxy into his arms, wincing as he saw the burns on both her and Dave's hands.

The rift *had* been connected with the Green Sun as they found out later from the two after their initial recovery, closing a rift like that wasn't easy. A regular rift would have been far easier, and maybe less destructive.

John hesitated as he hovered above the coon, Dave groaning and barely conscious in his gently but firm grip. "Wait, how are they going to breathe?" John questioned as he looked anxiously at the slightly bubbling slime, via the crude but functional filtration system they managed to create.

Karkat cursed before searching in his sylladex, grunting as he pulled out two devices and tossing one at John who caught it with his windy powers, "Use that, strap it to his mouth." Karkat ordered as he strapped some kind of breathing mask to Roxy's mouth.

It was pale green in color and was only restricted to the mouth.

"I modified the code from Jake's Gas Mask, it *should* work with sopor slime." Karkat informed him as he gradually began to lower Roxy into the healing coon. "Hurry, Strider over there doesn't look too good."

John hurried, strapping the breathing mask to Dave's face before slowly dipping Dave completely into the tank.

"Seal the coon."

They both closed the hatches, sealing it before floating down and standing before the two healing tanks.

Both blondes were floating in the middle of the tube, the slime already tainting slightly with blood and coloring the slime and turning into small blobs and bubbles in the tank. The filtration kicked in and gradually the globs of blood were sucked into the lower region and through the floor of the tank, or coon as Karkat insisted.

John felt fidgety and anxious as he watched his moirails and boyfriend bob slightly in the slime, hair afloat and chests still pulsing with their Aspect practically tattooed into the skin along with the concerning veins. "How do

we know when they'll be completely healed?" He asked nervously, laying a hand against the thick base of the tank.

Karkat sighed, tiredly sitting on a chair nearby, "No fucking idea, Roxy and I haven't exactly got it all fucking down. We managed to get a filtration system up and the slime in and going but we haven't put a fucking observation console yet. That was the next on our list." He admitted, frowning as he watched them both, observing how the bruises and still open wounds knitting together and healing.

"The external wounds are healing fast so that's good, but who knows how long it'll take to heal them internally, not to mention those burns, the weird as hell Aspect thing on their chests and the fucking veins connected to it." Karkat grimaced, watching the burns healing, which was admittedly slower than the other wounds and injuries.

"Oh..."

John sat beside him, Karkat shifted but then noticeably winced as he remembered *his* injuries. "Shit." He hissed as he pressed a gentle hand against his side.

John, the ever-concerned friendleader, was by his side. "You okay there Karkat?"

Karkat huffed, "I'm fine, just get me a fucking first aid kit." He snapped, already taking his shirt off to asses his injuries. John nodded, grateful that they stocked up on *some* medical supplies. It wasn't much compared to hospitals and other proper infirmaries but it would do until they got more serious things and made their base into a much more proper base.

They were still trying to figure out which room was which and what to assign to each room!

Jake soon joined them after, coming in as John helped dress Karkat's injuries. Karkat was quick to pounce at him with concern disguised thinly with aggression as he sees the bruise on Jake's face.



John laughed as he watched Karkat fuss over Jake who insisted that he was 'quite alright' despite the darkening bruise on his face. Though he succumbed to Karkat's concern fast and ended up underneath the Blood player's care.

The Breath player smiled before it slipped as he turned to look at both Roxy and Dave.

He hoped they would be okay.

---

Aranea didn't know what to do after what happened.

Their friends found them shortly after the attack, showering them with concern, the adults were that and more.

Her mother was simultaneously spitting curses and comfort to the her eldest daughter, who was relatively quiet as she was lead back home and practically barricaded herself in her room.

Both Vriska and her mother stopped by but let her be as she requested.

She...

Needed some time to think.

Ever since Breath's... 'revival', she had... some kind of headache, possibly a stressed induced migraine.

The sound of that... that clock. The sound of the ticks and the tocks and the whispers in her head...

*Undetermined*

It circled in her thoughts.

It sounded familiar, it *felt* familiar.

But...

Tick  
Tock

*No*

Tick  
Tock

*NO I H8D 8T*

Tick  
Tock

*Why d8dn't 8t work?!*

Tick  
Tock

**Just**

Aranea groaned, clutching her head in pain as her head pulsed.

It was all... too fuzzy...

Later on, when Moira entered Aranea's room when she didn't answer her call for dinner, she found her eldest asleep on her bed, looking exhausted.

Moira sighed as she sat on the edge of Aranea's bed, frowning as she observed her daughter's tired sleep. She must have been stressed and scared witless during the invasion at the mall, she, Meulin and Rufioh were quite silent in the aftermath, worrying family and friend alike as they seemed to be holding themselves to their rooms.

But both Rufioh and Meulin seemed to have gotten better, Aranea on the other hand...

She seemed closed off...

The woman huffed before properly tucking her in, draping her blanket over her sleeping form before leaving the room. Unknown of the cerulean glow of her eyes that vanished as she went downstairs to eat dinner with her youngest.

Meanwhile, Aranea panted lightly as she curled underneath the blanket.

~~**Aranea...**~~

Aranea groaned, a cerulean glow coming from underneath her eyelids and a yellow light escaped her chest, travelling to her back.

~~**Listen ge... K@rk@7... get him... wake...**~~

The teen panted as the Light Aspect formed on her back, pulsing gently in time as her heartbeat. Groaning in pain as the Aspect seemed to *sear* itself to her back.

~~**Before... late...**~~

Aranea gasped as she abruptly sat awake, the whispers of her dream fading in her head but the sense of something foreboding lingers within her, causing to tense and shiver.

~~**... Don't r... trusti... in Jake...**~~

---

Xefros sighed as he wandered around, looking at his surroundings and enjoying his day off. Currently he was in a park, it was a little different from the parks he'd been to back on his home planet but it wasn't that different.

It had been a few days since the attack of the mall, how he and Lynera experienced at first hand the dangers of the mysterious attacks from the 'imps' and personally 'meeting' two of the supposedly 'human' heroes. Blood and Hope.

He and Lynera ended up hiding in a nearby store with a few other humans, the entrance blocked with various furniture as they awaited for the attack to be dealt with, to be over as soon as possible and hope that no one was fatally injured in the process.

In the end, there were no serious injuries. A few cuts, some bruises, the worst injury was a twisted ankle that was made from running down the stairs from an imp. A miraculous thing given the fact the mall was overrun by those hellish things but it turned out that humans could make a good fight against anything that threatened them. Of course that wasn't saying that they could handle the entire attack on their own without actual support or weapons like the heroes had but they did stand their ground.

Not to mention they doubted they could have closed the rift like Time and Void did.

How did they know the two heroes closed the mysterious and *very* dangerous rip of time and space?

Well, someone leaked the mall's security feeds to the internet. Currently it was *every where* and every one was talking about the video footage that they've watched, or what was revealed anyway. Turns out the security feeds were somewhat corrupted and they couldn't get *everything* on the feed, something about the strange imps that were flashing bright green creating some kind of interference with the security cameras.

They could barely watch ending fight where Time and Void were struggling to close the rift, which pretty much short circuited the feed and causing technological problems to every device in a mile radius. Reaching the news cameras that were outside the mall and reporting on the situation, though they didn't know how everyone was inside until the battle was over.

Surprisingly enough, it was only Hope and Time that were spotted in the end and... Time could apparently make *clones* of himself.

There was speculation since there were some times where a few people saw Time in one place but then in another but it was then *confirmed* as a Time clone appeared from a red cog in the vicinity of the people and in the end

every 'clone' disappeared in the same red cog. Both Hope and Time were quick to disappear as always, and Breath was not around to answer a question or anything.

There was confirmation that all five heroes were seen but everyone was questioning why only Time and Hope were seen at the end, the security feed didn't help since it cut out the moment Void and Time were batted away from the blast of closing the rift.

Anyway, after the attack, the two disguised trolls were quick to meet up with the rest of their team who were awaiting for them at the outside since it was only Xefros and Lynera who were trapped within the mall and couldn't escape till the end.

Dammek had been so very protective since it happened, trying to keep the rustblood near him at all costs to the point Xefros *nearly* snapped and papped his moirail into submission. Which was a rare event, it took threatening to shoosh and pap Dammek useless for the brownblood to leave him alone on his day off today. Much to Dammek's dismay and to the rest's amusement.

"Xefros!"

Xefros blinked, turning to look who had called his name before smiling as he saw who it was. "Diemen!" He called back, waving a hand in greeting as his fellow rustblood in disguise.

Xefros' own disguise was a simple one, light brown skin, greyish black eyes and he kept his black hair since having otherwise just felt weird and uncomfortable to him. Having no horns was already very weird to him but having different colored hair just kinda toed the line, maybe in the future he'd change to brown or something, actually that was a thought; changing his hair color to the color of his moirail. It would no doubt please his Tetrarch, but that was an idea for another time.

Diemen didn't look any different as a human besides the hornless and different colored skin. His eyes were obscured by his long bangs that somehow didn't hinder Diemen's movement as he weaved through the

passing humans almost gracefully as he came from the direction from one of the local 'hotdog stands'.

Almost being a keyword as he almost falls over when he gets to Xefros, but thankfully he was near enough for the Ariborn to prevent him from completely falling over.

Diemen was also part of Galekh Xigisi's squad, joining his moirail Skylla, who he heard was enjoying Earth and it's vast animal specie and more.

"Thanks man, I didn't want to waste these awesome *hotdogs*." Diemen told him with a thankful grin as he stood upright, a human product called 'hotdog' in each of his hands. "Aren't they *awesome*? Kind of easier to say than 'oblong meat product'." Diemen laughed before taking a big bite to one hotdog. He chewed before blinking and offering Xefros the other, uneaten hotdog, letting out an inquisitive noise.

Xefros shook his head, declining the offered food. He already had a good breakfast.

"How are you Xefros?" Diemen asked after they both sat down at a bench nearby, both rustbloods catching up.

Xefros sighed, "Dammek's been overprotective ever since the mall attack."

Diemen nearly choked, "Wait, you were *in* the mall when it happened? Woah." He breathed in awe.

"Both Lynera and I were in the mall, Lynera was showing me her favorite spot to read. It was a nice cafe." Xefros told him, recalling on what they were doing before the attack happened. "Soon after, one of those rifts opened in the main part of the mall. Then the imps came spilling in!" He shivered as he remembered how he was separated from Lynera for a bit in the panic. "We were separated a bit and we both almost died from the weird glowing green imps, but the heroes Hope and Blood rescued us." He told him with a bright smile.

Diemen made an awed sound, going as far as to slow his chewing as he listened to his friend.

"We didn't stay for the rest of the battle though, too dangerous and we were risking our cover so we hid with some other people in a shop."

"That must've been simultaneously awesome *and* terrifying." Diemen commented.

"It was." Xefros gave a nervous laugh.

It was then that Xefros took notice to a certain human that was sitting alone on the park's fountain. A part of his thinkpan niggled at him as he more or less just stared at the human, trying to figure out where he once saw her...

"Xefros?" He blinked, shaking his head and turning to Diemen, he gave him an apologetic look.

"Sorry Diemen, I'm just wondering why that human looks so familiar..." He trailed off when it *clicked* in his mind.

"Her!" He gasped in realization.

"Who?"

Xefros took Diemen's hand and hid them behind a tree, before pointing at a certain figure sitting on the end of the park's fountain.

She had fair pale skin and dark black hair typical to a normal troll's, she wore a burgundy shirt with a certain *Aries* sign stitched in black! Something that had Diemen stifling his gasp.

"I remember! She was in Polypa's report, when she claimed she found the True Le and the True Taur!" He whispered to him furiously, "Polypa also thinks *she*," He motioned to one Aradia Megido, reading a book on the edge of the fountain, "Is a True Ar." This time, Diemen *did* let out a gasp out loud, peeking back at her, both hiding behind the tree when Aradia looked around after getting a slight feeling that someone was watching her.

"Do, do you really think she *is*?" Diemen asked as they peeked back at her, "If she *is*, then, then she's related to, to **her**." He said with a tone of excitement. One that Xefros shared as they grinned at each other.

"I don't know but it's a lead!"

Both hidden rustbloods stared intensely at Aradia to the point that she shivered uncomfortably and sneezed at one point, looking around warily.

"She'd be related to *The Excavator*."

---

Dave groaned as he slowly came to consciousness, feeling odd as he felt like he was floating underwater... Hold a fucking minute, *oh shit he was floating underwater!* He thought a frantic moment as he noticed himself submerged in- well, it wasn't *water* he realized as he squinted through the green tinted liquid, which was fairly heavier, probably a little pressured? And a bit harder to swim in than regular water. Noticing that he was wearing some kind of breathing gas mask on his face, he opted out on the decision to fiddle with the only device that was providing him with a source of air while in...

He was in Karkat's healing tank (*Coon!* His inner Karkat snarled at him as a reminder) he noticed as he looked out into the world outside the tank, which was in the infirmary.

It certainly felt *weird* to the Knight of Time as he floated lightly in the middle of the tank, trying to register his thoughts and figure out why the hell he was even *in* the freaking... Oh, *oh*.

The breathing mask let out a big bursting group of bubbles as he remembered why he was in the coon. He and Roxy had been hurt in the backlash when they were closing the rift, the power of the Green Sun too powerful for them as they tried and succeeded in the end. His eyes widened as he remembered that *Roxy* had been hurt as well! Where was she-- oh, there she was.



She was in a neighboring tank-coon, still unconscious to the world... and in her bra and panty underwear combo. A quick check to his own person revealed that yes, he was also practically naked, thankfully he was still in his boxers so that was good, no Strider dong exposed to the world, that dong was reserved for John after all.

Speaking of John...

"Dave!"

The blonde jerked in surprise as he heard the muffled sound of John's voice coming in pair with the fact John suddenly appeared in front of him, face smushed against the glass of the tank making an entertaining face. "Dave, you're awake!" He cheered through the glass.

'John' He tried to say, but the gas mask muffled his awesome voice and what was barely heard was "J'yon." That had the windy boy laughing.

Apparently his laughing was loud enough to wake Roxy because soon both males heard the sound of glass tapping, they glanced to the side and were happy to see Roxy awake. The pink-eyed blonde seemed to grin underneath the mask and waved enthusiastically at them from her place in her tank.

"Roxy~!" John cheered as he went from Dave's tank to Roxy's, smushing his face against her tank glass as well. Roxy gave a silent and muffled snort at John's face.

Dave knocked on the glass, gaining John's attention again. Dave pointed to the top of his tank, swimming up eyed the hatch that was keeping him inside. They should *totally* add an inner handle so that people inside the tank could actually get out without outside help, or maybe make it automated or something. He took a mental note to tell Roxy this as John got the idea and was quick to opening the hatch.

The hatch swung open and John was helping Dave out of his tank and out unto the ground before flying to let Roxy out of her tank. Dave grimaced at the slime that clung to his skin, his hair, his boxers, *everything*. Though he couldn't help but notice he was feeling *much much **much*** better than he's

ever been since he and the others woke up in this universe, he unlatched the gas mask and took in a deep breath of fresh air, tilting his head so that slime wouldn't slide into his mouth.

Roxy was quick to do the same, gulping in fresh air with a wide smile, "Oh *gog* I feel good!" She groaned pleasantly, stretching lightly, craning her head and rolling her shoulders. "Karkles was right! The slime actually really helps in healing, hell, I feel like a million boonbucks!" She cheered, uncaring in the fact she was in her undies before both John and Dave. They were her moirails, she felt comfortable around them; that and she didn't have the normal level of shame as other people.

John peered at them curiously, "Really? It's that good?" He inquired, watching both blondes stretch. He smiled when both nodded then tugged both of them closer to hug them, uncaring of the slime that was now covering *him* as well. It felt weird but he needed to hug his moirail and boyfriend. He had been *scared* and... he was glad they were better now.

Dave and Roxy were quick to hug him back as tightly and gently as they could. "Hey," Dave murmured, "we're fine. Good as new, no need to worry John." He reassured him, Roxy buried her head against John's neck and whispered encouragement as the windy boy trembled slightly in their grip.

John sniffed before letting go, nodding as he did, "Yeah, yeah I know. I'm just being a crybaby." He joked as he rubbed his eyes a bit.

Roxy smiled then looked around, noticing how empty it was, "Where's Jake and Karkat?" She questioned as she looked around, "In fact, what time is it?" She looked at Dave who frowned, closing his eyes before opening them in shock.

"Dude, it's like--John, why are you here in *one in the morning*?" Dave questioned with a frown. John looked sheepishly at both of them.

"Jake and Karkat went home hours earlier after patching themselves up, I didn't want to leave you guys alone so I stayed behind until you woke up!" He answered honestly, wincing at the disapproving looks they gave him. "Sorry, but I just didn't want to leave you guys." He told them, biting his lip

in apprehension. It was then that they noticed the slight bags underneath his eyes, how he was barely hovering in the air and the heavy tiredness that was settled in his shoulders that was only lightened a little by the fact they woke up.

Roxy shook her head, "John, honey, you need to sleep." She told him softly, pulling him down to the ground as he floated upwards a bit. "Like badly."

"She's right John, you need sleep." As if on cue, the blue-eyed Breath player gave a deep yawn.

John tiredly rubbed his eyes, nodding in defeat since he knew if he tried to protest they'd just gang up on him, "Alright, alright." He said, yawning again at the end.

Roxy hummed as she eyed the tanks, "I'd recommend a slime nap since it's actually pretty good, buut," she trailed off wandering towards the tank and looking at the filtration system, watching it work, "I think we need to give it time to filter cleaner or new slime in. So instead of a luxurious slime sleep, let's get you tucked in a good ole bed." She said with a smile.

Dave agreed, though Karkat was going to have the time of his life saying 'I told you so' to Dave as he would reluctantly admit to the ex-troll that he'd slept better suspended in his stupid sopor slime instead of his bed. He felt better than ever!

John could only agree sleepily, feeling the relief kickstarting his relaxed state and easing him to sleep.

In the end, Roxy appearified a bed for John to sleep in instead of toting the tired Heir to his home which Dave would admit already have another John in his bed since he would no doubt use his time powers to get John back to hours earlier to rejoin his family as planned. They wiped the slime off John's skin before they tucked him in of course since he *did* hug them while they were covered in the stuff, his god clothes just cleaned themselves off as always.

Dave and Roxy showered the slime off within the thankfully working bathrooms that were in the base, and changed into decent clothing. They stood up the rest of the early morning, watching over John as they joined him in the bed that was big enough for the three of them.

Everything went well in the end...

They even got a pleasant surprise a week later during another rift opening.

"Holy shit! Da-Time look!"

"What? Oh, *oh shit*, fuck yes!"

## Chapter End Notes

Finally! Oof, making this chapter was harder than I originally thought but I did it!

Anyway, next chapter, special appearances people! The group's gaining new members! Granted they won't be as active as John and the others are, in fact, they'll be taking care of the base while John and his friends go about their lives.

I'd put in more but right now I'm tired, and frankly I want this chapter up and running.

I hope you guys enjoyed, and stay tuned for the next chapter~

A lot of things are going to happen soon, I can promise you that!

## Pawn and Queen (2)

### Chapter Notes

Dun, dun DUUUUUUUUUUN.

Finally! I got this done! Sorry, I've been experiencing through stuff, writer's block, the pains of life, and a bit of procrastination. It's... Yeah I'm a piece of shit. Anyway, here's Pawn and Queen part 2!

This arc is going to last 3-4 chapters, depends if I can get it working. Hopefully its only 3.

Also if you haven't noticed, I'm putting in a lot of the Extended Zodiac Signs in this story, using it as a structure for Beforus. It's kinda complicated but I'll do my best to have it not so confusing but vague? Yeah, I'm doing my best for everything in the story. I'm half planning it out and half-winging it out. Wish me luck!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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~~Drats! I was so close! If only J@#n hadn't interfered!~~

~~Goddamn it! How long do we have to be here!? D@^# and the others are being idiots and won't wake us up, R0\$#, what do we do?~~

~~We wait and do what we can in here.~~

~~As much as I'd like to disagree, our only option is as Miss Lavender says.~~

~~Is it really all we can do.~~

~~It seems so. Either we have to rely on J@#n and the others, C@77!0p# or even... @r@n3@'s plan.~~

~~Ah yes, the elder spiderbitch who's message was barely heard.~~

~~I'd like to see YOU doing it, it's harder than it looks!!!!!!~~

~~How the hell did you even do that anyway???????~~

~~She had help.~~

~~Why the hell did you help her AA.~~

~~I had to. She'll be important later on.~~

~~はい、非常にインポ=タントです [Yes, very important.]~~

~~Also other me, too polite, not me. でも、少なくとも私はまだ人間としてセクシ=だよ。 [But at least I'm still sexy as a human, goddamn.]~~

~~Well it's a given since 'other you' was raised in a different setting than yourself. Though that leads me to wondering how she would react to meeting you.~~

~~Is anyone else concerned for the fact Moira seems to have remembered Mindfang ever so briefly?~~

~~I totally got it! Well, me and TZ did.~~

~~Why are we even preventing their memories? Wouldn't it be better to let the adults remember?~~

~~No, while we may have partial control over the adult memories of the trolls, we cannot let them remember. It would be too soon and letting them remember would be disastrous. Simply put, they aren't ready yet.~~

**CRACK**

~~Guys, incoming.~~

~~We need to move, they've broken through the barriers.~~

**BOOOM**

~~やっぱり、もう一度! [Goddamn it, not again!]~~

~~HHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHOOHHOOHHOOHHOOHHOOHHOO~~

~~JADE, KANAYA, PORRIM QUICK.~~

~~On it!~~

~~Oh dear, some of them slipped by again!~~

~~Don't worry Tav, J@#n and the others will take care of them. They've been doing a good job so far!~~

~~Wait, isn't that?~~

~~It is. Quick, let them through.~~

~~WHIAT???????? Why them? Why not us?!~~

~~Vr!%k@ we've already tried that, we can't send ourselves remember? Also I very much approve of this plan R0\$#.~~

~~No sign of the big fish yet, only sir creepybass puppet man and his buff daddy version.~~

~~That's good, keep her away for as long as you can.~~

~~Oh no! Some drones got by!~~

~~That's fine, they can deal with the drones on their own.~~

~~A little help please!~~

~~Good luck you two, help them as best as you can.~~

~~HAHAHAHAHAHHOOHHOOHHOOHHOOHHOO YOU CANNOT HOPE TO STOP ME, WHEN I'M ALREADY THEREEEEE!! HAHAAHAHAHA~~

~~Well it's fortunate you aren't awake like us then!~~





It was nearly a week since the mall fiasco and John's family was even more paranoid now. It was endearing in nature and John was really touched on their concern but he could hardly go anywhere without Jane, his uncle and his father trailing behind! Or even Dirk and Bro since it seemed that Bro had teamed up with the Fatherly Twins in keeping an eye on their children and keeping them safe.

"I know they're only trying to keep us safe but they're being so, paranoid about it!" John said as he and Dave finally, *finally* managed to get away from their families overprotective sights. They had fibbed and told them they were heading out to the park, thankfully Dave didn't have to use his time powers since most of their family were busy today.

Dave nodded in agreement, "I tried skateboarding on my own in the park, got my ass chewed to me by Bro after Dirk reported me to him." It had been weird being lectured by Bro like that.

Today it was only John and Dave at the base. John was doing a bit of spring cleaning for the base. Using his wind to pick up dust from most nooks and crannies of the old laboratory. They've managed to finally explore the whole lab, see all of its rooms and what it could provide them.

Roxy even checked for hidden rooms, going through most of the building and found practically nothing aside from the hidden paneling that just revealed hidden control sequences and emergency codes for the building. Nothing dark or alarming at all.

After the mall, Roxy and Karkat had worked double time on the healing coons, trying to upgrade them as fast and much as they could without consuming all of their grist, they now had five completed healing coons, one for each of them. It was decided that each coon would be assigned to one person, Roxy even going as far as to engrave and paint their Aspects into the glass tube of the coon.

Their grist supply had gotten fairly low as a result but there was enough left for whatever else they decided to alchemize as long as it didn't consume everything. Karkat's alchemized sopor slime was actually pretty neat paired up with the healing coons that could now automatically filter the slime

within the coons, though they still had to manually replace the slime which was fine so far.

Their infirmary had been supplied a bit as well, Roxy appearifying some comfy hospital beds with the help of Jake, alchemizing some medicine and first aid, it was really on it's way to becoming a fully functional place of healing. And their base was on it's way on becoming fully functional as well, it was slow since they couldn't spend all their time in the base, they had their own new lives after all but they did what they could.

Being honest though, the place felt a little...

Empty.

Even with all the cool stuff they'd manage to equip their nifty new hideout, it felt somewhat empty for the quintet of veteran Sburb players. It was a nice place to hang out together but the quiet stillness of the rest of the place was kind of disturbing. They were used to background activity or activity in general, what with Karkat and Dave's time on the meteor that consisted of them, Terezi, Vriska, Rose, The Mayor and even Gamzee.

John had gotten used to the background noise and movement of the consorts, Davesprite, Nannasprite and Jade on the Prospitian Ship. Roxy had grown with the carapacians flittering about her life, some making noise as they snuck into her home while Jake had grown with quiet growls and noise from the lusii of his island.

So yeah, it was a bit uncomfortable for them.

But like it was stated, they couldn't spend all of their time at the base.

Even though it was their base.

Anyway, with everything happen and the disuse of the other rooms, they'd gotten kinda dusty again so John decided to clean the base again. Dave was accompanying him, keeping him company and both having some quality 'them' time.

Thing was, while they *were* dating... They had yet to their family and friends about it. It's not like they don't want to, it just, kept slipping their minds. When they began dating, it didn't really change their routine relationship aside from the added sexy moments and sloppy makeouts, though ever since they were in the new universe they had *no* sexy moments much to Dave's disappointment but he understood, they had other things to focus on.

Like keeping each other sane and grounded in this new life, save the populace from attacks that came from mysterious glowing rifts of space time that came from gog knows where, keeping the others safe by keeping the them clueless and try to not let them remember anything from the game while trying to live as normally as they could without giving themselves away.

They had their hands full.

"And that should be the last room." John smiled at Dave who had opened the giant glass window to let John blow the dust out. Boy, cleaning was hard even with godly wind powers, mostly because there were so many rooms in the old laboratory. John preferred to have every room clean, not wanting to leave a single room covered in dust despite the fact they weren't really most of the rooms yet, they hadn't planned for *every* room but still.

John liked keeping everything clean.

They'd eventually find use for the extra rooms anyway.

Dave smirked at him, "So... Sloppy makeouts?" He suggested with an eyebrow wiggle, John snorted and laughed at him but laced his hands around Dave's neck as his Knight of Time came closer, his smile taking a flirtatious turn that had Dave grinning wide.

*"Sloppy makeouts."*

---

Dirk sighed in frustration, rubbing his eyes tiredly as he stared at his screen.

Nothing.

Months of work and-

*Nothing.*

Ever since that weird chat from months ago happened, things have been... weird. He couldn't exactly describe it but there was just this, off feeling he had whenever he looked back to the chat-something he had saved and meticulously tried to find out. Trying his best to trace back the origins of the mysterious-messed up handle that pestered him.

Which ended up in a complete dead end, no matter what he did, it ended up as a dead end that he couldn't get out or look over. It was like it didn't even exist! Which was near-impossible since he *still* had the chat saved, whoever was behind it was skilled, too skilled, freakishly skilled.

And then there were the bizarre codewords that the guy gave him.

'413 rise up'

For some reason this just made him feel, strange. Like there was something he *should* know but didn't, but no matter how much he stared at the words it did nothing but just give him this irritating migraine. He tried looking it up but ended up even more lost and confused since there was really nothing specific about the wording at all, '413' and 'rise up'. 413 could refer to the area code of the western third of Massachusetts, or something else, or even John and Jane's birthday? Which was already very creepy that the hacker, he was sure that the other guy was a suspicious trolling hacker, knew about his name and where he'd been and about Jane. And the 'rise up' thing, he couldn't make sense.

'612 shenanigans'

This one didn't strike him as much as the first codeword, but the numbers still didn't add up. Another area code? Something else? And 'shenanigans' was just, random to put with it.

'1111 batterwitch'

*This one*, it felt just like '413', it struck him as important but at the same time, not. It was *frustrating*, to look at it, if he looked at it too long he felt like his head was going to explode. And he wasn't just talking about the number or the word, it was *both*, like he should know about it but he couldn't connect it at all! It was, disturbing to say the least, he tried not to stare at the codeword for too long.

'461 we won'

Won *what*? It had to be a prank. But, for some odd reason, it didn't really feel like a prank. Like there was a *significance* to it. Importance.

He should tell his Bro, or Roxy who could help him but, for the very same odd and off reason... he didn't. And he got Jane to keep it a secret as well.

The youngest Strider groaned, palming his tired eyes as he turned off his computer.

That was enough of that for one day.

Getting off of his chair, he flopped unto his new bed, staring up at the his new ceiling with frustrated and tired eyes.

Moving to a new place, and a house at that-not an apartment, was... alright. Though the fact he lived near one of his best friends helped, it was still a little weird though.

At any rate, he was getting used to his new room, it was a little roomier than his old one. He wanted to change the color of the walls though, the white of the room was... a bit much, he wanted to change it to a more comforting color, like orange, or red, or-

Maroon and pink.

He sat up and felt puzzled, *maroon and pink*? Damn, he was more tired than he thought. Weird, usually he was alright even though he skipped sleeping an entire two nights or so. Usually. But then again he was trying to figure

out the weird chat message thing. He sighed and shook his head, laying down again to look at his ceiling.

Really though, a change of... color would... be... nice...

His eyes fluttered close and he began to dream.

...

***It was not a nice dream.***

---

Dave frowned, phone buzzing insistently in his pocket and just interrupting the very nice mood that was going on between he and John.

The Heir breathed through his nose, lips disconnecting, "You better answer that, could be important." He murmured quietly, feeling a bit disappointed as he leaned against Dave. They were on one of the comfy hospital beds in the infirmary, with their clothes still intact and on their persons much to Dave's inner lament. And things were just getting good too!

The bright red-eyed Time player huffed before fetching his phone out of his pocket. John just giggled before hugging Dave closely, tucking into his side with closed eyes.

Though when Dave suddenly sat up with furrowed eyes he blinked questioningly at him, peeking at what got his boyfriend's attention.

1:34 pm. prospit park. bring karkat and roxy.

~future you

ps. get ready for more next week, we got company

"Future you sent you a message?" John asked with puzzled but calculating eyes. He frowned, trying to figure out on what to do, "Are you sure Jake and I can't come?" He asked him, not a moment later Dave's phone buzzed.

no john its good. you and jake arent scheduled to be at the park till next week.

~your future boo

John snorted, "Dork." He He kissed Dave's cheek as the blonde Time player sighed. "Go on, I'll be here in the meanwhile." John told him with a sweet smile, Dave sighed but nodded. It was nearing 1:00 and he needed to nab both Roxy and Karkat on the way to the park.

The Knight changed into clothing before saluting John goodbye, disappearing in a red cog. John waved him goodbye before flopping back to the bed with a disappointed breath. And here he thought he and Dave could spend some alone time together.

John looked at the far ceiling and closed his eyes, a nap kind of sounded nice for now.

...

***John opened his eyes, the dream that happened was very confusing and concerning.***

---

Azdaja Knelax was stumped.

Which was unusual for him. The Prince of All Goldbloods, no he was not 'self-proclaimed' shut up Kuprum he was a goddamn *Gemra* dammit which was highly superior to the lowly *Gemnius*, didn't do stumped. Currently he was working on the materials that some trolls brought back from various points of when the human, or suspected human at least, hero group's -yet to be fully named, each individual hero had a name but the group in a whole remained nameless or have yet to confirm a group name- fights.

Specifically the materials that burst out when the heroes defeat the 'imps' and monsters that come out of the rift.

It was insane.

It consisted of both material that existed and yet did not, it showed

properties that it shouldn't and was entirely unbreakable! Every single one!

The material he was staring at was one example, it was the size of his entire being and yet even a normal rustblooded grub could lift it effortlessly, the physics around it were impossible! Its structure was hexagonal and according to his scanners it seemed to be made out of... ruby. As in like the gem ruby, and yet at the same time; it didn't. His scanners flipped from identifying it as a ruby ore *as well* as something unidentifiable. And this was the tenth scanner he used, each time was the same! Ruby or not ruby.

And finally the indestructible part... It really was unbreakable. They couldn't get any sample from the material, they couldn't break a piece off it, not even a speck. They had used all the destructive tools they could get their hands on, it was just impossible to break!

Pinching the bridge of his cartilage nub, he groaned and held his hands up in surrender. "That's it! I'm taking a break!" He declared with flourish, turning away from the *impossible* material and getting out his lab. He needed a break, if he spent more time on it he was going to *lose it*.

He needed his moirail.

He would have gone to his matesprit but currently she was out exploring.

The Gemra stalked through the halls of their base, rolling his eyes as he ignored the jabbering nonsense that Gorjek was spouting in another room. Honestly the tealblood could give Galekh a run for his ceagars when he would go on and on about something. And that was *Galekh!*

The goldblood shudders to think of a third chatterbox out there that was on par of Galekh and Tagora, surely not.

*Kankri Vantas sniffed and sneezed, pausing from his lecture and giving Karkat a chance to slip away much to the older brother's dismay.*

...

He just got a shiver down his vertical vertebrae column.



Azdaja shook his head, why was he thinking such trivial things when he could go pester his moirail?

Storming to his moirail's office, he barged in, "Tegiri!" He called out with a huff, not even flinching as he used his superior psionics to stop the incoming barrage of throwing stars. "Oh, so close." He mused with a grin, throwing the sharp eastern Beforan weapon back at his moirail who dodged it expertly.

Tegiri Kalbur scoffed at him, eyeing him warily, "Azdaja." He greeted in a deadpan but Azdaja could see the small smirk he hid beneath his expression. He grinned at him in return.

Oh how proud he was when his moirail was chosen to be the leader of the section by *Her Benevolence* herself!

"What are you doing here?" He asked as he snatched the throwing stars from their embedded place on his wall, "I thought you were testing out the mystery material again today."

The goldblood sighed, self-suffering, "That's what I want to complain about." He told him as he went over to the loungeplank in Tegiri's office, it was a comfy thing, "Months of work, and still *nothing*!" He gruffed, no he didn't whine shut up dearly beloved Tegiri he will not hesitate to take away his sword.

His tealblooded moirail rose a brow at him and sighed, "Again? Azda, this is the second time this week. If you're not getting anywhere then just put it aside for later." He told him, using the rare little nickname he had for him. It secretly warmed his the pale part of his bloodpusher whenever Tegiri did that, not that he'd freely admit it. It reminded him of his beloved Konyyl calling him 'Daja'.

Though outwardly he growled, psionics sparking in frustration, "You *know* I *can't*, Teri." Tegiri wandered over to him, sitting besides him to lounge back and let Azdaja lay his head on the other's lap. "It'll fuckin' bother me if I just push it aside without figuring it all out! Besides, Her Benevolence is awaiting a report on the materials again. I can't just tell her I found *nothing*,

*again!"* He didn't want to disappoint their empress, their kind and benevolently beautiful empress.

Tegiri understood completely, they both knew that Her Empress wouldn't mind but no troll didn't want to disappoint their monarch. She was too kind in her words but they just felt *guilt* whenever they couldn't get something done in her name.

She had ruled over Beforus for thousands of sweeps, keeping a gentle but firm hand over her kingdom. Beforus was essentially a peaceful planet but don't think that they were weak. They were actually very strong and could easily take over planets with force but their empress was mostly too kind for that, she liked to settle things diplomatically.

Sometimes they'd think she would be too kind, too weak to decide on war but they'd be reminded that even though she was called Her Benevolence, she was monarch for a reason and not just because she was a fuchsiablood.

She had *earned* her position, fighting her own battles in the distant past that no living troll could really remember.

For all that she was kind, she could equally be cold and cruel.

Such as what happened sweeps ago.

Azdaja had to shiver as he remembered on what he'd read about what happened. It was... almost unbelievable to think that the Empress was someone who could smile gently at someone, guiding them and have them flourish underneath her rule but then turn into a cold merciless Empress when needed.

It just reminded them all on how thankful they were that Her Benevolence was a kind ruler with that kind of power and attitude.

Though it puzzled the troll as to why she had decided to send troll to Earth in secret, have them gather information about the species dominating the Earth. That was until they found out she was looking for specific humans, humans that wore the True Signs, the very first Signs of Trollkind history.

At first it seemed... both easy and complicated, turns out that humans had something called 'Zodiac Signs', based on the same astrological signs that started the Signs on Beforus bizarrely enough, but they hadn't evolved it into more, staying at the measly but very respected 12 signs. It had been jarring, to see that humans that were born underneath the zodiac stars' sign were considered the sign instead of being assigned at birth by the lusii and fate.

But unfortunately Her Benevolence revealed that they were looking for *really specific* humans. Ones that were actually somehow related to the original line of the True Sign Bearers. Like *The Excavator*, *The Psiioniic*, *The Summoner* and such. It was, crazy to think but they trusted their monarch's words, she had yet to lead them astray after all.

Not to mention she had the support of... *The Muse*.

The Muse was... a mysterious being that had been in troll society since the *beginning*. Or so it was implied, no one was old enough to confirm, not even Her Benevolence who had grown and raised in The Muse's presence! She was an ancient figure, but before she had only been regaled as myth since she rarely showed herself before the old rulers, she only truly confirmed her existence by raising their Empress from when she was a grub, a juvenile and finally an Empress and stayed by her side as an adviser.

But again, the Empress had rightfully earned her throne regardless of being raised by the Muse.

Azdaja and Tegiri have only seen the Muse once, and that was when they were chosen for the mission towards Earth.

Lurking in the background, observing in silence, dressed in black robes with a white spiral on her chest and stars underneath her cloak, her features hidden underneath the black hood. No one knew what the Muse looked like, no one but the Empress.

"Sitred's group have reported they've found the bearers of the True Signs Le and Taur, or at least suspected bearers. Nothing is for certain yet." Tegiri told him, expression unreadable.

Azdaja sat up, looking at him in disbelief, "Really?"

His diamond nodded, "Diemen reports on seeing one of the suspected bearers of the True Sign of Ar as well..." This would either lead to good or bad news to report to their empress.

Hopefully it was good news.

The goldblood grinned at him, "Do you think we'll find the bearers of Gem and Lib?" He questioned excitedly. He'd always been a fan of the last True Gem Gemini, the Psiioniic. He was so *powerful*, and he had been the Empress' old moirail! A goldblood! With the top caste!

Anyway, if these humans were the human incarnate of the Gemini then he'd be *ecstatic* to meet them.

He wondered just wondered on how The Psiioniic was in real life...

*Dexter sneezed, blinking incredulously only to hold back a scream of rage as his sneeze messed up the block chain he had been in the process of making. Great, now he had to start over.*

---

Karkat sighed in relief as he had managed to slip away from Kankri's lecturing from a sneeze. That was damn lucky of him. He hid behind his house, looking around before changing and flying high up above the clouds.

He didn't know what he did this time to incite Kankri's lectures but now wasn't the time to get lectured.

He got a text from Dave. Or well, future Dave.

karkles, get ready. 1:34 pm, prospit park. daves gonna pick you and roxy up  
~future dave

It was 1:25. He didn't have much time.

He scowled before making a decision as he thought back to Kankri. He tapped into his phone, sending a message just as Dave appeared from a red

cog, "Sup Karkles."

"Don't call me that asshole, what's this about Prospit Park?"

"I don't know, wanna find out?"

"I don't exactly have a choice douchebag."

LOOK I'M GONNA CALL IN A FAVOR. I MESSAGED KANKRI I'M  
AT YOUR PLACE, SO WHEN HE TEXTS OR CALLS YOU CAN YOU  
PLEASE SAY THAT I'M THERE WITH YOU? THANKS.

~ KK

Sollux frowned as he read the text from Karkat, what? Why would he say that he was at his place when he wasn't? Just what was up with Karkat lately. Unfortunately he *did* owe Karkat a favor so reluctantly conceded.

He'd ask Karkat later on.

---

*Dirk didn't know where he was, what he was wearing, or what the hell he was doing.*

*His vision was blurring in and out and he couldn't focus properly.*

*The youngest Strider was wearing something maroon, he couldn't tell, everything was glitching around him like a video game glitch. His surroundings were pixelating randomly and he could barely spot the circular figures in the distance, they looked... smashed together.*

*"Dirk?"*

*He whirled around, and suddenly his vision was clearer but not much.*

*In front of him was a figure in bright glowing blue, his sight too messed up to see who it was in front of him.*

*He squinted at the mysterious person, "Dirk, what's going on? What happened?" The figure asked, coming closer, were they both flying in a*

*black space? "Dirk, talk to me."*

*"Who the hell are you."*

*"You don't remember?"*

*"I-No, who are you."*

*"..."*

*"Answer me!"*

*"You're not-, why are you here if you don't remember? In fact why am I here? There hasn't been a dream bubble in, months I thought they didn't exist anymore?" Blue asked themselves, their voice was familiar but the pixels made it hard to focus and hear him. "I mean we didn't experience the dream bubbles ever since we got here...Hold on, you splinter, right? J-He told me about that. Is that what this is? A remaindering splinter that you managed to remember? But again, why would I be here with your splinter?"*

*Dirk glared, "What the hell are you talking about." He snapped, paranoia, irritation, confusion in his tone. He didn't know where he was but he didn't like it.*

*Blue looked like he was going to answer only to pause, looking around cautiously.*

*"... We need to leave."*

*Suddenly they weren't alone anymore.*

Chapter End Notes

AND THIS CHAPTER IS DONE!! FINALLY. Again, apologies for that. I've been procrastinating, acting like trash and going through stuff. Next chapter will definitely have new arrivals!

Kudos to those who guessed one of the new arrivals!

It's.....

OUR ADORABLE DERSITE THE MAAYOOOOR~~~ (It was kind of obvious and expected huh?) Who will make his official cameo in the next chapter. Now, who's the other new arrival?

## Pawn and Queen (3)

### Chapter Summary

Dream Bubbles are not recommended to those who do not know of dream bubbles and do not have a guide among them.

### Chapter Notes

So very sorry for the late chapters. Anyway, here's the final part of Pawn and Queen!

Hope you enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

***Suddenly they weren't alone anymore.***

***"Shit." The figure in blue cursed, Dirk had to hold back a pained groan as his vision swarmed but he could see a figure in pixelated black and... pink? He couldn't tell, but he thinks the specific shade was fuchsia - he didn't know, his mind was muddled and he had no fucking idea what was going on. At any rate, the figure was getting closer to them, "Shit shit shit, Dirk! Come on! We need to leave!"***

***His hand was grabbed but the figure was right in front of them and Dirk was taken back at how tall the other was and even though his vision sucked and everything was covered in shitty pixelated clouds, he could tell the mysterious figure was female. Plus, the malicious feminine cackle that came from her was pretty telling. So this woman was not nice.***

***"Dirk!" Blue snapped him out of his observations and tugged him back and they were flying away from the supposedly evil? woman. Just in time too, since she had lashed out at Dirk but Blue managed to save him and now she was chasing after him, shouting in a language Dirk couldn't really understand but for some reason felt really familiar.***



***"What the fuck is going on?! Who is she?!" The confused Strider demanded as they fled, suddenly Blue was jerking him around, Dirk would have been annoyed had it not for the giant fucking LASER BEAM FLYING PAST THEM. "She fires lasers?!"***

***Blue was thankfully an excellent flyer and they were dodging the incoming beams with ease, "Yeah she does that! And actually I don't know what's going on! This never happened before, this can't be a dream bubble!"***

***"The fuck's a dream bubble?!"***

***"I-Hold on!" Blue tightened his grip on him, "First let's loose the Batterwitch!"***

***Batterwitch?!***

***Dirk desperately wished he knew what was going on, and as much as he wanted to think this was a dream, it certainly didn't felt like it. Not with the heat of the laser, the feeling of sweat, his heart thundering in his chest and the feeling of adrenaline in his veins.***

***"Hold on tight Dirk!"***

---

Karkat and Dave appeared five minutes early. Just because Dave could, Future Dave never said they couldn't and clearly knew they would anyway.

"We're here." The Knight of Time mused before continuing, "Welp, I'm going to guess that we're about to fucking throw down and beat some imps." He said as they hid in above the clouds, high up in the sky above the park. "What do you think Karkles?"

The Knight of Blood grumbled, "I don't fucking know, this is future you telling us to be here. And don't call me Karkles." He snapped, crossing his arms and lounging back, "Why the fuck is it just us anyway? Where are the others? Well, Jake's busy, but where's John and Roxy?" He asked Dave who lounged back with him.

The blonde shrugged, "Roxy'll be here in a bit, she's been busy with stuff. And how the fuck am I suppose to know why it's just the three of us, it hasn't happened yet," He noticed his internal clock ticking and corrected himself, "It's about to happen. In about, like, three minutes and thirty-eight seconds."

They looked down to the park below them, it looked so peaceful. People going on with their daily lives without a care, friends meeting up, couple walking around, joggers moving along for exercise.

Months in this universe and it was still jarring for the recovering game veterans. Months in and they were still trying to act and fit in, they were slowly getting there but it was hard to do that while trying to protect the ones they cared about along with the populace from whatever came through the dimensional rifts, they liked to think they were doing a good job but it was only a matter of time before things wavered.

Hell, Karkat was already wavering, avoiding his 'friends' and trying to keep calm. He was doing his best and hoped to think he was getting better but the last time he'd tried to hang out with them -a regular hang out, no attacks, no imps, no *trolls*, nothing- he had a near goddamn *panic attack* which he personally thought as pathetic but he couldn't exactly help it.

Not when he was surrounded by people he should know but didn't really, it was hard to explain but he *did* know them, both versions of them, it was just his troll mind was the forefront of his head. So when he looks at Gamzee, regular human Gamzee that did nothing wrong, he sees the Bard of Rage, he sees carnage and his ex-moirail, he sees the ghost of **Gamzee Makara** in Gamzee Makara.

He looks at his 'friends' and he sees the ghosts of his **friends**. Haunting him in the worse ways, even *Kanaya*, who had been his close friend -not moirail unfortunately, he liked her but not in that way and she felt the same- and *alive* for the entire trip until the end. As close of a friend she was, Kanaya was still terrifying with her chainsaw.

The others were faring better than him because they had each other, Dave had John from their session, Jake had Roxy from their session and who did

Karkat have from his session? *No one*. No one from the troll alpha session remembered, not even Kankri, *he was the only troll who remembered*.

Still, even though that was the case. At least he wasn't truly alone, he had the others backing him up and reassuring him that he was alright. Jake was quickly becoming a close friend and an unfortunate crutch that he couldn't help but lean on frequently when the time was bad for him, and he found himself doing the same for the other as well.

"More than a minute left dude, inner monologue done?" Dave's voice interrupted his so called 'inner monologue'.

Karkat aimed a scowl at him, "Fuck you Strider."

"Ey, I'm a taken man Karkles, though I could take it up with John for a third open spot." Dave wiggled his eyebrows at him with a joking smirk that had Karkat rolling his eyes. As admittedly attractive both John and Dave were, they weren't exactly the people for him, Karkat had already tried with Dave but they both decided to just stay friends and Dave went to John.

With time running out, Dave briefly wondered where their esteemed Rogue of Void was-

"I'm here!" A feminine voice interrupted, a certain Rogue appearing in a dark blue swirl, "Sorry, got hella side-tracked with my busy busy work-sched." Roxy chimed with a grin as she greeted them both with a hug, though Dave got an additional kiss to the cheek for his status as her moirail. "Translating future codes and languages and stuff to this years *primitive* code is hard work!" She exaggerated. In her eyes the world's current coding languages were all so 'primitive' compared to the ones she learned in the future, even the Alternian coding she learnt!

Karkat snorted, "Oh yeah, because doing that is all so grueling to Miss 'Hacker-Girl' Lalonde who is essentially creating coding languages from scratch." He snarked, though it was without fire as both blondes grinned at him with Roxy nodding along at his words. Considering at how most

coding languages she knew haven't even been invented yet, you could say she was 'creating coding languages from scratch' as Karkat had said.

"So, what's going on?" Roxy asked curiously as she glanced down to the park underneath them.

The Time Player of the group shrugged, "Dunno, got messaged by future me and-"

Suddenly, all three heroes straightened as the time was up, Dave didn't have to say anything else because they were alerted by the sudden scream that came below them at the park.

Tugging on his mask, "Show time." Dave declared with the voice changers kicking in, Roxy gave him a bright grin while Karkat grunted.

With that, they entered a free fall, destination; the park below them.

---

AG: We're telling the truth, why is it to hard to 8believe!!!!!!!!?????????

CC: uh i dunno, because it sounds like complete )(ORS--ES)(IT???

AC: (^>x<^)< BUT IT'S NOT!! WE SWEAR IT'S NOT! BREATH REALLY DID DIE IN FRONT OF US!!!!

CA: oh yeah, and im the goddamn queen of england

AT: no ser1ously he f\*ck1ng D1ED 1n front of us then some how rev1ved...  
1t was terr1fy1ng as sh\*t

CT: 8=D < I believe you Rufioh, Meulin.

AT: thanks darl1ng :]

AC: (=^ω^=)< THANKS PURRUS!!

CC: what a bunch of bullcarp

AG: UUGH

carcinoGrievance [CG] has joined the memo

CG: What exactly is g9ing 9n.

CA: hey babe.

CG: Hell9 Cr9nus.

CA: oh nothing much, just three of our friends losing their heads is all

AG: WE AR8 NOT L9SING OUR HE8DS

CG: I see...

CG: I just wanted t9 c9nverse a bit with Mituna since he still has be 6l9cked at the m9ment.

TA: WH00P5

CG: All I want t9 ask y9u Mituna is a single and simple question. That is all.

TA: F1R3 4W4Y K4NK5

CG: Is Karkat 9ver there at y9ur a69de Mituna? I asked S9llux and he said yes 6ut fr s9me reas9n I have my d9u6ts a69ut the veracity 9f his answer.

TA: H0LD 0N L3T M3 CH3CK

CA: vwhat, think karkat snuck avway somevwhere again vwithout your consent.

CG: P9ssi6ly

AT: 1t's l1ke lately he's been do1ng that more often...

AG: Well, lately he has 8een a 8it active in a certain sense. Though Vriska tells me he hasn't 8een hanging out with her and the others as much

anymore. Just where did he go?

TA: 4M B4CK 4ND N0P3, K4RK4T 15 1N F4CT N0T 1N 0UR H0U53

CC: well little shouty went \*\*somewhere\*\*

CG: I find this very tr9u6ling...

CA: vwant some help finding him babe?

AG: Hold on. May8e he's out hanging out with this 'Jake' person from 8efore?

AG: Have you found out who he is Kankri?

CC: oh yeaahh... ever find out who the flip the bouy was? ever met him?

CG: N9, n9t really. Admittedly en9ugh it seems it slipped my mind. I haven't asked Karkat a69ut him yet.

AC: (^.\_.^) < YOU PURROBABLY SHOULD SOON KANKRI

AG: She's right, who knows who this Jake character is and what he and Karkat are doing.

CG: I'll ask as s99n as he c9mes 6ack, it d9es raise s0me concerns f9r me and quite p9ssi6ly 9ur father as well.

Aranea leaned back in her chair, suspicion on her mind as she thought of 'Jake'. For some odd reason, she felt suspicious about him; probably because of the very strange dream she had a while ago. Why in the world would a dream warn her of a person named Jake? Though, she didn't realize that the warning was incomplete and that she was worrying over nothing... kind of.

And boy do things go round when later revelations lead to misunderstandings that everyone would boggle at.

gamingCompetence [GC] has joined the memo

GC: yo you guysss

GC: the p4rks b31n 4tt4ck3d by thos3 1mps, 1 h34r blood, t1m3 4nd vo1d 4r3 th3r3

AG: Say what?

---

"This is suspiciously easy." Karkat noted as he kicked away the imp. Blood dripping down his wrists to turn into a chain that shot out to restrain a group of flying imps, he grunted as he forcibly pulled them back down to finish them off with his sickles. "This is a hoard sure but these imps, they're too easy." Maybe it was because of the mall attack that he was so suspicious about it everything. The fourth-prototyped Acherons and Uranium Imps had been a bitch to deal with, and with John's death -no matter how much they played it off- the whole fiasco had been something that spiked all five of their paranoia. Not to mention Dave's future self had been adamant for *all three* of them there when only one of them could have easily dealt with them.

Still, the park had been properly evacuated, Dave and Roxy had made sure of that, ushering the ones in the park out and making sure nothing came in or out of the park. They didn't need anyone coming between them and the imps or for some person to get hurt in the process.

So far, it was just normal imps from the kids session that came through with only a couple of uranium imps. Those shits were annoying but was easily dealt with since they were only a couple and they were imps, not like the damnable Acherons that slipped through at the mall. *Those* were even *more* annoying.

"I know, but instructions are instructions." Dave shrugged, slicing an imp in half. Picking up the grist that burst out in the process.

Roxy sighed, idly flying to and fro while picking off imps with her mad sniping skills, she was the best sniper. It was her. "Well there's gotta be some reason why we were called here." She responded after cocking her modified and alchemized sniper-rifle. It was an improved variation of her old Crockercorp Appearifier Rifle, with her Void skills though it was kind

of rendered moot and useless but she improved it now. It was basically a super rifle that can handle almost all of the bullets she alchemized for it, she had quite the arsenal and even then she was already deadly with her awesome combat skills of fistkind. Especially drunken fist like Jackie Chan.

The Knight of Time merely shrugged again and continued cleaning the park of its game-manifested infestation.

Of course, nothing was ever that simple for them.

Another rift in time opened right above them, way high up, and they didn't notice it until it was too late- they had thought they were done, the imps were gone and the first rift that appeared in the park had closed all on its own.

"This was a fucking waste of time." Karkat deadpanned, throwing his sickles into his sylladex as the battle was seemingly over. It wasn't even a challenge! "Oi Strider," Thankfully there was no one in the park to hear him use Dave's last name, "Next time your future self thinks of trolling us, do it better." He received a middle finger for his sass which made him smirk, Roxy snickered at the sidelines. Karkat opened his mouth to sass his fellow Knight only to freeze with Dave and Roxy following him as a loud utterly *inhuman* sound, coming from *above them*, earned their attention.

They looked up, eyes widening at the sight of the wide rift that had silently opened right on top of them. And by the sounds of things, they were about to have more company joining them.

"Shit."

---

***"I think..." John panted as he and Dirk took refuge on Roxy's planet, "We lost her..." John had managed to dupe the Condesce and trick her to his own planet while they escaped to the, unfortunately, only other stable planet in the incipisphere.***



*While they caught their breaths, John had a private little snort at the thought of him catching his breath, John's mind was going a mile a minute as he tried to make sense on what was happening.*

*Okay, so; he went to sleep, woke up in a dream bubble(?) of the Game Over Timeline -shit- and somehow Dirk was there with him even though originally the Prince of Heart had been overtaken by the weird pixel stuff and didn't remember jack shit about the game even though they were dreaming about it.*

*Why the hell was his life so complicated.*

*John was snapped out of his train of thought by Dirk who gripped his shirt, presumably glaring at him from underneath his triangular aviators. "Talk. Now." He hissed through gritted teeth. "Who in fuck's name are you, where in fuck's sake are we, and who the ever loving horseshit was she?!" He demanded.*

*The Heir of Breath frowned, "You really don't remember do you?" He questioned him back, mostly to stall the answers. Though, he decided not to give the blonde any answers. He and the others swore to protect him and their families, letting him remember would just put him in danger and let him remember the pain of the skaia-damned game.*

*Dirk scowled but inhaled, exhaling after a moment and let go of Blue to cross his arms, "Remember what?" He said with forced calmness. He wanted so bad to know what the hell was going on, why everything seemed so goddamn familiar and why he couldn't see the jackass in blue's face properly.*

*John shook his head, "If you don't remember then it's best not to tell you." He replied quietly, dodging Dirk's attempt to grasp at him again. If Dirk ever remembered, hell if everyone else ever remembered, they'd be pissed at his decision but he, Karkat, Dave, Roxy and Jake made their minds. It was best for everyone to just, not remember and probably safer.*

*"Bullshit!" The youngest Strider raged, already thin patience snapping.*

*"Look, whatever's happening now isn't suppose to happen. You're not suppose to be here, me too probably, but you especially." John told him seriously, floating around him in circles, "I'm going to try and wake you up now. I don't know if it'll work but it's better than nothing." He shrugged stopping in front of Dirk.*

*Dirk warily took a step back, "What." He took another step as Blue, he really needed the other's name but why the hell did he seem so familiar, somehow looked at him intensely even though -in his perspective- the other's face was completely pixelated and fucked up.*

*"Sorry for this Dirk." John manifested his Zillyhoo hammer, "But you can't stay here, even if the Condesce is a dream manifest or whatever, it's too dangerous here for you." He wasn't going to risk it, dream Condesce or not, that fish woman was terrifying and god forbid if Lord English was somewhere in here- "Bye Dirk." Gog, he hoped this worked.*

*The blonde gasped at the hammer, that hammer- he'd seen it before- "Breath?" He said incredulously before jolting with realization at what the blue-clad hero was about to do to him. "Wait, what the fu-" He was interrupted, Blue-Breath was too fast and-*

**SLAM**

Dirk jerked up, falling out of bed while panting heavily. His entire body felt sore, he felt disoriented and it took a bit of his control to not heave.

The youngest Strider looked around, sweating.

"What the ever-loving fuck."

---

*John sighed in relief when Dirk disappeared. "Oh good, I was worried that wouldn't work or something." It would've been really awkward if it hadn't. Like, really really awkward.*

*Still, John looked around, nostalgia hitting him slightly as he looked upon LOPAN, the neon lights, the pyramids, for all the short time he*

*spent on her planet, it was still kind of nostalgic for him.*

*"'Ey, blue buoy"*

*And of course, the nostalgia is gone the moment a rough yet feminine voice spoke from behind him. He frowned, then turned to look at Her Imperious Condescension herself, standing right in front of him.*

*"Your majesty." He greeted tightly, even going as far as to bow a bit. Outwardly, he may seem calm and all but inwardly he was cursing like a sailor and sweating bullets.*

*The Tyrannical Fish Empress snorted at him, "Least you got some manners buoy, annoyed the flip outta me with yer windy bullcarp boat I flounder ya. Where's the other one." Noticing the fact John was all alone.*

*John smiled, a bit smug and felt a bit of self-satisfaction that he managed to send Dirk away, "I sent him somewhere safe." He answered truthfully, twirling his hammer. "Speaking of which, I have somewhere to go as well, it was nice meeting you again Your Majesty Batterwitch Ma'am but I'm not suppose to be here." While hitting Dirk with his hammer managed to wake Dirk up, he didn't really know for himself, and with the Condesce here -dream or no- he wasn't going to risk it.*

*"Aw, too bad Blue Buoy. I liked you, well, I liked my version of you." The Condesce admitted, surprising him, "My Johnny was a good kid, listened, inherited my company an' legacy 'n shit after becomin' a comedian, buoy was a good laugh. Much betta than all my otter kids, they were rotten fish but my little guppy John? Now he, he was a goddamn good guppy." Her smile was almost soft, of course it didn't stay that way long as a sardonic grin shaped itself on her fuchsia lips, "Shame you ain't him an' that my other daughter-great granddaughter-whatever, krilled him. One of the good guppies in the rotten school of fish. Then everythin' else fuckin' happens and my plan's up to shit, my minions dead, four planets destroyed and you... you're here all alone." Her chuckle was dark as her eyes flared in color.*

*"Sorry boat this buoy, not, but I got some pent up shit I wanna let out, and bubbly blue buoy o' mine... you're my target." The Condesce's dark laugh and sharp smile made John gulp.*

*Damn.*

*"Swim fishy, swim~"*

*Double damn.*

---

"Shit." Was what left Karkat's lips as he stared at the wide rift in the air, it was *facing towards them* and whatever was coming from behind the rift would *fall* on them given the chance. "Roxy!" Karkat intoned as he got out his sickles again, tensing up. There were weird blots of shape in the space of the rift, presumably incoming imps, and the ex-mutant had a feeling that they wouldn't be as easy to deal with than the first horde.

Him and his big mouth some times.

"I got it!" Roxy shouted, quickly flying up only to back away as a beam of red and blue escaped the rift, she dodged and cursed as enemies from the troll session came through with Sollux's old lusus prototyped with them, meaning; laser beams for everyone! Not only that, they could fly as well- at none seem to have Gl'bgolyb prototypes! "I can't get near, they're protecting the rift!"

The prototyped monsters were indeed floating around the rift, essentially protecting it and preventing Roxy from coming near and sealing the too large rift in the sky. "Well, you thought this was too easy Karkles, this hard enough for you?" Dave snarked as he readied Broken Caled-Scratch.

Karkat scowled at him, "Shut the fuck up Dave and fight!" He snarled, he knew he had a big mouth gogdammit!

"Boys, boys, you're both beautiful as fuck but can we focus on the flying laserbeaming monsters please?!" Roxy interjected, scowling irritably as her bullets were obliterated by one of said laserbeaming monster's laserbeam-

she should do something about that, make a laser-proof bullet or something, or make a laser-rifle, she missed her old yet very futuristic original one anyway.

Karkat clicked his tongue but focused back at the matter at hand, Dave doing the same as he charged a two-headed Acheron, dodging the short blasts of red, blue and purple beams that were aimed at his way. Karkat was doing the same to a two-headed salamander, that, unfortunately had Equius' sprite prototyping with it, meaning gross udders and a ridiculous amount of STRENGTH so he had to be careful not to be in range for it's muscled limbs to hit him.

Roxy abandoned her sniping shots since it was clear most of her bullets would just be annihilated by a hot beaming laser, the game enemies had two heads, one that was constantly on guard for her shots it seemed and would always somehow manage to either destroy her bullets or control the shared body to dodge, which was quickly making the youngest Lalonde frustrated.

She was going to have to rely on Dave and Karkat to cover her back and make sure she could get to the rift to seal it off before more monsters came through. "Guys, cover me! I'm closing that rift!" She declared with determination. They couldn't let any more psionic-inclined monsters through, they were too destructive and had to be dealt with swiftly before they could cause serious damage or harm.

"Got it!" They chorused, flying up closer to her.

So far, there were about seven game enemies with psionic powers, two of which were protecting the rift, three were focused on attacking them and the last two kept trying to escape the fight and head towards the city- Dave was dealing with those, or would with the utilization of time travel.

The three struggled with dodging all the lasers but they managed with a few burn marks and close calls, Karkat used more blood than he usually did to protect both Dave and Roxy, hardening his blood and throwing it in the way of the psionic laserbeams as a temporary shield. Unfortunately hardened blood didn't last long against something like a psionic blast- maybe if

Karkat had time to strengthen the hardened blood it could probably survive but Karkat didn't exactly have the time nor the exact effort to do so.

Dave was doing his best to deflect and cut down the enemies. he had rewound the time on his Broken Caled-Scratch to when it wasn't broken and essentially repairing it, he'd need the added length of the full blade instead of the broken end for this fight. He'd managed to kill a couple of monsters, the ones that were trying to escape the fight but with the rift open his effort might be useless.

"Dave and I will keep them distracted and deal with the guards, Roxy, hide and get ready to close that rift!" Karkat ordered, throwing another disk of hardened blood towards an incoming beam, wincing at the heat and feeling of blood boiling, it was one of these moments that he was glad he had a ridiculous amount of blood, he rarely experienced blood loss. With the amount of blood he spent daily, a normal human would have probably died by now.

Both blonde heroes nodded, following after Karkat's orders. Roxy disappearing without a trace and Dave tightened his grip on Caled-Scratch and focused entirely on the fight.

Up above them, the rift pulsed and swirled, unknown to the veteran players, two important beings would soon travel through the rift.

This would be a fight to remember.

---

"Jaaake!"

Jake jolted before hastily throwing his skull-top into his sylladex, just in time as his sister Jade -which was still somewhat a tricky thing to get used to along with his grandpa beta-self but Jake was dealing it well as Karkat told him- came barreling through his door and into his room, faintly he gave himself a mental note to lock his door more often because while outwardly he was all cool and calm, inwardly he was sure he was suffering from a small heart attack.

"Good gog woman! Warn a brother when you're about to barge into his room would you? " Jake complained lightly as he sat against his chair, a random movie playing on his computer, he had been using it as background noise while he read something else on his skull-top, he actually forgot it was playing while he was reading; shocking wasn't it? He, Jake Harley, a movie extraordinaire and fan, was not paying his 100% to a movie? *Blasphemy*.

Jade rolled her eyes at him, "You're my little brother Jake, it's practically *my job* to barge in unannounced at the most random times!" She declared with a small giggle before shaking her head, "Anyway, you were just watching a movie so what? I have more exciting news to tell you!"

"Oh? And what might that be my dearest sister?" Jake questioned as he gave her his attention, though in reality, he just really wanted her out of his room so he could lock the door and continue his reading. He had been... a bit more engrossed with it than he'd admit, but that was because it was somewhat important and actually kind of interesting unbelievably enough for him considering the genre it was.

"Void, Blood and Time are in the park fighting monsters!" Jake straightened in his seat and he looked at her with an almost serious but surprised look.

"Say *what*?"

Jade nodded, going over to his computer and closing the open tab of the movie -something that would have made him annoyed but at the moment he didn't care for some movie because Karkat, Roxy and Dave were *fighting* together and he hadn't known- and typed in a news website that was streaming live from the latest and hottest topic of the world; three of the five newest heroes. And Jade was right, it was blurry and unfocused since whoever was streaming the footage was far from the battle, *which was in the air*, but was close enough to zoom in and see which hero was there.

Oh dear, they were dealing with psionic-prototyped game enemies, Jake noted as he watched in rapt attention of the shown footage. Those were particularly dangerous as he listened to Karkat describe them, he's never

personally dealt with psionic-prototyped monsters but by the looks of things, they were hard to deal with.

"These ones can shoot *lasers* Jake, *actual lasers!*" Jade grinned excitedly, flailing slightly as she watched with him.

Ever since the heroes had appeared, she'd been an avid fan and followed of their actions like many other people, which somewhat amused him and the others as they, with the exception of Karkat because Jade didn't know him - didn't *remember* him-, listened to her talk about them in many chats and memos on pesterchum. She, Rose, Jane and Dirk were really interested with them, Jane and Dirk especially since they had personally experienced the attacks and got personally saved by them.

Rose was interested on who they were and what lives they were living, how their heroism affected their personal lives and such- which she would be surprised that it simultaneously changed almost nothing and everything. Jade though, really liked to theorize on each of their powers, trying to figure them out. Without realizing it though, she was kind of helping them think of ideas for their powers that they haven't thought of before.

Her grin turned into a frown as she watched Time deflect another laser, "I wonder where Hope and Breath are, kind of looks like they're having trouble there. I hope they're okay..." That did make him question, where was John? And why hadn't he been informed of the attack? Jade was right, it did look like they were having some trouble in handling the situation. But Jake couldn't really do anything at the moment, not with Jade in his room and keeping an eye on hi- no, no, calm Jake. They were fine.

Karkat, Roxy and Dave were strong people. The strongest people he knew, they could handle things themselves and if they were confident that they could handle this on their lonesome than he'd respect their decision and let them handle it. And unless he was given a sign that he should join the fight, he'd have to stay put in his room with Jade by his side.

Besides, it looked like Karkat was taking the reigns as leader, he had ordered something and Roxy was disappearing from sight, "Hey, where'd she go?!" Still, the sight of Karkat weaving through laserbeams, using his



own blood to his advantage, and the fact Jake was doing nothing but watch from where he was through a screen? It was making him unsettled, and his stomach lurched as he sees Karkat being batted away from a large ogre with two psionic-gifted heads, he was at the edge of his seat and gripping it tightly.

He didn't like seeing Karkat hurt, and doing *nothing* right now, he didn't like it. He didn't know why, for some reason he disliked, almost *abhorred*, seeing Karkat hurt or even sad, which wasn't really strange since he didn't like seeing *any* of his friends hurt, but for some reason Karkat being hurt just seemed differen-

Wait a tick.

Jake's eyes widened as he something clicked in his mind, something *important*. He bit his lip, wanting to reach for his skull-top once more, to continue- no, to *reread* a certain little something that correlated in his mind.

"Jake, Jake look! They did it! Or well, they're doing it!" Jade's sudden statement made him snap out of his train of thought, he looked back to the stream on the screen, his eyes widening at the scene.

Karkat and Dave were by Roxy's side, with Roxy right underneath the rift, it was hard to see but no doubt she was closing it and that her Aspect was acting out again as the the screen flickered, the Void did not really liked being watched after all.

"Augh! Stupid camera must be faulty or something, it keeps blacking out!" His once-ecto-daughter-grandmother complained, annoyed by the flickering stream, and she wasn't the only one, the others on the stream were making their annoyance known at a rapid pace. "Wait, look!" She pointed out to Rox-Void, who suddenly backed away from the rift, dragging Karka-Blood and Time with her.

A black figure fell from the rift, Time and Blood visibly freaking out before going after it-him? Void stayed put but suddenly a white figure, *with wings*, flew through the rift, flying before her.

"What the heck?"

Jake had to agree as he watched with some confusion as Time flew back up to Void with Blood, the black figure -A carapacian? A *dersite*?- in his arms. The Page of Hope wished he was there to hear what the hell was going on, the white almost angelic figure -another carapacian, prospitian?- did nothing.

"Why aren't they attacking each other? Is that thing an ally of theirs? Did they come out of the rifts too and now they're making sure no one else is coming through, like their old enemies and stuff?" The somewhat-amnesiac-Witch of Space wondered aloud, her 'brother' forced out a shrug but looked at the screen attentively.

It seemed that Roxy turned her attention back to the rift, finally closing it with her Aspect, apparently it took more out of her since she fell backwards and nearly out of the sky if it weren't for Karkat.

And just like that, the battle seemed like it was over, Dave disappearing with the *dersite* in his arms, and Karkat doing the same while supporting Roxy. The winged prospitian seemed to stay for a bit, looking around before disappearing in a flash of green.

Wait, winged prospitian... flash of green... Jake rewound the stream a bit and squinted his eyes, he could faintly see two shaped white things on its head- Oh dear lord.

It couldn't be...

He needed to get to the base as soon as he could, or at least contact the others!

---

Dave felt elated, laughing up a storm as he, Karkat, Roxy and *two guests* appeared in the base.

"John! Babe, you won't believe who just showed up!" He shouted throughout the base, putting down a certain *dersite* companion on the

ground.

Oh yeah baby, *The Mayor* was here! Along with PM, who sniffed around the base with her canine snout.

Karkat snorted as he let go of Roxy who had recovered from the use of her aspect, somewhat, she could still feel it in her veins but she was fine. She giggled at how excited Dave was, she'd heard *plenty* of 'The Mayor', and getting to personally and properly meet the infamous dersite was going to be fun, not to mention PM herself. Especially since it's been so *long* since she'd conversed with a carapacian.

"Dave? Roxy? Karkat?"

Dave was instantly concerned when he heard the hoarse voice of his boyfriend, he whirled to look at him and was shocked to see how pale and sweaty John was.

"John, what happened?"

John cringed and shook his head, seemingly clearing his thoughts and giving them a tired smile.

"That's... a complicated story..." He noticed both carapacians and his smile grew brighter even though both were looking at him in concern was as well. "Oh hey! PM and the Mayor! How'd they get here?"

---

## Chapter End Notes

Three months.

THREE MONTHS.

I am so sorry.

But hey, we have the Mayor officially in this? Haha...

Fuck.

# The Calm(ish) Before The Storm (1)

## Chapter Notes

And here, we have the 'Calm' Arc.

Basically a Daily Life type of Arc, for the next few chapters or so, it's going to time skip quite a bit, not far, probably a few days to a week at most and just be kind of filler ish with plot snippets here and there.

Bear with me but after this Arc, things are certainly going to be *hectic*. But then again, calling it 'Calm Arc' might not be it, there'll be a gradual rise to a certain point of the story;

Spoiler alert- Karkat's self-harming.

Somewhere in this arc, *someone* is going to find out about Karkat's little harmful secret which will escalate with the help of shenanigans, stupidity and misunderstandings! But there's a bright side to it which will be obvious as we get into this.

At any rate, I hope you'll enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Aranea bit the end of her nails as she watched, re-watched the newest video over for the nth time.

Nothing changed of course, the video stayed the same no matter how much she started from the very start. She tried to figure out a lot of things, mostly about the heroes.

She, Meulin and Rufioh were *sure* that Breath had very much *died* in front of them. But somehow he revived? How had that been possible? Could all the heroes do it? Were they essentially immortal? Could their deaths be permanent? What about those clock-like sounds they had heard?

Nothing was making sense, not one thing.

And now there were two more, people?

She had no idea, the camera had been too far away and Aranea couldn't find a clearer shot of the two new mysterious figures that Blood, Void and Time. They had no idea on what to make of these two, just like the heroes, they were a mystery, a mystery Aranea was itching to find out.

Then came another dilemma for her; Karkat.

There was something going on with him, she could feel it, not to mention this enigmatic 'Jake' person Karkat was mostly likely speaking to- she wondered how they met.

As much as she wanted to ask outright, knowing Karkat, he'd deny it vehemently and refuse to give away anything, so she had to rely on finding out herself. She didn't know why she was so suspicious of Karkat and 'Jake', Jake *especially*, but she trusted her instincts and her instincts were telling her to *investigate*.

Something she was going to do.

Aranea Serket was a stubborn girl, and she was determined to find out the truth.

But at the cost that had to be paid, whether she and the others liked it or not.

---

***John could feel the blood pumping in his veins, at that thought he faintly thought that having Karkat with him right now would've been nice but it was just him. Just him, and the Condesce.***

***He deflected a short psionic laserbeam as he focused back on the fight. The fuchsia empress was not playing, but thankfully John knew almost all of her moves; he'd fought against her before, granted he had help before but he knew her move set and he used that to his advantage.***

*Unfortunately, as he had said before, it was just him and the Condesce.*

*There was no support in his battle and all he had to rely on was his wit, skill, powers and his own tactics. Which were nice and all but a little help would be a great help! Then again, he didn't want anyone else in his place or to get hurt because of hi-DODGE.*

*The Heir of Breath whirled around, dodging the golden trident, twice as it whizzed past him and was pulled back- John wheezed in relief. This was a strenuous fight for obvious reasons and while John would have liked waking up from whatever the fuck this was, he wasn't too sure that he could wake up per say.*

*Dirk had 'woken' up just fine, but maybe that was because he couldn't really remember? So what would that do to John who did remember?*

*It was kind of stupid but he was paranoid, after everything that happened, why now of all times to dream this? Or whatever this was?*

*It wasn't like his timeline-hopping power, that power was locked away, he'd checked. All he could do now was just regular wind-hopping and his windy things, no timeline hopping powers for him. He guessed it was just available in the actual game, though it would've been really handy in times like these.*

*"Not bad, buoy. Good strifin' skrills there."*

*The compliment was unexpected but John rolled with it, "Why thank you your majesty," He replied panting, this was another reason why he kind of doubted things, he felt tired, could a dream like this make you feel tired? This realistically worn out? "You're not bad yourself." Don't forget the banter Egbert, good for stalling time.*

*The Condescension smiled sharply at him, the sight of those shark-like teeth were enough send a shiver down his spine. Talk about sharp!*

*"You're good blue buoy," She disappeared from his view, shit- "But not good enough."*

***John suddenly felt hot, searing heat and pain from his back-***

*He was on the floor, a scream leaving his lips and a sharp pain coming from his back. John jolted back up, temporarily forgetting where he was as he had a random hammer in his grip, whirling around in slight panic as he panted. Sweat rolling down his forehead and down his face to his chin, it took a solid minute before John was back to a state of coherency.*

*He wasn't on LOPAN or LOMAX fighting the Condesce; he was back in the base, fell out of bed and was in the air, wielding a hammer against no one.*

*John took a shaky breath, floating back down on the bed, putting away his hammer, the Warhammer of Zillyhoo.*

*He doesn't really calm down for the next few minutes but he hears Dave's voice, he stands up and follows the sound of his voice until he sees them, and two others.*

*"Dave? Roxy? Karkat?" He asks hoarsely.*

*And that was it.*

---

Silence reigned the base as John finished, they were all in the base's infirmary. Or well, he, Dave, Roxy and Karkat were.

PM and Mayor had decided to wander around, and at the behest of them, they insisted the two choose out some rooms for themselves, they had too many so they could spare a few rooms for the two carapacians. No doubt, one or two of those rooms would hold the Mayor's future Can Town structure, which they would whole-heartedly help in providing cans and assist the adorable dersite's delegation to the Town's creation.

Again.

But for now, the three had been listening to John and his bizarre unbelievably realistic dream.

John leaned back against Dave and Roxy, all three crowded on the bed while Karkat sat on a nearby chair.

"Fuck."

Surprisingly the expletive was not uttered first by Karkat nor Dave, but Roxy. The Rogue of Void's mind going a mile a minute, though she clearly wasn't the only one's mind accelerating in thought in trying to process and make sense of John's abstract state of unconsciousness. Trying to figure out its significance or if it was even *real* in the first place, not even John knew and *he* dreamt of it!

Questions littered their minds, did that mean dream bubbles were still a thing? Did the ghosts of doomed timelines still occupy the bubbles? Were they still connected to the encompassing void of paradox space that the Horrorterrors were living in? What were *their* role in this?

If only Rose had been there with them, maybe she could have made *some* sort sense and make a sound theory. But even then, even if they *could* try to make her remember, she was safer not remembering, they were all safer that way. Maybe.

"What about Dirk?" Dave suddenly asked aloud, shifting uncomfortably, "You got him out, thanks by the way babe, but does he remember the dream like you? Does he remember *anything* now?" If he did, that was... he didn't really know how to think.

Roxy shook her head, "Probs not, if he did, he'd be pestering the hell out of the rest of us; he'd *recognize* the fact we're the heroes instantly." She pointed out, calming their thoughts slightly. She was right.

Had the others remembered, had *Dirk* remembered then he would've contacted them the instant he did, hop on train 'Fuck What' and ride with them to the next stop of 'What The Hell'.

Karkat frowned, "If what you dreamt John was real then what the fuck does that mean for Ondine Peixes? She's the fucking Human Condesce! She acts a little bit like her, I don't know, but she's human and doesn't have a fucking



clue on what's going on- believe me, I fucking checked." He shivered, it had been terrifying, figuring out if Ondine could remember being the Condesce or not. He laid down some triggering words, something that might give him a clue that she might know *something* and all of those came back negative.

Then again, she could've been acting like she didn't know anything and that was an even *more terrifying* thought. But he trusted himself and his instincts and his instincts had nothing on her other than, 'Human Condesce Oh Fuck!'.

John shrugged, a bit frustrated, "I don't know! I just dreamed of Fish Alien Ondine Condesce! How am I suppose to know? Besides, maybe it was just a variation of the Condesce? It was a bubble, memory, thing about the Game Over Timeline." He had no idea how dream bubbles worked, Feferi, Aradia, Rose and Jade were probably the ones who had most knowledge about them but at the moment they didn't even know what the hell a 'dream bubble' was!

"Does anyone want a drink? I feel like we need a drink." Roxy groaned, tightening her grip on John as she and Dave huddled closer to him. Karkat hid his jealousy and internally beat down that jealousy as he looked away from the pale trio on the bed- the shameless lot, *humans*, honestly. The fact he himself was human, or human enough? Didn't sit that well for him, he just ignored it and trudged on.

"No thanks Roxy," Dave declined, though he was tempted. Another time maybe. John and Karkat declined as well, Roxy looked thoughtful before deciding to follow them and not drink even though she wanted to, very tempted to, but she promised to herself, to John and Dave and to Rose and her Mother that she'd get better and be sober more often.

A bright white and yellowish light caught their attention, for a second they tensed before they relaxed as they knew just who had appeared-Jake Harley blasted through the doorway, his Aspect enhancing his natural speed and fading as the green-eyed boy panted lightly. "Sorry I'm late chaps! Jade, Jade wouldn't leave my room." He sighed, then beaming at the sight of them, and Karkat. "Now, what'd I miss?" He asked semi-cheerfully, though

they knew it was false, he was clearly worried and confused from the frazzled look he wore.

Karkat couldn't help but stand up and drag him to a chair so he could sit down, grumbling slightly about how idiotic Jake looked with messed up hair- Jake flushed in embarrassment and his mind went back to a certain topic- no, that would be for later, there were a few more important things to address first than his own silly machinations that were probably not real anyway.

It didn't take long for them to fill Jake in on things, the Page of Hope paling and reacting to John's 'dream' in the same way. And just like them, he had no idea on how to deal with it- they would have to think of something later as it seemed that the Mayor and PM were back from exploring and had chosen their rooms.

The Mayor looked so happily excited to be there, already spouting plans for the new Can Town with fervor- which actually sparked an idea in Jake.

He proposed the idea of making a can replica of the city, something like a map they could use if they needed to. A physical map they could use to plan out big events that might involve imps and whatever; his plan was widely approved and Jake grinned brightly at being able to contribute more to their base and their cause. Which was to protect the city and their families and friends of course.

Speaking of their base, it would have two new permanent residents within. With both the Mayor and PM carapacians, they didn't have anywhere else to go, of course the others didn't mind, it was nice that their base would be used even when all five of them weren't within it. PM and Mayor could even be base control, the people that worked in the backgrounds and provide backup when they could; PM was already a powerhouse with her Ring of Orbs Fourfold.

Something that was dangerous in the wrong hands, even if it shouldn't work on humans and trolls, but then again that was *in* the game and it had no affect on the game's *players*. They had no idea on what it would do to a normal human or troll.

After discussing it, they all agreed that PM would be their secret weapon, a last resort or a last defense. She took the ring off, reverting her form from a dog-like god-like figure and back into a regular Prospitian. Roxy apparified a golden chain necklace for the ring, PM would guard the ring and only use it for emergencies.

It would take some time for PM to get used to being a regular Carapacian again, but she would manage.

---

"You alright there Dirk?"

Dirk jumped, whirling around before sighing tiredly, "Yeah, I'm- I'm good Bro." He said, turning back around to do the dishes, Bro frowning behind him as he observed his younger brother. "I'm just tired, weird ass dream is all." Dirk admitted after a moment, sending him a reassuring look.

It didn't help one bit and Bro's frown deepened, "What was it about?" It must have certainly been 'weird' if it had his little brother look like shit, Dirk didn't even bother to try and hide how shitty he felt, look and was, triangular shades were left on his bedside table and there were bags under his eyes. His skin was paler than usual, his hair untamed and messy- it was an odd thing to see on his brother who usually liked to be pristine and cleaned up nicely just like him.

It would've been a bit better on Dave but that was because Dave lacked the finesse of Bro and Dirk, an entire category of his own but that didn't mean he didn't work his looks just fine -wait why was he thinking about that? Nevermind, back to Dirk;

The youngest Strider just shrugged, "Just, stuff. I don't even know, dreams are fucking weird." Understatement, dreams were one of the most bizarre things to ever exist, not one of the major ones, not usually but one of the minor ones that just made people go 'what the fuck' when they wake up from a particularly weird one.

"So... a nightmare." Bro drawled, smirking when Dirk instantly seemed affronted from his blatant accusation, *'He wasn't a child!'* He could

practically hear from Dirk's mind.

Dirk huffed, glaring at him with full annoyance, "No, it wasn't a nightmare asshole, it was just a weird and partially hallucination or whatever that happened when I went to sleep." He insisted. It was a weak excuse and explanation but they both pretended it wasn't, for Dirk's sake, and because Bro was feeling lenient and secretly glad Dirk wasn't just staring off into the distance anymore in that weird daze he'd found him in while doing the dishes.

It wasn't like the trances that Dirk usually had when he had an idea when it came to robotics, it was... He didn't know how to describe it, but Bro didn't like it. Not one bit.

For some reason it kind of struck some sort of nerve in him to see his little brother like that (*The little brother that looked so much like him the small, unheard corner of his mind whispered*) so he had to do *something*.

Speaking of little brothers, he wondered where Dave was.

Probably out hanging out with John as usual.

Thick as thieves those two, well, as long as they were alright and Dave came home safe and sound that alright. He, Jack and Joe had done enough protective hounding for their kids, the paranoia had finally settled and it was safe for the little shits to roam around without an adult and he imagined the utter relief they felt for that.

Still, somewhere deep inside, he wondered about something.

Why did he feel the urge to open a certain box?

~~**freemedirk**~~

Bro shrugged, it was nothing of significance. He went out of the kitchen and into his new bedroom, he needed to work on a few new jams- his playlist for his clubs were getting a bit too repetitive and predictable for his taste.

...

In the kitchen, Dirk sneezed, scowling as he grumpily continued his chore.

It wasn't even *his turn* he realized afterwards, dammit Dave!

It was his turn to do the dishes!

---

Karkat quietly sneaked back inside the house, he grumbled quietly to himself as he tried to process and review everything that had happened today.

It certainly was an exciting day, better than being stuck for who knows *how* long lectured by Kankri-

Speaking of him...

"*Ahem...*"

Karkat didn't bother holding back his expletive, regardless of the scolding sounds of his name across him.

Great.

Before him, standing and looking rather cross were both Kankri *and* Kelvin.

His brother and father.

His Ancestor and Dancestor.

Basically two versions of a same person.

Not that they knew about that of course.

Kelvin looked more disappointed than Kankri, while Kankri looked more stern than Kelvin, "And where were you all day young man?" Kelvin finally asks after a moment of heavy silence.

Karkat should've known his excuse with Sollux wouldn't hold, they would've found out one way or another, sooner or later and it looked like it wasn't the latter but rather the former for this situation. He couldn't help but just feel tired and exasperated, inwardly of course, outwardly he just gave them both his typical glare and barked out, "Out."

Probably not the best thing to say but he was tired and all he wanted to do, was either probably talk to Jake or just sleep the whole night with the help of sopor slime.

Cue the lecture, typical how he tried to escape one lecture today and just end up stuck in one lecture by two Kankri's.

Ah, the perks and cons of being a human and having a human family.

---

In the safety (and loneliness) of his room, Jake Harley, formerly English, paced slightly on his green carpet.

Many things were on his mind at the moment, one of which was a very recent development and discovery that had sent him into something of a tizzy;

He glanced at his Skulltop, the subject of his discovery was still open in one of the tabs of his sophisticated and hands-free computing device and he resisted the urge to re-read it, just to be sure. Again. But how many times had he reread the damned thing over the past hour ever since he came back from Skaia Base?

He didn't know but he was fairly sure it was a lot.

He had no idea what to think on the matter, hell, he didn't know how to deal with it!

It seemed silly though, somewhat, it seemed so simplistic but he had mixed feelings about it all. He needed some advice or maybe a second opinion

about it...

And he had just the person in mind.

---

golgothasTerror [GT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

GT: Roxy

GT: Roxy, i uh, am in need some advice from you please.

TG: wassup jakey

GT: You, dave and john are moirails right

TG: yyyyy??/? :???

GT: What's it like? Being in a moirallegiance?

TG: uh

TG: y u askin harley

GT: Um, no reason?

TG: well to anser ur question, bein diamonds w/ davey n johnny is  
AMAZEBALLS.

TG: we hang out when we got time or when we like need emotonal support  
from each ither

TG: dave an john are gr8 moirails and they tell me than im a good 1 2 even  
tho i dont really think so

GT: No you're a great moirail roxy! I assure you, john and dave know their  
stuff when they say you're a good moirail to them.

TG: aww thx jake :]]]

GT: No problem roxy :B

TG: y u asking abot it anyway?

GT: It's nothing much, i just finished reading karkat's explanation on troll relationships. It's an interesting read, plus he wrote it in alternian so its good practice for me.

TG: hows that going 4 u btw

GT: Oh it's going splendid! Absolutely wonderful, karkat is an excellent teacher.

GT: Granted i'm better at reading rather than writing it seems.

TG: hmmmmm....

GT: 'Hmmmmm....'?

TG: yes, 'hmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn.....'

TG: now go on

GT: Er, well, anyway. My alternian lessons are going well, karkat gave me the full explanation of troll relationships-er, quadrants i suppose- in alternian and i was just curious about moirallegiance after finishing it.

TG: ah makes sense

TG: anything else harley? >u>

GT: No

TG: that was awfully fast of a replu Jakey, wus goin on bby >U>

TG: cmon jake, u can tell me. i am miss zipperpips, i can keep a secret

GT: Well....

Rose had to pause in her *very important work* as she heard a high-pitched squeal come from her beloved younger sister's room.

Hesitantly, the lavender-eyed elder sister climbed out of her bed and padded over to her door, coming out of her room and headed towards Roxy's door. She raised a hand to knock on the door only to drop it and press her ear against it instead.



Inside, she heard the muffled squeals and cheering from Roxy, catching a few words of, "*Fuck yes!*" and "*I knew it!*"

Rose unpursed her ear and pursed her lips thoughtfully before sighing and shaking her head, it was probably Roxy being Roxy again, the last time something like this happened it was over nothing important, just Roxy finding out her favorite ship was 'canon' in a certain series. Which, was an understandable reaction given thought, even Rose celebrated when a certain pair was canonized so she couldn't really blame her.

Though, with the volume of her sounds and shrieks, it must have been *some* pairing. She'll ask later, when Roxy was done hollering and screaming like some lunatic and after she was done with her *very important work*.

Said work needed a few more paragraphs and words so she could fill in her quota for such a thing; ah, life as a writer was a strange and harrowing one.

*'And with that in mind, Time found himself unprepared at the fact of the matter; the depth of his affection was unexpected. But he couldn't find it in himself to care, for he only had eyes on one person and one person alone...'*

Rose smiled as she typed.

Strangely, it didn't really feel like typing fiction as she usually did, but as if recalling or retelling a story instead.

~~That's because it is, honestly when D@v# found out himself, he just didn't care and focused on J0^#.~~

How strange indeed.

---

"Oh my god there's *fanfiction* of us out there."

"You **cannot** be serious."

"I totally am, check this out-"

"Why the fuck is the most popular ship so far is *me and Dave*."

"You stay away from my man Vantas!"

"Keep him! It's fucking *appalling*!"

"*Ouch*, right in the heart there Karkles."

"Pfft, *me and Jakey* are more popular than you and Dave!"

"That's *soo unfaair*! Dave's *my* boyfriend!"

"Oh my, there's a lot of '*Bloody Hope*' out there..."

---

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter the guys deal with;

The cons and pros of being a superhero group and almost everything that comes with it! Including.... FANFICTION

Expect hilarity and more.

Hope you enjoyed!

# The Calm(ish) Before The Storm (2)

## Chapter Notes

So sorry for the long wait.  
Again.  
Here's the chapter!  
*Pleasedon'thurtmeT^T*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Karkat held back his sigh as he flushed the *weeks*-old blood down the toilet.

It was a waste of blood but old blood wasn't as versatile as fresh blood, sure he could still use it but it kinda seemed unhygienic- plus it wasn't like he was short of fresh blood. Being a Blood Player and surrounded by living beings that had the life-liquid flowing through their veins, yeah, he doubt he would ever run out of blood he could use.

The teen rubbed his wrists, clicking his tongue as he felt the scars on his skin. He was *still* brooding over the fact human skin could scar so easily, or at least, *his* skin could scar so undeniably easy.

Sopor slime helped a little, it wasn't that much but he appreciated the little help. It was better than nothing he supposed, and even then, he tried not to use it too much, he had a finite supply of sopor, it was big, but most of it would be directed towards the healing coons at the Base- he should make two more tubes, for Mayor and PM- and at any rate, he grimaced as he stared at himself at the mirror.

Scars littered his body, most of them self-made but others made in battle which led to him making more openings to access his own blood.

It was a bloody, scarring cycle.

Literally.

He tried not to use his wrists or arms too much, it was too obvious but it was instinct to just cut the easily accessible veins on his hands he had to get fresh blood. Storing blood had been a good idea, but after weeks at a time, the blood would start to smell- his sylladex wasn't exactly equipped to keep things fresh for long.

It would start to smell as it slowly rotted away, becoming a biohazard that Karkat did not want to really deal with. So, he had to flush away the old blood on a weekly basis, he'd think of a better way to dispose it in the future but for now, the toilet would do.

He scowled as he started to feel that *itch*, his eyes watered on instinct and he *hated* it. He sighed before taking a small blade and cutting a fine line against his side, blood pouring out but not hitting the floor, instead, it just floated around his naked torso.

The pros and cons of being a Blood Player.

The Blood Spurts (as he was calling them, or BS -Blood Spurts ; Bull Shit-) varied, it was a somewhat stable thing now. But on days when Karkat felt too stressed or paranoid it got worse. The longest he could go without a BS was about a week, but then again after that week he had bled out a large amount after being pent up for so long.

It hadn't gone out of hand, *yet*, but Karkat was starting to feel so tired about it. Plus, the threat and possibility of *anyone* other than the ones who knew, finding out he was cutting himself? Yeah, *not good*.

He wouldn't be able to properly explain to them, and he knew just how they'd take it.

They'd think he was depressed and suicidal.

Not that he wasn't already depressed, he knew what his problems were so fuck off, but he wasn't.... *exactly* suicidal- he just didn't really care for his

entire personal well being and life? Oh shut the fuck up, he wasn't the only one.

The others had their own problems and they knew it, despite acting positive, they knew just what was wrong. What with PTSD, the old memory slash nightmares, the general depression of all five of them being on their own against whatever the game was still *somehow* throwing at them.

The added fact that death applied a different facet over them and they weren't all too keen on their own... uh... yeah, let's just say that they didn't really care for themselves but for the others, who made it clear they cared and they all relied on that.

Karkat was no different than the others, aside from the initial isolation of being the only troll, *ex-troll*, to remember. As he said, many times before. But still, he was alright, he managed, they all did. There wasn't much of any other options besides managing and *totally* ignoring it just asked for trouble.

They were doing just fine so far, so at least they had the trust of each other... though, Karkat would never really freely admit the fact he was slightly envious of John, Dave and Roxy, the moirallegiance they had going. They were *human* and even they had a better moirallegiance than he did! They actually had it period. And whatever troll that was left in him was stewing in jealousy, something he kept down, he was human now, moirallegiances were for trolls, something that... he wasn't anymore.

He was fine.

He and Jake could be moirail-less humans together. *Or maybe actual be moira--* STOP. No. Just.

No.

He didn't need a- he didn't need any other reassurance besides his own. Yeah. He was getting used to it.

Soon the BS was over and Karkat flung the blood into his sylladex, he contemplated getting some slime out before deciding against it, no need to waste slime over every cut he had, it was already healing anyway.

Sighing, Karkat turned to the shower and stepped in, ready to start the day without a lot of risks.

---

Jake was probably wearing down his carpet with the amount of pacing he's taken to do on it, he was actually certain that there were *actual indentions* of his pacing pathway starting to appear on it. Well, at least he was getting a physical work out for all his mental dilemmas so that was a plus.

After a long, *long*, partially embarrassing, partially shocking, conversation with Roxy about... certain... subjects... The Page of Hope was trying to deal with a few things.

So apparently he had a crush on Karkat.

But not the kind of crush he was familiar with, he had a *pale* crush on Karkat or so says Roxy and the book he'd read from Karkat about such things.

He-

He had no idea how to process that fact.

Sure he was starting to get to know the chap just fine and was concerned whenever he had a problem or something didn't *exactly* mean that he had an alien-like crush on him, right?

He just wanted to make sure he was fine, that he was taking care of himself and was concerned for his overall well being was all! Like any other normal friend! That... was not true and he knew it.

It might seem to be that way but Jake felt like there was something *more* to it, he didn't want Karkat as a boyfriend and could clearly recognized it if he

did, however this was different compared to *those* kind of feelings that he had felt before for... Dirk.

No, this was something different and he knew that. It was why he opted to contact Roxy first of all, he would have asked Karkat since he was clearly the expert on such things but... yeah...

He couldn't exactly go to Karkat about... Karkat...

Jake sighed, stopping his pacing and ended up sitting on his carpet instead, burying his head into his knees while trying to think properly on the situation. He was absolutely rubbish with feelings, the one relationship he had was complicated, his previous friendships were pretty rocky and he was sure most of it was his fault despite Roxy's saying that it wasn't but Jake was fairly confident it was. He was only glad that things were okay now between them, he still felt awkward between Jane and Dirk, *especially* Dirk.

The green-eyed page sighed again, deeper this time into his knees.

Why were feelings always so gosh-darned *complicated*?!

### ***Ping***

Jake quickly looked up from his knees as his computer loudly 'pinged', he got to his feet and off of his carpet to answer the message Pesterchum notified him, wondering who was pestering him right now.

His heart lodged in his throat as he found out it was Dirk who messaged him.

Oh dear.

---

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering golgathasTerror [GT]

TT: Hey Jake.

TT: You there man?

GT: Why if it isn't dirk strider himself!  
GT: What can i be of use of you today my chum?

TT: Ha, hey man.  
TT: It's been a while hasn't it?  
TT: We haven't exactly been talking to each other much, I guess we were both busy with something.

GT: I suppose so, well i certainly didn't intend to avoid talking to you dirk it is as you said, we were both quite busy with something  
GT: Actually i'm still slightly busy with something myself right now but i should be making some time to talk to you for it has been far too long since we last conversed with each other

TT: Really? What are you busy with?  
TT: If you don't mind me asking that is.

GT: Er, i certainly do mind a little in all honesty  
GT: It's something kind of personal and i am determined to do it myself  
GT: That is if i can actually do it myself...  
GT: But i am staying optimistic!

TT: Well, if you need help I'm here for you dude.  
TT: Me along with Jane and Roxy of course.

GT: I know! I'm just... Really adamant on dealing with this busy personal thing by myself!  
GT: Anyway enough about me, what's been on your mind lately dirk?

TT: Not much.  
TT: Had a weird ass dream a few days ago, it's still sticking with me even now.

GT: Oh? Can you remember what it was about?

TT: Not really, it just feels so weird that it stuck. I tried remembering it but all I can remember from it was wearing something maroon and being chased by something pink.



TT: Something fuchsia, weirdly enough I needed to properly describe the shade of pink that was chasing me.

TT: And even then I was with something bright blue? I don't know why those specific colors, like I said, it was weird as fuck.

GT: Well it certainly sounds interesting! Maybe it's for the best you don't really remember the dream? It could have been a nightmare

TT: Maybe.

TT: I'm trying to put it behind me but it's kind of hard to when the colors just won't leave my mind.

TT: Especially the maroon thing, I mean, maroon is not my color. Sure I could totally work with maroon but orange is so much better.

GT: I don't know dirk, maroon is quite the dashing color. Who knows it might just be an aspect of yourself you never knew of! :B

TT: A weird way to put it and say it but alright?

GT: At any rate, the dream was only just that; a dream. There could possibly be no significance whatsoever to those specific colors in general. Perhaps you have just been working too much on your personal robotics projects and what not?

TT: Perhaps. Still, even if you say it's just a dream I have the tiniest doubt it is.

GT: You mean, infinitesimally so? ;B

TT: Get one word wrong and they will never live it down.

TT: Just the other day Roxy was reminding me that it in fact does not mean really big, I get it, even I make mistakes.

GT: Hahaha! We're just japing you dirk you know that.

TT: Of course I do, I know all the japes. All of them.

TT: Though then again I'm not the prankster of the group, that solely goes

to the Crockerberts.

TT: Jane says hello by the way.

GT: Oh you are pestering her right now?

TT: Sort of, she started pestering me after I started pestering her.

TT: And now Roxy's pestering her and Jane is telling me that Roxy says hi.

TT: The circle is almost complete if you started pestering Roxy.

GT: As tempting as it were to complete that circle, I have already  
pestered roxy earlier and pestering her again after a short time would just be  
weird since we finished talking and have nothing much else to talk about.

TT: And here I thought I was the fun killer.

GT: :P

TT: Anyway, we should really hang out again. The four of us on our own  
instead of having family fun time get togethers, as fun as they are, I miss  
hanging out with just us four. Plus, with me being so close, it'll be easier to  
hang out now.

GT: I quite agree! We should definitely arrange a date to hang out together  
it'll be just swell!

TT: Then it's a date.

GT: Right!

GT: Erm, but not a date date, a friendly hang out date-not-date with our best  
of friends.

TT: Yes. Exactly.

TT: You okay Jake?

TT: You've been acting a bit weird.

GT: I am simply splendid!

GT: And fine.

GT: Splendid and fine. That is what I am.

GT: Bluh, sorry dirk maybe i am being weird but right now i'm trying to

solve that busy problem of mine.

GT: Actually i should go and do that, and before you can offer your help i have already told you i would like to resolve it on my own without any outside assistance please!

TT: Alright, good luck with solving your busy problem.

TT: Later Jake.

GT: Later dirk! :B

golgathasTerror [GT] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT]

---

Dirk leaned back on his chair, sighing as the conversation he had with Jake ended.

That was slightly weird, come to think of it Jake had been acting weird since the picnic. Actually, didn't he make a new friend that he hadn't heard about? Kar-something? He had honestly forgotten about that.

***Ping***

Oh yeah, Jane.

---

GG: Dave has been hanging around John an awful lot lately.

TT: Of course he has, they're best bros and apparently now that we live closer they can go off and do more shenanigans together and hang out more.

TT: Which is something we should definitely follow.

TT: I asked Jake and he said that he'd love to hang out with us whenever.

TT: Did you ask Rox?

GG: Why yes! :B

GG: And of course she agreed as well, provided that we arrange something in advance and that she's not busy with her projects.

GG: She's taken quite a few projects underneath her belt, reminds me of a certain someone who tends to do that as well. :)

TT: I can practically feel your eyes looking at me.

TT: Good on for Roxy I suppose but I wonder on what she's working on.

GG: In her words it's a;

GG: 'sercet ;))))0'

GG: '\*secret'

GG: 'wonk ;)'

GG: Complete with misspellings and such.

TT: Yep, definitely sounds like her.

GG: Hoo hoo hoo :B

GG: Any luck in finding that person who pestered you?

TT: Not one bit.

TT: It's irritating, frustrating but admittedly very intriguing as well.

TT: Like I said before, I can't track anything of them from that weird ass account they used.

TT: It's as if the account never existed in the first place, whoever they were, they're really skilled in covering up their tracks.

GG: :/

GG: Perhaps we should ask Roxy to help then?

GG: She should be able to help, what with her 'haxxor gurl cred' as she says.

TT: I know but I have a feeling that she won't be of any help either.

TT: Call it a hunch.

GG: Mm, then what now??

TT: That's exactly the thing.

TT: I have no idea what to do now.

---

Today had been a regular day so far, they had decided to spend it together at Base Skaia where both dersite and prospitian carapacians Mayor and PM had made it into their permanent home. Mayor was already starting the reconstruction of Can Town much to Karkat, Dave and Roxy's delight.

They were all in one of the rooms the Mayor had claimed as his own, it was large and a lot of the previous equipment inside the room had been cleared out to make room for Can Town. John, Jake and PM were watching on the sidelines as the four others began to build the can-made town, Roxy providing the cans with ease as well as chalk and other materials that the Mayor needed for the full reconstruction of Can Town.

"I still have no idea on how you have this PM, didn't we burn this?" John asked as he fingered the Four-Orb's ring, it took them a while to realize the fact that PM had the ring back much to their embarrassment. All they had been focusing was the fact the Mayor and her had come through the portal and assisting them in making Base Skaia their home, letting them live comfortably on their base and providing what they could for the carapacian duo.

The white-chitin carapacian shrugged, that's what she thought as well, her last memory was when she and the Mayor were over the volcano, throwing the rings into the burning lava and the great Bilious Slick rising from the burning hot liquid and flying towards Skaia. Next thing she knew, she was flying out of the rip of reality with the Mayor falling in front of her, thankfully the Knight of Time had caught him just in time.

Jake sighed, propping his head on his palm as he stared at the golden ring as well, "I really haven't got the slightest clue on what's going on John, nothing is making much sense at all. First we 'wake up' with our memories, powers, sylladex and all our doodads but our friends don't remember a single thing of the game, second those, *tears* or whatever they are start popping up and spew out game enemies at us and eventually the Mayor and Miss PM- really now, I wonder on what's going to happen next." The Page complained, leaning back against the wall.

"I fucking agree, what the shit is next on the complicated reality show that is our lives?" Karkat questioned as he came by, sitting down with them.

Jake beamed at him, "Karkat! How is the construction of Can Town?" He asked, glancing back to where Roxy and Dave were, they were stacking up cans and making towers for the Mayor while said carapacian was drawing roads using the chalk Roxy provided him.

Karkat actually looked pleased with himself as he leaned back on his hands, "It's going well, we finished the main district and Serenity hall." The extroll motioned to the big building in the middle of the un-finished town, a large dictionary was being used as a roof among the stack of cans that made 'Serenity hall' and had a flashlight between the pages and helped keep the open dictionary on structure of cans. "Mayor's making more streets and after that we'll make more official buildings in Can town."

The emerald-eyed boy couldn't help but silently sigh as he listened to Karkat talk animatedly about Can Town, honestly it was adorable. Which made him pause at the thought and inwardly cursed himself for thinking that. Dammit, this pale crush thing was really bothersome for the young teen!

"Well I'm glad that Can Town is doing so well."

"Oh my god there's *fanfiction* of us out there."

Both Heroes paused when John suddenly blurted that out, the Heir of Breath had been randomly browsing the internet after giving the ring back to PM, and out of boredom he looked up on him and his friends- more specifically their hero personas.

Of course, this caught this caught the attention of Roxy and Dave as both Jake and Karkat gaped at the buck-toothed hero. "You **cannot** be serious." Karkat says once he snaps out of his shock.

John shook his head, looking just as surprised and shocked as they were, "I totally am, check this out-" He switches to his Cosby-Headtop, showing the holographic image of his searches.

He was at some fanfiction website, AO4 or something, what caught their attention however was the amount of works that involved 'Aspects'.

No one knew who suggested calling John and the others 'Aspects' on the internet but apparently it stuck and now they were known as the Heroes of Aspects- who the hell suggested that?! Was it a coincidence? Did someone know who they were? About their powers? Their classpect? No, they couldn't, could they?

At any rate though, in the website there were already *hundreds* of fanfiction works about them.

"Holy shit." Dave muttered as John scrolled through the first page. "That's a lot of stuff about us."

They each got on their own computers, going to the website that John had found out about.

Out of curiosity, Karkat clicked on the 'Relationships' tag and gaped at the most frequent used relationship pairing, "Why the fuck is the most popular ship so far is *me and Dave*." He shrilled, making the others check as well.

Dave laughed, though it was in a tone of disbelief and behind his shades was an incredulous look. "Dude, me and John are at the very bottom when it comes to the Time pairing." Which was very ironic since he and John were in fact dating.

"You stay away from my man Vantas!" John said, half-joking though he privately sulked at the fact he and Dave were the least popular pairing.

"Keep him! It's fucking *appalling*!" Karkat snapped back, looking a bit horrified at the thought of him and Dave getting together. They had tried before and it did not work. There was a reason why they decided to stay friends after all.

"*Ouch*, right in the heart there Karkles."

Roxy snickered as she looked at the pairings, "Pfft, *me and Jakey* are more popular than you and Dave!" She said, it was true. For Time's pairing, Blood was at the top, Void was the second, Hope was the third and Breath

was the very last. "And hey, in Breath's pairing I'm the most popular, ain't that great Johnny?" The pink-eyed girl asked with a mock-flirty tone.

"That's *soo unfaair!* Dave's *my* boyfriend!" John complained with a pout, he pouted more at Roxy and Dave's laughter.

Jake gulped adjusting his collar as he stared at his own pairings, "Oh my, there's a lot of '*Bloody Hope*' out there..." He mumbled, 'Bloody Hope' was him and Karkat obviously, though it was the second most popular pairing to Hope, the first actually being Time.

In the sidelines, Mayor and PM shared a confused look as the five got worked over something called 'fanfiction'. Both shrugged and just continued on with their business.

"Damn Dave, you're the most popular hero!"

"Damn right I am, I'm the fucking Knight of Time. Not that they really know anyway, they just know I'm Time and everybody likes Time-hey!" It was Dave's turn to pout as John cuffed him upside the head, "Aw c'mon babe, you're just as awesome as me." John just huffed and turned away from the blonde.

Roxy and Karkat had started to read a piece of fanfiction, "Hey this isn't that bad." Roxy hummed as she read the story that paired her with John. Though the author had renamed them as 'Brian' and 'Susan' as their civilian names since they didn't know their real names, a lot of the fanfictions renamed them actually but that was a given really. "I'll keep an eye on this one, it's not so bad." The blonde said as she got to the last update, it wasn't that long yet, only about 3 chapters but the author was doing alright. Even if the whole premise of how they got their powers was wrong, there was no 'magic crystals' involved in them getting their powers but still, eight out of ten for the effort.

"Are we really that fucking popular to get this many fanfiction works about us?" Karkat asked as he scrolled through the amount of stories about them, most just started but some having a fair amount of chapters in them already, he even spotted a story that had more than ten chapters! Though it looked a



bit sketchy, Karkat would read it later though as curiosity got the better of him.

"It certainly looks like it." Jake answered, reading one about himself and Karkat, thankfully it was a friendship fic and nothing else, it even made him smile as he read through it. When he finished it he wondered about it, he couldn't help it, he definitely cared for Karkat...

A sense of determination entered him as he reread the fanfic of him and Karkat.

Today he would...

---

"Karkat? I'd like to speak with you about something."

"Huh?"

---

"Why are we doing this again?" Feferi asked as she sat on the weird pile that Karkat had in his closet for some odd reason. "I feel like we're intruding on Karcrab's privacy..."

Eridan huffed, crossing his arms as he was on Karkat's strangely bare bed, "That's because wwe are, Sol's evven on his computer!" He pointed out, pointing to Sollux who was indeed on Karkat's computer. "Wwe are totally invadin' his privvacy!"

"Both of you thhut up, KK'th been acting tho weird for the latht lately and I'm going to find out why!"

Aradia sighed as she kept watch from the door, "Will you hurry up then? We have no idea when he'll come back! Though Kankri did say he'd tell us." It felt wrong to do this but their friend *had* been acting *very* strange lately. She had no idea how Sollux convinced her to do this.

"What the fuck ith thith."

The three perked, peering at the heterochromic who was staring at the computer screen incredulously. "What did you find Shoallux?"

Sollux glanced back at them then back at the screen with squinted suspicious eyes, "A weird file, it doesn't look like a virus but it's in a language I've never seen before. AA, do you know it?" He asked, waving her over to the computer. Aradia frowned but went closer, squinting at the screen.

"Um. Not really? But... doesn't it seem kind of familiar?" She asked, tilting her head as she tried to remember where she'd seen it before.

~~You have! It's our original language.~~

Sollux did the same, wracking his brain on why it seemed so familiar even though he was sure he had never seen it before.

~~Idiotth, we're all idiotth here.~~

Feferi hummed, getting the feeling of deja vu as well but it seemed to be escaping her every time she tried to remember why it felt familiar.

~~Now now Shoallux, please don't call us idiots.~~

Eridan glanced at the screen once- ~~I can't believe I'm agreein' with Sol on this but yea, wwe're all idiots, gogdammit WWAKE UP ME~~ - before glancing down to his phone and panicked, "Kar's comin' up! Kankri pestered me, Kar's come back!"

All four of them panicked briefly, "Sol, hurry up!" Eridan hissed at him, the computer geek gritting his teeth as he typed away at the computer.

"Thhut up I'm going ath fatht ath I can!"

A few minutes later, the door opened.

---

## Chapter End Notes

I'm *trying* okay? But at least I got the chapter out before the end of the month!

Sorry, I've just been a slump lately and the chapter wasn't really cooperating with me.

At any rate, I hope you enjoyed, if not, sorry but hopefully the next chapter will be better??

# The Calm(ish) Before The Storm (3)

## Chapter Notes

Whoo!

New year 2019! And I am not dead!

Here, we're still going through the calm(ish) before the storm. We got a lot of things planned here.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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*A few minutes later, the door opened.*

A few minutes earlier, a slightly dazed Karkat came through the front door. The ex-troll was somewhat out of his mind for the moment as he went inside his house. Not even the concerned question of human Kankri could snap him out of his dazedness, he was completely uncaring of the outside world and all he wanted to do for the moment is get to his pile and curl up in a tight ball.

Jake had confessed to him.

*Jake* had confessed to him.

Jake had *confessed* to him.

There were many more stressed words he could put down to this one statement but the truth still stood;

*Jake had confessed to him.*

He was pale! *They were pale! He had a moirail again!*

The whole premise had him quite shocked and unable to properly process the whole situation. In fact, he almost couldn't really remember what

happened afterwards, though fortunately -or unfortunately on how you looked at it- he did.

---

*"Karkat? I'd like to speak with you about something."*

*"Huh?"*

*Karkat said, confused as to what Jake could possibly want to talk to him in person about.*

*They were all about to leave the base, John and Dave had gone home first, going together as always since they pretty much lived together -even though they lived different houses but Dave's new house was right across John's so it counted to them- Roxy was going later on, wanting to check on their machinery. She and Jake were pretty much the main mechanics within their small group since they didn't have anyone else with actual technological and mechanical experiences, Karkat and the others would assist when they could but it was up to the two of them to keep maintenance on their machines.*

*The alchemiter that they appearified did actually need maintenance, thankfully small things that Roxy and Jake could easily handle and the healing coons within their frequently updated, refurnished and modified infirmary was handled by Roxy and Karkat since they knew the machines well enough, plus they still had to deal with the filters and all that.*

*Roxy was definitely head mechanic, just an added skill to her almost unmatched repertoire even though her she was better at programming than robotics. She had her thumbs in so many pies, John and Dave were a bit worried that she would burn out but she always reassured them that she was going to be fine, plus she knew that they would be there to help her whenever she needed it.*

*The ex-troll looked at the Hope Player with a squinted and confused look, "Well? What the fuck do you want to talk about?" He asked bluntly as he and Jake were left alone in the Can Town room, PM had taken the Mayor with her to somewhere else at the request of Jake from earlier on.*

*Being alone with Jake made Karkat a bit anxious but he shoved aside that unreasonable feeling of nervousness, until Jake smiled that is.*

*Jake smiled, bucktoothed, silly and nervous himself, suddenly Karkat was wary as to what Jake wanted to ask or discuss. "You see, Karkat, what I wanted to talk to you about is... er..." The Page of Hope grinned a bit sheepishly, awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck in habit while some color crept up his neck a bit, "So uh, remember that file you sent me old chap? The one with all the romance stuff and uh, all that jazz?" He questioned rhetorically.*

*Karkat tensed at the mention of romance, he had sworn himself off to romance -pale, red, grey or black- shortly after he realized that there was no chance in hell he could have it in the state they were all in. "... Yeah..." Unintentionally, he's a bit hostile on the matter.*

*The green-eyed teen frowned at it, a bit put out but nonetheless he continues on. "I couldn't um, help but pay attention to a particular type of uh, troll romance in the very helpful file describing it- thank you by the way, my curiosity about troll romance has been sated." He says, briefly thanking him before continuing on, nervously twiddling his fingers. "To be more specific, the type of romance I am, mentioning right now is... the... pale-pinkish one? The diamond one." Karkat's stomach becomes unsettled, and he tenses up a bit more on it.*

*"... And...?" Where was Jake going with this? And why exactly? ... Oh.*

*Oh no.*

*This was-*

*Was this going into a territory that Karkat had imagined but never dared to think seriously into?! The Knight of Blood straightened, untensing and tensing as he paid full attention to Jake Harley.*

*"Aand." Jake elongated, taking a deep breath. "It has come to my- ah- well, attention." Shit. "That, there has been something from you pertaining to*

me." SHIT. "And uh, I would like to say, that there is, something pertaining from you to me?" SH- Hold on what.

"The fuck are you on about Jake." Karkat snapped, bloodpusher hammering slightly in his human thorax and he could feel the cherry-grub-damned-colored sludge in his veins boiling slightly -it was easy to say that he went back into his troll vernacular and slang when his emotions were particularly strong, that as well as his blood powers would go slightly crazy because of his emotional state but that was the same for everyone since powers reacted strongly to emotion- "Get the fuck on with it."

Jake coughed, nodding and holding in his breath for a moment, the anxious feeling was slowly growing but he was determined to continue on even as he felt his Hope powers tingling slightly underneath his control. He wanted to make sure that this was going to go on without any misconceptions or misunderstanding like the... last two times he had been, involved with romance; particularly Jane and Dirk, who he hoped would not remember anything about how he had entirely fucked up in the terms of romance between them- with him misunderstanding Jane's dilemma and his... misconceptions with Dirk in their own relationship that Jake hoped to avoid in this new reality by not adding kindling to that metaphorical blaze that they had in the past, not that this version of Dirk and Jane knew but... yeah.

At any rate, he wanted to make things between he and Karkat smooth and completely understandable by both sides. Roxy had been a great help, a very great help, putting down hints that he had taken to once more even though she had done so before with him and Jane in an attempt to get them together, which backfired not by her faults but by his own and Jane's. This time though, Jake could say that Roxy would be successful in this attempt to pair two of her friends together.

In a different but similar way.

"What I'm trying to say is, Karkat!" He started, blurting out what was on his mind now that he was at the peak of the conversation. An unfortunate habit he had developed and had backfired on him plenty of times but he couldn't really help it, hopefully it wouldn't backfire this time, a lot of hope was going on here for the Page of Hope. "Would you terribly mind if I asked

*you more pertaining on the subject of moirallegiance!? Er, more specifically, a moirallegiance between the two of us! If you don't, mind, that is..." He said, losing steam in the end and flushing red but glad to have it all out now.*

*He looked at Karkat intensely, faltering slightly as they shared a tense moment of solid silence.*

*"Karkat?"*

## **BLARGH**

*"Karkat! Oh gosh are you okay?!" The Page of Hope fretted and fussed as the Knight of Blood coughed up the life liquid in his body in the most comical way that Karkat would later lament and hate but right now, he was too busy unable to process the whole situation.*

*From behind the corner Roxy grinned, giggling quietly to herself in victory before fading out of existence, heading home with the intent of reading and or writing some fanfictions about her crew. Why not join the insanity of the internet? It was certainly entertaining enough.*

---

"Get the fuck out of my room." Karkat said the instant he saw his friends - human friends, human friends not trolls, their bodies were pink skin not chitinous grey- he would wonder why the fuck they were in his room *after* getting unto his pile-- *which Feferi was sitting on*. He held back the urge to snarl, that was *his* pile, *his and soon enough Jake's* pile, he wanted to lash out but she didn't know troll customs, didn't know the taboo of sitting on a reserved pile, she was only *human*.

*-Theyallwere.-*

Eridan smiled awkwardly at him from the bed as Sollux lounged on Karkat's chair, away from the computer and in the middle of the room, Aradia was just awkwardly standing beside him. "Heey, Kar." The violet-eyed teen greeted, waving from the bed.



Karkat repeated his words, "Get the fuck out of my room." He had no time for their bullshit.

Sollux frowned, "Uh, you alright there KK?" He asked, sitting up from his attempted casual and totally not-suspicious at all lounging to look at his best friend. Though Karkat was cursing, he seemed tired, even more so than usual. He and the others had noticed and known about Karkat's erratic sleeping schedule and were concerned but the teen kept telling them he was fine and he didn't need any help, rebuffing even his brother's and father's concerns and refusing to go to a hospital.

Though lately it seemed that he was sleeping a bit better for whatever reason but at least he was sleeping better so that was good.

"I am perfectly fine, I just don't want to deal with whatever bullshit this is so get the fuck out of my room." Karkat said with less rage in his voice he had intended to. He was tired. "Just, get out all four of you." He said, sighing as he pinched his eyes together.

Aradia and Feferi shared a concerned look before looking back to Karkat, "Are you shore Karcab? You know you could always talk to us if somefin's bothering you." Feferi said, thankfully getting up and off of Karkat's beloved pile- though he knew he would be rearranging the whole thing, which is a good thing actually since he was planning to rebuild his pile with the help of Jake, at some point.

The Aries-signed human nodded in agreement, "Yeah, if there's anything bothering you we can help maybe?" She suggested, smiling in reassurance.

Karkat scrunched his face and shook his head, "It's nothing, I'm just really fucking tired right now. So all I ask, demand really, is for you shits to leave me alone and leave my room." He told them bluntly.

"But Kar!" Eridan protested, backing down at Feferi's look, maybe they should leave him alone for a bit. He clearly just wanted to take a nap or something. Aradia gave Sollux the same look but the programmer ignored it, scowling as he stood up.

"KK, come on. I'm-we're your betht friendth, if there'th thomething bothering you, thpit it out inthtead of keeping it in." Sollux said, stubbornly crossing his arms and narrowing his heterochromic eyes at him from his red and blue-tinted glasses. It had been a while since he and Karkat had properly talked, since the tired teen before him had talked to *anybody* like he used to, all aggravated but familiar- and even then, in the past month he felt... different.

Like there was something going on behind him, something that Sollux wanted-*needed* to find out.

There was something wrong about Karkat, and they couldn't figure out what.

Karkat scowled back at him, but said with an even tone that had all four humans chilled. "Get the fuck out of my room Captor."

**BANG**

That as how they found themselves out of Karkat's room, the Cancer-signed teen slamming the door shut, and even that was different from the usual angry, emotional or passionate slams of before. There was no laughter as a fuming Karkat was behind the door with Sollux and a few others laughing. Only a tired Karkat who fell unto his pile with a tired sigh of relief and a fuming, hurt Sollux that was being lead down the hall and stairs into the living room by the others.

Captor.

Again with his last name, he doesn't usually use Sollux's last name if ever, and even then *not like that*.

Aradia frowned as she made Sollux sit down on the couch, "Are you okay Sollux?"

The Gemini-signed human stayed silent before shaking his head and letting out a small, "No."

Eridan and Feferi shared a look but stayed silent as the four teenagers wondered what was wrong with their dear friend upstairs.

There was something going on with Karkat.

And they were going to find out what.

~~Oh please the fucking do tho I can give KK a piece of my mind for doing this shit.~~

~~Patience, K4RK@& and the others are just trying to protect us.~~

~~But they really should let us help. They can't do this all alone by themselves!~~

~~Well, looks like they're going to try anyway. Bunch of morons.~~

---

“We can't keep going on like this.” John said, arms cross as he paced along the air as if still walking on the ground while his fellow heroes listened with rightfully anxious ears. “These imps are appearing more and more! We'll need some help eventually, and I'm starting to think that that eventually is coming really soon.”

Renee gasped as she and the others instantly got what John was implying, “But John! You're not saying...” She trailed off, sharing a look of unease and hesitation with Elliot, Julian and Alex. Take in another person in their group? Risk letting one of the stone of Aspects choose? It had been fate for them when they had found the stones in the cavern that was now their base—which had taken months to build and make it hospitable for the five of them alone. Plus, they had built something together, more than just their base, they had built trust.

If they added a new person to their group, what would happen to that trust? And would the stones really accept anyone else? There were other unused stones but they seemed inactive. Unknown to the popular, there were five more stones, each inactive and safely hidden in their cavern base.

Elliot continued for her, frowning as he looked at their leader thoughtfully, "Alright, alright, say we do need some help, who the fuck is going to be that help huh? How is this going to work oh fearless leader?" He asked, a bit aggravated. It was no secret that there was some underlying tension between he and John, Elliot had always felt like he could be the leader but John had taken that mantle early on and was proving to be a great one, something that Elliot was struggling with a bit. They were still friends but Elliot's pride was something he was still working on, especially since he was the Captain of the Football team and John was some nerd from the Physics club, not even the club leader!

John frowned back at him, "It's simple, we each get a stone and see if it'll react to anyone in our school. See the potential, scope it out." He said confidently, he had been thinking about this for some time now.

Alex shook his head, "Too risky, what if we lose the stones? They might fall into the wrong hands, we can't have that." He pointed out, always the paranoid person in their group despite owning the stone of Hope. The emo still couldn't really figure out why the stone chose him of all people, he figured Julian would be more suited for Hope but apparently the glowing power rock didn't think so.

"Well I think it's a wonderful idea, I'm with John on this!" Julian said cheerily, the ray of sunshine that he was, it was a wonder why the stone of Blood chose him. Well, somewhat, they were beginning to think there was more than meets the eye with their happy-go-lucky hero, but that would be explored more later on. "Oh! Oh! What if we just use one stone per day or a few days? Take turns on seeing who has potential and who doesn't, see if they're good or not!" He suggested excitedly.

They thought about it and nodded, it was a good plan. They needed help, the imps were appearing even more frequently than usual and they all couldn't be there, and as powerful as they were, it was always a gamble as to what happens during the fight. The Mall incident weighed heavily in their minds with how both Renee and Elliot were hurt, it was lucky that being around all ten stones enhanced their already wicked healing factors.

*"Okay, fine. But which stone are we going to use?" Renee asked, looking over to the five grey spheres that were on a chest that Renee had conjured from the Void somehow. Secretly, the heroine wished for another girl to join their group, it was tough being the only strong woman on the team, too much testosterone in her honest opinion.*

*Her question was answered by the stones themselves, one of them started to glow faintly much to their surprise and instinctively, they knew which stone that was.*

*It was the stone with a flower-like shape within its sphere, it began to tint green as it glowed softly within the chest.*

*Nature.*

*"Well, looks like we're getting a gardener on our team." Elliot deadpanned as they stared at the stone.*

*Elsewhere, a red-eyed teen sneezed, cursing slightly because of it as they dropped their cigarette.*

*The Aspect heroes were in for a surprise when it came to their new teammate. \_*

"I've gotta admit, some of these things are well written." John said, leaning against Roxy as they hung out in her room. John had decided to spend some quality time with her in her room within the Skaia Base. Dave was goofing off with the Mayor in the meanwhile. The Heir of Breath snorted as he read the author's note at the end. "Can't believe they got my name right, most of the fandom has! And why is that? '*Because I dress like a John*' someone said." He said somewhat sarcastically, pouting as he and Roxy lounged on the giant appearified bed Roxy had gotten for her personal room.

"*Dress like a John*, how the hell does that make sense?!" John huffed, finishing the fanfiction he had been reading. That's been a frequent thing lately, reading what others have written about him and his friends. The one he had just finished was particularly entertaining, the author was one of the ones who had a 'headcanon' about their names. It was kind of funny that

most of the internet's headcanon for his name was 'John', they were unknowingly hitting the name bullseye for him.

Anyway, the story was how they, John Anderson -John cracked up at the name-, Elliot Moore, Renee Rosewood, Julian Vice, and Alex Walters became heroes, or rather the author's thoughts on how they became heroes. Of course things diverge once the author gets to 'adding other heroes' into the plot, plus Nature wasn't an Aspect, not to them.

Still, it was really entertaining with how the author put had thought that Karkat, aka 'Blood' was an energetic latino, Dave being a Jock, him being a nerd -though Dave would have agreed on it, only he wasn't a physics nerd at all-, Renee being a preppy cheer leader -Roxy liked her, Renee was a good alternative name for her, and Alexander being an emo, which was ironic since Jake was not an emo whatsoever.

The author like contradictions it seems. That, and they shipped Bloody Hope, which was a main goal pairing for them- along with Ticking Abyss, involving Roxy and Dave- or rather Elliot and Renee.

Leaving poor lil' old John to his lonesome.

Roxy snickered, nudging John as she read her own chosen fanfiction, the one involved with 'Brian, Susan, Julian, Rick (Jake) and Emmet (Dave)' And in a similar but different fashion of the story that John was reading. Only involving magic crystals and more fantasy elements rather than heroic ones.

They were really getting popular.

"Hey, you totally dress like a John, cuz' you *are* a John." Roxy replied with a grin, hugging the pouting Breath player. "Awe c'mon Johnny." She said, poking his cheek with a pout of her own. "Let the internet dudes have their fun, most of their stories are nice to read!"

John snorted, opening another tab to another story, "Yeah, most of them." And like all fandoms, there were some cringey stories to read. Ones that John would not name or read, not now at any rate.

Roxy snickered once more as she remembered a hilariously cringey fic she had read back home, it had been badly written and Roxy didn't know if it was on purpose or not but she couldn't help bookmarking the hilarious read for later on if she ever needed a quick laugh.

"I still think it's unfair that Dave and I are like the most liked ship here, we're the actual boyfriends here!" John whined, leaning away from Roxy to lay on the plush bed, "So unfaaaaaaaair." He continued to whine, it was probably petty to whine about such matters but for some reason him and Dave being the least liked ship made him slightly angry, it didn't matter that it wasn't real- that it was a shipping thing but it was just no fair for the Heir!

"Oh totally babe, I think it's so fucking unfair that you and I aren't the top couple. I mean come on, Dave Strider and John Egbert, two hottest heroes in the universe." Dave said, walking into the room with a casual grin, he jumped on the bed, causing both Roxy and John to bob a bit from the action. "Sup babes."

John smiled, rolling his eyes at Dave's antics, "Hey Dave." He greeted, kissing his boyfriend as the blond scooted closer to him. Happily crawling over to lay on Dave's lap afterwards.

"Heey Dave." Roxy greeted as well, leaning over to kiss the blond's cheek in the pale way that they were. "And I resent that, *I* am clearly the hottest hero in the universe. In all of paradox space even." Roxy bantered as she grinned at Dave in challenge. A challenge that Dave gladly accepted and the two blonds spent the next hour bantering against each other and flaunting their 'hotness' in the most exaggerated ways they could.

John ended up being the judge, a lousy judge since all he did end up doing was laugh his ass off as their ridiculous actions escalated as they kept going.

It was a nice thing to enjoy between the pale trio.

One of many more to come.

---

Dammek scowled as he tried to make sense over everything that's happened so far.

They *still* hadn't found any information to the strange troll that Dammek had shot months prior at the human mall. Absolutely nothing, fucking nothing at all. And that was grating, luckily he wasn't the only one annoyed by it, all three troll leaders were quite aggravated by that. They had put a lot of effort in looking for the supposed rustblood, even going as far as to contact the other trolls that were situated around them but they confirmed that no rustblood of their group was nearby whatsoever to Dammek's location.

It was frustrating.

He dearly wish he was with Xefros at the moment so he could feel better but work came first for the moment, he had some paperwork to deal with, afterwards however he was going to spend some quality time with his moirail. It had been a while and he really needed a break.

The brownblooded leader typed into his husktop, reading through the files that had been sent to him and cross referencing them with the paperwork that Zebede had printed out for him. Just a few more and he could finally leave the block and relax, he fucking deserved it.

*Ping*

Dammek blinked incredulously as his husktop pinged, bringing his attention to the source of the sound.

Ah, it was Trollian.

Curiously he opened the chat client, only to nearly fall of his chair in surprise, it was a private memo with Her Benevolence!

It wasn't really a secret that Her Benevolence quite enjoyed chatting with her subjects through Trollian, almost every troll knew her trollhandle and she had confirmed it a long time ago that it was truly her so Dammek knew that this was a the real deal and was instantly opening the memo.



herBenevolence [HB] has opened PRIVATE memo Important

herBenevolence [HB] has invited stagPioneer [SP] to the memo

herBenevolence [HB] has invited citationNeeded [CN] to the memo

herBenevolence [HB] has invited tacticalSenpai [TS] to the memo

SP: =O Greetings Your Benevolence O=

CN: It is a pleasure to hear from you Your Benevolence.

TS: Sa/utations Your Benevo/ence

HB: )(ello my subjects, my apologies for interrupting w)(aterever activity you may )(ave been doing pier to anchoring t)(is

TS: It is nothing you majesty we are at your service.

CN: There is no need to apologize I am quite sure that we were doing nothing of much significance Your Benevolence.

SP: =O Indeed, really there is nothing to apologize for O=

HB: I sea, t)(at is a reelief t)(en

HB: Now I'm s)(ore you're all wondering w)(y I am contacting you now wit)(in t)(is private memo correct?

SP: =O It does come to mind your majesty O=

TS: Does this happen to invo/ve the status of our research and reconnaissance?

HB: Somew)(at

HB: I congratulate you t)(ree for finding t)(e )(umans w)(o bear t)(e signs, or at least most of t)(em

HB: Please continue your )(ard work

CN: It is an honor to do as you ask, we shall continue to be vigilant.

HB: 38)

HB: Anywave, I )(ave a new order for you t)(ree if you don't mind

HB: T)(e )(uman )(eroes, the 'Aspects'

HB: I would like you to come in contact wit)( t)(em

HB: I've become quite curious about t)(em and if our suspicion is correct then t)(ey are linked to t)(e mysterious troll t)(at Tetrarc)( Dammek )( spotted

SP: =O Pardon? O=

---

Ondine sighed, tiredly making her way to her bedroom after checked both on Meenah and Feferi. Both her girls seemed to be sleeping, which was good since they should be sleeping at this very late hour. It was past midnight, or at least it was when she had checked the clock, she couldn't really remember when she had done that though...

Damn she was tired. With another yawn, she entered her bedroom, stripping out of her work clothes and into something more comfortable so she could finally get some shut eye.

Examining the weird artifacts that the heroes regularly collected with each fight was strange. Nothing could confirm what they were aside from supposedly priceless gems and items, only they weren't- it was all too confusing and complicated to think about for the moment and she really needed to sleep.

She was exhausted.

Ondine Peixes yawned for one last time before switching off her lamp and settling into her bed, long hair strewn behind her as she drifted off into sleep.

...

***Only to find herself on a strange planet with two moons, one green and one pink.***

---

"Karkat, who is this and what the fuck happened."

Karkat and Jake jolted at the stern and slightly dark voice of Kelvin as both the adult and Kankri stood at the doorway of the kitchen, taking in the scene before them.

Karkat's nose was bleeding slightly, there were tears running down his eyes and there was a small bruise on Karkat's cheek. Jake had his handkerchief in hand that had some blood on it as the teen had been in the middle of wiping Karkat's nose while the other was cupping Karkat's uninjured cheek. He had been leaning in to bump their heads gently together but in Kelvin and Kankri's view they had seen him 'kissing' Karkat and saying that everything was going to be alright. Both teens were intimately close in the eyes of both elder Vantas's.

Jake chuckled nervously as Karkat stared at his father and brother with wide teary eyes, the urge to vomit his nervousness was strong as he croaked out.

"I can explain."

He better because this was not looking good for the Page of Hope and Knight of Blood.

---

## Chapter End Notes

Props for [@gayde](#) for giving the little idea of headcanons! I really liked that idea so I hope you don't mind if I used it, it was weird writing a fanfiction within my fanfiction but definitely entertaining!

Also, hope you don't mind the typing quirk of Galekh, I have no idea how to do a citation for Galekh and I don't really know the typing quirk for Dammek so I just used '=O and O=' to do it since it kind of looks like his symbol. I apologize if I got it wrong and stuff :T

Jake and Karkat are finally together! Only for things to be misunderstood by Kelvin and Kankri >:3c

Hope you enjoy! See you in the next chapter!

# **The Calm(ish) Before The Storm (4)**

## Chapter Notes

I will admit I have no idea how long this arc will last, hopefully it'll end in another three chapters? Who knows, I'll try my best!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

*Ondine had no idea where the fuck she was.*

*She had been going to sleep, only to find herself on a weird beach, looking up to a sky that held two different colored moons. One bubblegum pink and the other a bright green.*

*“What the fuck.”*

*She looked around, the beach was empty, behind her was a forest that lead to who knows where. Soon though, she was shivering as the realistic feeling of the sea breeze chilled her. She was in her night gown after all. “Shit...” She had no idea where she was and yet...*

*It felt so familiar.*

*“Where the fuck am I.”*

*“Hah, you really don’t remember?”*

*Ondine whirled around, a look of caution on her face as she practically shoved and flipped her hair over her shoulder. “Who’s there?” Her cautious face fell as she abruptly found herself facing...*

*Herself?*

*There was another version of herself standing before her, wearing a skin-tight suit of black and fuchsia, the familiar family symbol plastered*

*stylishly on her chest. She wore more golden jewelry than she had ever thought possible, she even had a golden crown on her forehead! And a golden double-sided trident!*

*She looked like Ondine, but she was a bit taller, and her hair was longer if that was possible. She looked, like a goddamn Queen.*

*As much as Ondine had considered herself as such, she never really thought of seeing herself like this. It was... She didn't know how to describe it. It looked so familiar to her and yet so strange.*

*"What the fuck, is this going to be one of those, alternate versions of myself kind of dreams?" Ondine deadpanned though it was mostly to hide the fact she was secretly very confused as to why she was dreaming this, heck, how the hell did she know it was dream in the first place?*

*Other Ondine smirked at her and shrugged, "'Dunno, is it?" She responded with a casual flick of her hands, looking down to her perfectly manicured pink nails.*

*Ondine sighed, looking around the beach. "What is this place, my subconscious? I mean, I know I'm a fucking marine biologist and I love the sea and shit but I didn't think my subconscious would have two moons... though it is pretty." She admitted, looking up to the moons of what she thought was her subconscious.*

*"If you really can't remember then you're just a bad version of myshellf." Other Ondine drawled, her smirk turning into a condescending sneer as she began to walk around Ondine, no, it was more of a predatory circling. "Can't bereef, that those brats managed ta' turn me into you." She said, sneering as she trailed around Ondine like a lioness circling her downed prey.*

*Ondine jolted at the sudden change, she resisted the urge to gulp but she refused to be intimidated by this... imposter. She stood her ground as the other Ondine circled around her, her black hair, miraculously well kept even though it was dragging through the sand.*

*Actually, this made the other Ondine raise a brow. Her sneer turning back into a smirk, “Not bad guppy. Ye’r far from bein’ a shark, but not bad.” She stopped her predatory walk, standing still once more but still in front of Ondine.*

*“I like fish puns as much as the next girl, but aren’t you taking it too far? And that accent...” Ondine said with a frown, she hadn’t heard that accent in years , not from herself. Meenah had it naturally but she hasn’t slipped into that accent for a long time.*

*And back was the sneer, man, she didn’t seem to have any other face other a smirk or a sneer did she?*

*“Bah, I change mah mind, ye’r just another piece a’ bait like all the other chum- buck s on that new Earth ‘n Universe.”*

*Ondine looked at her with a puzzled and confused look, “What? What in god’s name are you even talking about.” She snapped, new Earth? New Universe?*

*Queen Ondine barked a laugh, harsh and dark, she grinned toothily at her smaller counterpart. Ondine’s eyes widened as her teeth morphed from normal to a set of shark-like teeth, complete with each tooth sharp, pointy and terrifying, and just like that, it seemed that Queen Ondine was changing right in front of her.*

*Her skin turned black, her hair grew even more , the white of her eyes turned yellow-orange, her ears seemed to turn into fins as Queen Ondine grew taller than her, practically towering over her, and if everything else wasn’t enough with the skin, the ears, the eyes, the fucking teeth-- orange horns began to grow from the other’s skull.*

*Ondine took a step back in fear, looking at the utterly alien version of herself and at the same time, as transfixed by her. The sight of Horned Empress Ondine –empress? Where the hell did she get that?– made something within her pang , as if something was missing in her head.*

*Her Condescension smirked, looming over her human self. It was a disgusting sight, to see herself as an actual human. She had once, well more than once, donned a human disguise before but to be turned into a lowly inferior species?*

*It was unthinkable, and yet, here she was. Ondine Peixes, a clever name for her alternate, a good way to separate herself from their other alternate.*

*Two versions of herself, both human and so utterly weak .*

*Ondine trembled slightly, fear instinctively piling inside her as the horned woman before her exuded an otherworldly aura of royal nobility and utter terror. This was not a mere version of her anymore...*

*She was a fucking apex predator .*

*And Ondine was the prey.*

*And like most prey, they tried to escape. Ondine quickly turned a heel, about to run away only to cry out in pain as The Condesce pinned her down by her hair, using her double-ended trident as a surprisingly effective pin.*

*“FUCK!”*

*The action was abrupt and forced her down the moment her hair was pinned, Ondine’s hands flew up to her hair on instinct as her skull twinged with pain. Her breath hitched as the horned being leaned over, her own hair encompassing and falling to cover most of Ondine as The Condesce barred her teeth against her in a mocking smile.*

*“Pathetic try guppy, can’t abscond from me bea-yatch~” She purred smugly , fuschia eyes glowing, pupil slit like the predator that she was while Ondine’s eyes were round and small in fear like prey. “Shame I can’t cull ya for real, this be a dream I know but I can’t wait to get there myshellf. Got a lot of irons and fishies to put in the fire, ‘specially that blue bouy, ain’t done with him.” Blue bouy? Boy? What boy? Who?*



*Ondine's head was whirling a bit but her attention was brought back to the Condesce when she slammed her enormous hand right beside Ondine's head, "Listen up human me, ya'll betta prepare cause shit's gonna go down when I get there." She said semi-sweetly, her eyes sharp, calculating, but there was something behind the predator visage that she was putting on, apprehension, what was she scared about? "Betta pray that I'll get there first in fact, boss man skull fuck ain't too happy with what's been happenin'..." Her smile turned into a frown.*

*Just what the fuck was actually going on?!*

*Suddenly, the Condesce scoffed, standing back up, freeing Ondine by taking her trident from the ground. "Why the fuck am I talkin' to you of all people, ya probably won't even remember everyfin." She growled, visibly displeased by the thought.*

*Ondine looked at her incredulously, what? At first she was all threatening her but now it was like she didn't care anymore.*

*The Condesce huffed, scowling as she looked over to the green moon that hung high above her planet. She always hated that moon, even before the whole 'recruitment' shit that came with it. After a tense moment of silence, the Condesce looked back to Ondine, her scowl prominent but for some reason Ondine wasn't running for the hills the moment she turned her attention back to her. "Yo, human me, Ondine... If ya ever do remember this shit. Here's what ya gotta do, get ready motha'glubber cuz if you think carp's crazy now, it's just gonna blow up even more by the time I get there." With that, the tyrant Empress raised her trident, "I'd say good luck, you'd really glubbin' need it but... Somefin tells me ya'll don't need it," Her eyes flashed brightly in alternating colors, "Whether tha's a good fin or not, tha's up to you n' the brats over there... Tell Johnny boy I said hi."*

*She brought the trident down--*

---

Ondine gasped for breath, her conscious suddenly punting her into waking reality. She panted, skin sweaty and head throbbing for the darnest of

reasons that she couldn't remember.

Had it been a nightmare?

She hadn't had one since... Who knows how long.

Whatever the nightmare was, she was glad she didn't remember but also, disappointed and anxious.

Weird nightmare shit.

The eldest Peixes grumbled, running a hand through sweaty locks and grimaced, time for a bath. She looked over at the clock and was displeased at the sight of the time, it was too goddamn early to be properly awake but here she was, she sighed before climbing out of the bed. Taking her towel with her, she passed her mirror, pausing, she looked towards her reflection.

For a moment...

Ondine scoffed, and shook away the strange thought. For a moment, she had thought her had black skin for a moment. Damn, that must have been one heck of a nightmare.

Ondine Peixes continued on with her day, though, for some reason when she had been passing a hair parlor, she went inside and asked for a hair cut. Her long glorious hair, cut short. She should be horrified, she had worked goddamn hard on her hair! And yet...

Staring at the giant pile of hair on the floor, she couldn't help but feel so relieved.

---

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has opened a PRIVATE memo CONGRATS  
JAKEKAT

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has invited turntechGodhead [TG] to the memo  
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has invited ectoBiologist [EB] to the memo

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has invited golgathasTerror [GT] to the memo  
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] has invited carcinoGeneticist [CG] to the memo

CG: ...

CG: GODDAMIT LALONDE

TG: :DDDD

TG: :DDDDDDDDDD

GT: Darn it I had hoped this wasn't going to be a big deal!

TG: woah really you guys got together

TG: fucking finally

EB: awww!!!!!!!!!! thats great you guys!

EB: congrats!

EB: i knew youd both get together eventually!

CG: SHUT UP EGBERT!

CG: ALL OF YOU CAN SHUT THE FUCK UP AND FUCK OFF TO  
HUMAN HELL!

CG: EXCEPT YOU JAKE YOU'RE IN THE SAME BOAT AS ME SO  
YOU DON'T GET TO FUCK OFF.

GT: :B

TG: so adorbs istg

TG: my pale OTP has been achieved! It fuccing came truuuUU!!

:DDDDdDDD

TG: <3 <3 <3 <#

TG: no wait rong sign

TG: <> <> ,>

TG: better!

TG: \*<>

CG: I SWEAR TO FUCK!

CG: IT REALLY ISN'T THAT BIG OF A DEAL!

TG: no point in lyin dude we know how big of a deal this is for you

EB: yeah! werent you the one who kept telling us how important a moirail was before??

EB: also you congratulated roxy dave and i for our moirallegiance!

EB: did i type that right??

TG: ye ur good johnny

EB: oh

EB: good :B

GT: Well even so, at least karkat didn't create a whole memo about it!

GT: Let us enjoy our newfound relationship in peace, please!

TG: hmm

TG: nah :P

TG: its more fun this way

TG: so whens the pale honeymoon between you two

CG: FUCK OFF STRIDER THAT IS NOT A THING YOU IDIOTIC MORON

TG: it is so totally a thing

TG: aint that right rox we had a pale honeymoon with john and shit

TG: it is a totally 100% thing i swear

EB: wait we did????????

TG: sssshssshhhhhh johnny babe

TG: n yea we TOTALLY did like fuck ever ago

TG: and it was

TG: AMAZEBALLS

TG: u guys def need a pale honeymoon

GT: Er, is that a thing karkat?

CG: NO

CG: FUCK YOU BOTH 'PALE HONEYMOONS' ARE NOT A  
FUCKING THING!!

CG: \*\*I\*\* AM THE QUADRANTS EXPERT HERE YOU SHITS AND  
IF I SAY 'PALE HONEYMOON' ISN'T A THING THEN IT'S NOT A  
GODDAMN THING!!

TG: but u can make it a thing rite??? ;D

CG: SKJBFWEF

CG: COME ON JAKE WE DON'T HAVE TO FUCKING DEAL WITH  
THIS.

CG: LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND DO SOMETHING ELSE

GT: Alrighty then!

GT: What should we do?

CG: HOLD ON I'LL PESTER YOU

carcinoGeneticist [CG] has left the memo  
golgathasTerror [GT] has left the memo

TG: awww

EB: pfft

TG: theyre totally doing the pale honeymoon thing

TG: ye

EB: when did we go on a pale honeymoon by the way?????????

TG: omg john

TG: XD XD

TG: never but lets change that

TG: get all pale romantic and shit

TG: almost titanic like fucking romance

TG: but without the drama and the sinking ship  
TG: dont even know where to find a sinking ship

TG: aw but i want some1 to draw me like a french girl tho  
TG: tho the ship sinking thing i can def do without tbh hehe

EB: pfft you guys are dorks XB  
EB: though having a night to ourselves sounds kind of nice

TG: gr8 ill pick u guys up 2night

EB: wait what

TG: fuck yes

TG: the pale honeymoon thing is totes gonna happen now wonk wonk  
wonk

TG: karkles n Jakey r doin it so lets do it!!!

TG: i want some gwnuine time w my pale loves ;3333

TG: \*genuine

TG: you got it

EB: were doing it tonight?

TG: fuck yeah were doing it 2night

TG: where doing it

TG: where doing this man

EB: um okay then

---

Dammek paced around the block, a pensive look on his face while his beloved moirail was sitting at the side and watching with shocked and worried eyes. “What are we going to do?” Xefros blurted out after a tense moment, instantly he hurriedly continued as Dammek paused in his pacing, “I-I mean, she’s *is* Her Benevolence but, r-revealing ourselves, to the

*Aspects*, the-the heroes! Why...” He trailed off, looking helpless, confused and lost.

“I don’t know,” Dammek admitted through gritted teeth. He was loyal to his Empress, he really was and he saw her as a kind and wise monarch who’s lived through much in her lifetime, and yet, he couldn’t help but doubt her latest decision-- granted, this hadn’t been the first time he had doubted her word but this was the first time that he was *actually* considering going against orders.

Revealing their alien status to the most powerful group on the *planet*? These, *Aspects*, they had powers that *exceeded* their most powerful psionic and psychic trolls! They could probably go against *the* legendary goldblood himself! The Psiioniic!

*Time travel, blood manipulation, weather manipulation, summoning items from what could be the literal void*, they had no real idea on what Hope could do, so far he was only seen assisting the others but the hero was a master marksman, he, along with Void were some people that Dammek would have hypothetically go against in a shooting contest since he was pretty handy with guns himself. Back to the point; they didn’t know the full extent on Hope’s powers, and that was as equally dangerous, others might underestimate Hope but Dammek was very paranoid and wary and theorized that Hope was just as powerful in terms of actual powers compared to the others, maybe he was even a secret weapon among the group. Who knows!

And now the Empress wanted them to *contact* them?!

Dammek took in a deep breath, “... Fuck... Well, I’d say that we wouldn’t have a choice but we do.” The Empress had given them an order yes, but she also gave them a choice, she was beginning to pull other trolls back from their mission and back to Beforus. However three teams would stay back on Earth, to continue their original mission and to come into contact with the heroes, afterwards they would await further orders depending on which mission was fulfilled or if anything else came up.

Those three teams had been picked out, his, Galekh's and Tegiri's teams to be exact. But she was giving them a choice, should they accept the order and mission, they would continue to stay and continue their original scout mission with the added responsibility in trying to contact with the heroes for the sake of their empire, but if they decline then another team would be picked and they would return to their home planet.

It was tempting, either way.

Each decision had its pros and cons and Dammek would be lying if he said he wasn't missing Beforus, and he would continue to lie if he said that Earth was something he wasn't interested in.

The brownblooded leader sighed and went over to sit beside Xefros, the rustblood immediately leaning into him for comfort, both in providing it and seeking it. Dammek was more than happy to return it, wrapping a hand around the rust's shoulders as they shared a moment of comfortable pale silence. Just the two of them.

After a moment, Dammek spoke and with it, came a slew of future problems that had him somewhat wishing that they returned to Beforus instead of staying on Earth.

But for now, it didn't occur to Dammek, he had a new mission to focus on.

---

Sollux gritted his teeth, glaring heavily at his screen even though it physically hadn't done anything to him at all.

carcinoGeneticist [CG] is offline!

The dual-eyed teen sighed heavily and pushed away from his desk, letting his chair roll back as he looked up his ceiling with a sulking look.

Karkat had been offline for *days*, and when he was online he was apparently 'busy' and had no time for him or anyone else! He had asked the others and they admitted that Karkat had been insociable lately, even moreso than usual.



What the hell was going on with Karkat lately? Actually, not even fucking lately!

Ever since the monster attack, the *very first one*, Karkat had been acting strange. Even before that actually, asking about some game and then waving it off later on when they asked him about it.

Hell, Karkat didn't even talk to him as much anymore!

And damn if that didn't hurt the computer genius.

He was his best friend! They've known each other since fucking diapers dammit!

Karkat would have told him almost everything before, but now he was keeping secrets. That was clear by how he was acting, he's been shutting everyone out and talking to other people that *weren't* them-- how did he know? *Jake*.

Jake, Jake, Jake, Jake...

Who the *fuck* was Jake?!

He remembered the strange name that appeared in Karkat's cellphone from months ago, back when Karkat was really acting strange. Sollux had heard about Jake in bits and pieces from Karkat himself whenever he talked or mumbled to himself when he thought no one was listening during the times they met up to hang out with everyone. And Karkat was doing that less and less, fucking hell Sollux couldn't remember the last time he and Karkat hung out alone!

And it wasn't just Jake, sometimes Sollux heard other names. John, someone who's name started with a D, and the other was an R, Ro-something. Who were these people and how did Karkat know them? What were their relationship with his best friend? Why wasn't his best friend not telling him anything?

Sollux would've been fine if Karkat had made new friends. ~~Not really.~~ He really would've. But Karkat was trying to keep them a secret for whatever fucking reason and it was getting on his nerves. Though, Karkat mentioned Jake the most.

*'Jake would've like that.'* Karkat mumbled once, looking at some dumb movie poster when they were at the mall. Karkat snorted as he stared at some weird booty shorts in the store, *'Didn't Jake have a pair of these one time?'* He seemed so somber when he looked at a skull prop in another store, *'Wonder what's Jake's doing right now...'*

It was grating his *nerves*.

And whenever Sollux or anyone else tried to ask of Jake, Karkat would either wave it away, change the subject, or something would happen and distract everyone from what they were asking for. When had Karkat gotten so good at shifting the conversation?

Sollux groaned, getting up from his chair to stomp over to his bed, flopping down and landing on his bed with a small bounce. "Dammit Karkat what the fuck is going on with you..." He mumbled, hugging his pillow as he tried not to feel even more hurt just from thinking over things.

After a few minutes, he returned to his computer and was glad to see that Karkat was online! He immediately went to pester him.

twinArmaggedons [TA] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TA: yo KK!

CG: THE FUCK DO YOU WANT.

TA: ii ju2t want two talk to my be2tfriend ii2 that 2o bad?

CG: IF YOU WANT TO TALK THEN IT'S A BAD TIME

CG: I'M KIND OF BUSY RIGHT NOW SO YOU CAN FUCK THE RIGHT OFF.

TA: what?

TA: dude youve been bu2y 2o much the2e day2

TA: what ii2 up wiith you?

CG: NOTHING.

CG: NOTHING IS UP WITH ME I'M JUST REALLY BUSY RIGHT NOW.

TA: what the fuck ii2 keepiing you bu2y now of all tiime2

TA: you hardly hang out wiith everyone anymore

TA: you hardly hang out wiith me anymore

TA: cmon KK

TA: you know you can talk to me riight?

CG:

CG: I KNOW

CG: FUCK LOOK

CG: I'M NOT KIDDING THAT I'M BUSY RIGHT NOW BUT LATER ON AFTER I'M NOT SO BUSY I'LL FUCKING TALK TO YOU OKAY?

TA: really?

TA: karkat?

TA: you there?

carcinoGeneticist [CG] is idle!

What?

Well, at least he had something to look forward later on. But the way that Karkat had suddenly disappeared, with how he's been acting lately- all wistful and shit, not to mention the frequent but private mentioning of this 'Jake' person...

Did Karkat have a secret boyfriend?

Just the thought made his heart twinge in pain and he balled his fist to try and force that pain away.

The cons of having a crush on your childhood best friend.

---

Karkat fidgeted slightly, though he tried not to show it as he waited patiently for Jake to appear.

It's been a few days since he and Jake had become moirails, and honestly, Karkat couldn't be any more happier at the moment. Jake was going to visit him today, like an *actual* visit, in his house-- thankfully Kankri and Kelvin weren't home and presumably wouldn't be home until the end of the day. Giving Karkat and Jake plenty of time to themselves.

They'd have a physical pale date.

Their first physical pale date.

Over the days, they had just been talking over Pesterchum, both too busy to actually meet up in real life, either in the base or otherwise. Thankfully there hadn't been an attack over the few days and today, they were both free and could finally hang out and do the pale date that Karkat had been looking forward to ever since they got together.

Though, to be honest, Karkat had mixed feelings about the moirallegiance between he and Jake. His previous one with Gamzee, normal troll Gamzee not the human one obviously, had been rocky, he didn't know whether it was because he had neglected his role as a responsible moirail or it was because it was Gamzee who had neglected it. The others might say it was Gamzee but Karkat was just as responsible since moirallegiance was a two-way street.

He was suppose to keep Gamzee stable, and yet he had been blinded by his own actions and woes to actually take notice of Gamzee. He could have at least *tried* and yet, he didn't.

He was a failure of a moirail.

In comes Jake --not literally, he hasn't arrived yet--, who had no experience whatsoever in moirallegiance, what if Karkat fucked up again? What if he

messed it up and he was so *incompetent* to even have a working and stable relationship with *another fucking species*? It didn't matter if he was now said species, he was a troll at heart and had his memories as a troll in the forefront of his mind.

Karkat didn't want to fuck up. Not again, not with Jake.

*Knock knock knock*

“Karkat!”

He was pulled out of his self-deprecating thoughts to the sound of someone knocking on the glass of his window and the saying of his name. The red-eyed teen blinked and looked over to see Jake floating outside his window, using his pants and shoes.

Instantly Karkat was scrambling towards the window in a slight panic, opening it and dragging the Page of Hope inside his room. “Jake! What the ever loving *shit* are you doing?! Do you want to get caught!?” He hissed, looking out the window, trying to see if anyone had seen the buck-toothed teen floating right outside *in plain daylight*.

Jake laughed, unaffected by the paranoia, “Don't worry old chum! I managed to come unsighted and whatnot, I just wanted to surprise you!” He said, grinning toothily. Karkat's annoyance melted slightly and he sighed, god he was head over heels in pity over this idiot.

“You could have surprised me by knocking on the door instead of my window.” He pointed out with a grumble, closing his window as Jake switched from his God Tier pants and shoes to his normal attire.

He got a cheeky grin in response, “And where would the fun be in that?”

Karkat sighed once more, already his new moirail was proving to be slightly difficult. Not that Karkat minded in the slightest.

“Well, now that I'm here, what should we do now Karkat?” Jake asked, smiling eagerly at his new moirail. And wasn't that a bit strange to think?

He was in an alien relationship with Karkat! This was going to be interesting, an adventure he didn't think he'd be taking again, somewhat, he wasn't in a romantic relationship with Karkat, it was different. And for all the eager and casual bravado he was putting on at the moment, he was admittedly nervous about the whole thing.

He wasn't really cut out for relationship, see Dirk and Jane for an example. Dirk especially. He had messed up so much, he wasn't really sure about this alien coupling, honestly, what was he thinking before when he had confessed?

However, he doesn't think he can really regret it since he's seen improvement in Karkat's behavior and mood over the few days already over Pesterchum.

Karkat sucked in a tense breath, forcing himself to calm down with little success. He lead Jake to the pile. This was going to be fine, everything was going to be fine.

---

Everything was not going to be fine. Past Karkat was a fucking liar as always, *everything was not going to be fine!*

Karkat squirmed slightly as he sat besides Jake on their living room couch, a pack of ice cubes wrapped in a towel pressed against his bruised cheek while he tried hard not to burst, both literally and figuratively. His nervousness was stirring his blood and soon he would need an outlet, he had been steadily letting it out with the nosebleed earlier but now he was holding it in because *dammit Kelvin and Kankri came home too early.*

He had thought he had time, Kelvin was going to check on a few things at work while Kankri was going out with Cronus to the park. They *should've* been away from home for most of the day, but unfortunately his 'father' had left some important paperwork at his desk at home while Kankri went home early because Cronus had to go home early as well, something about Alpheus needing his help or something.

But *of course* things didn't go his way. They almost *never* go his way.

At least Jake was nearby, and the fact he was with him was kind of helpful.

Now if only Karkat could properly explain what happened without digging himself further into the hole that he and Jake had unwittingly dug themselves into.

Kelvin and Kankri sat across them, both sporting an unreadable expression on their faces. Really, if it weren't for their different clothing and age, they probably would have looked like twins-- then again, they were essentially the same person but different iteration.

"Now, who is this young gentleman sitting beside you Karkat?" Kelvin finally spoke, unreadable expression turning into a calm smile, though Karkat could tell he was tense underneath that smile.

Jake straightened, giving his most charming smile, "Salutations! I am Jake Harley. It's a pleasure to meet you Karkat's dad!" He said, managing not to fuck up and say 'English', thankfully he had gotten used to saying Harley instead of his original name. Even though in this universe Harley was his original name.

"Jake Harley?" Kankri murmured, raising a brow and clearly recognizing that name, "So this is the mysterious Jake that Karkat *hasn't* been talking about?" He questioned flippantly, eyes narrowing when both teens shrunk slightly at his stern gaze.

Karkat never really acknowledged the fact that *both* Vantas' were really his family, as in as a 'brother' and 'father' way but with how things were currently? He was *definitely* acknowledging it. He gulped and nodded, "Yes, that Jake." He confirmed, there really was no way he could deny it.

Kelvin hummed, red gaze looking over to Jake with a scrutinizing look. He looked to be around his youngest son's age but then again some people could seem to be older but be younger in reality, he was certainly charming though- the smile said it all but he wasn't overly so, plus, Jake had been helping his son with his sudden nosebleed, something that he should address. "So, how would you like to explain what Kankri and I walked into? Nosebleed, crying, the bruise. Not to mention *why* Jake is in our

house? And why you haven't told us about Jake?" He gave Karkat a pointed and protective look as his eyes honed in on the bruised cheek.

The Knight of Blood had faced enemies that were so much more powerful than the man that was sitting before him, and honestly he found that he *preferred* to face those enemies instead of facing Kelving-- how the fuck was that possible? This man was a mere *human* while Karkat was a god of blood.

But then again this human was his father.

Karkat cringed but before he could explain, Jake was the one to take the reigns, looking determined and apologetic.

"I am very sorry Mr. Vantas but I accidentally hit Karkat on the cheek and it was hard enough to bruise, it also knocked him into the door and caused the nosebleed. I am very sorry! I didn't mean to do that, I really didn't." He exclaimed, bowing his head, surprising all three Vantas'.

Well, that was half of it. Kind of. Jake *did* accidentally hit him, he had been deep into explaining one of his favorite movies, getting *very* enthusiastic. He hadn't notice Karkat being so close, and Karkat had been distracted by Sollux who pestered him out of nowhere right after he logged into Pesterchum to check a few things.

Speaking of him, Karkat realizes he'd left the ex-goldblood hanging. He'd deal with him later.

Anyway, continuing on, what ensued was an extreme apologizing session with Karkat trying to calm Jake and reassure him that he was fine. The way that Jake was apologizing and the fact he had already been so anxious made his nosebleed- which was better than vomiting blood like before. Of course that triggered Jake to apologizing even more and freaking out over his well being.

Feeling so embarrassed, he ended up crying and bleeding more.



*“I-I’m a fucking fai-ailure of a moirail!”* Karkat had sobbed, finally breaking down as Jake panicked.

Jake was quick to reassure him, as well as to take a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe and stem the blood coming from Karkat’s nose. *“No you aren’t! You’re a great moirail! Well, I might be a wee bit biased since you’re my first and only moirail right now but you’re a great chap Karkat! Anyone would have been lucky have you as their moirail and I am that anyone right now! I’m dearly sorry for smacking you like that,”* He said, hugging Karkat closely.

Being the gentleman that he was, he took Karkat into his arms, easily lifting him up with some help from his powers to strengthen himself. *“Let’s get you some ice for that bruise darling.”* He said softly, making Karkat blush and calm down slightly.

Still, he couldn’t stop crying until Jake took him to the kitchen to get ice for his bruised cheek. It would heal faster than normal yes but it didn’t change the fact that it hurt as any other normal bruise.

Jake set Karkat down on the chair and reassured him one more time by leaning in to bump their foreheads together, acting on instinct in comforting his moirail- that and he read a thing or two about it from Karkat’s quadrant advice and literature that he sent him from before. He wasn’t a professional or an expert obviously, but he did what he could in hoping to comfort Karkat and to stop him from crying.

*“Everything’s alright Karkat, you’re not a bad moirail I swear.”* He told him, smiling gently.

Karkat sniffed and smiled back, about to reply only for Kelvin and Kankri to find them in the kitchen and interrupt.

And that’s how they ended up on the couch, facing Karkat’s family.

At least it was only his family so far and not the rest of his friends.

---

carcinoGrievance [CG] has joined the memo  
carcinoGrievance [CG] has changed the name of the memo Karkat  
Important Update

CG: It has seems that Karkat has been keeping quite the secret from us.  
CG: He has a girlfriend and his name is Jake Harley.

twinArmagedons [TA] has joined the memo  
apocalypseArisen [AA] has joined the memo  
arsenicCatnip [AC] has joined the memo

TA: he has WHAT

AC: :OO < GASP

AA: Oh no

cuttlefishculler [CC] has joined the memo  
arachnidsGrip [AG] has joined the memo  
grimAuxiliatrix [GA] has joined the memo

---

Karkat sighed, laying against Jake on his-*their* pile.

It had been harrowing earlier, but finally Kelvin and Kankri let both him and Jake go back upstairs to his room.

“I’m sorry about that Karkat, I probably shouldn’t have come today.” Jake said somberly, looking up on the ceiling as he laid back on the surprisingly comfortable pile while cuddling up to Karkat. He had read about them and he hadn’t thought that he’d end up on one so soon.

The Blood player shook his head, “No, it’s okay.” Karkat mumbled, “I shouldn’t have asked you to come today. Or rather, We should have gone to the base in-fucking-stead.” He huffed, “I should be the one to say sorry, now they think we’re dating in *that* way.”

It was somewhat accurate but not really, they were moirails, not boyfriends.

The amount of trouble this caused would really surprise them.

“It’s fine Karkat, we both messed up today... sorry again for your cheek.”  
Jake apologized, smiling slightly when Karkat obviously rolled his eyes and papped his face.

“Don’t say sorry you fucking dork. You’ve said it enough today.”

Both SBURB players chatted and playfully bickered a bit more before eventually drifting off into sleep.

Elsewhere, a heartbroken Gemini raged in his room while a brownblooded troll planned for an encounter.

---

## Chapter End Notes

If you don't notice I AM in fact aiming for SolKat in the end, it'll happen later on.

Also, GREAT THANKS to [@ODDstar](#) for teaching me how to code span colors! I am now able to change the colors to the appropriate people :D They are so goddamn awesome!

# The Calm(ish) Before The Storm (5)

## Chapter Notes

SURPRISE!

Have another chapter this month!

Yeah this surprised me too but hey, it suddenly popped up and guess what...

THE CALM IS ABOUT TO BE DONE

Just another two or so chapters before we get to Karkat's suffering 8D

Turns out the (ish) part of this arc is right here, THE WORLD SEES

SBURB IMMORTALITY HAPPENING

This'll be interesting >:3c

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

The Aspects were a group of real life superheroes, it was both old and new news as the world marveled and speculated about the group.

Their first appearance were at the first attack from the snake-like monsters that attacked a suburban neighborhood, the appearance of the monsters shocked the world at the fact that monsters, *literal* fantasy-like monsters that had supernatural powers, were in fact real. And with it, came superheroes.

The Aspects.

There were five in all, each called over the power that they had.

Breath seemed to be their main leader and face, having spoke first out of the five to the world. He controlled over the wind with ease and toted around giant hammers like they were nothing, same hammers somewhat ridiculous looking but every hammer was devastating in practice. It showed when Breath whirled around a colorful bright blue hammer with a pink smiling face at the end of one side, the hammer *slammed* into monsters with ease

and did not break even as Breath missed and *cracked* the pure cement floor, creating a crater in its wake.

Time was a big player within their group, possibly one of the strongest considering his moniker was *Time*, meaning he had a hold over it like the others. His weapon was just as strange as Breath's, he wielded swords, which itself wasn't that strange if it weren't for the fact he seemed to *prefer* fighting with a *broken* sword but sometimes, the sword would magically repair itself somehow while Time fought. In recent event, they've just discovered Time's 'cloning' ability, which might just be his 'future' selves coming back to help him, or so many theorized.

Those two were the most obvious to explain, but it was the other three where things were a bit more complicated to explain.

Blood was both the least liked and yet most observed, opinions about him varied from person to person. He fought with sickles, both he and Hope, were the only ones in their group to dual-wield a weapon, though sickles weren't the only one in his arsenal; his own blood was frequently used as such. He injured himself to access his blood, doctors were concerned over the amount of blood that Blood used in every fight, it was an impossible amount. Adults were concerned over how easily he would cut his wrists, or even *stab* himself to gain access to his own blood, why not use the enemies' blood instead? Many asked, they had seen a few times that Blood would use the blood of the monsters against them but most of the time, Blood used his own which was concerning.

Void was the only female within the group, and her power seemed to be the second most mysterious and unexplainable. She summoned things from literal nowhere, for some reason she liked to summon pumpkins the most and generic green squares. She usually fought with a rifle or with her bare hands, possessing skill in hand-to-hand combat. She could also hide herself effortlessly, and there were confirmed reports of how Void was interfering with recordings and pictures, direct contact at her blacked out recording devices and pictures, whether it was intentional or not, they didn't know but it seemed to be sometimes.

Hope was the last and most mysterious power, to some he may seem weak, but others thought otherwise. There were many things that Hope could do, hope was powerful after all despite what some would think. If you gave hope to the people, they could start a revolution. Hope was the second person in their group to fight with dual-handedly, he fought with dual pistols. His power was mostly unknown but he seemed to be the only healer in the group, or at least, he could heal bruises and cuts and seemingly give boosts and buffs to the group. They had yet to see the full extent of what Hope could do.

But really, they had yet to see the full extent of what all *five* could do.

...

Actually there was one event that they had seen all five of them combining their powers, or at least, to an extent.

The first attack, the one with the strange but giant and dangerous monsters that escaped the 'rifts', the rips of space and time that no one could deal with, not even the government. It seemed that the only ones who could properly close the rifts were the Aspects themselves. Whether closing it themselves or defeating the monsters and collecting whatever material it seemed that they had left behind.

At any rate, the first attack, there had been a bright light, five gigantic beams of light that encompassed the sky and actually *changed* the weather. It killed the monsters in an instant.

All that was left, were the strange objects that the monsters dropped whenever they were killed. The government still had no idea what it was completely, it was another impossibility made real, weightless and utterly indestructible even though some were confirmed to be made of ruby and other precious material, they had a breaking point but the material that was left by the monsters? They were really indestructible. *Nothing* could phase them.

Nothing but the Aspects.

They collected them, they disappeared once the Aspects touched them and were probably sent somewhere else. No one knew where it went, just as they didn't know where the Aspects went after each battle.

At any rate, months after they first appeared and started protecting them from other-worldly enemies. The Aspects were both old and new news. There was an ever-growing fan base about them. Each attack was brought the Aspects back to spotlight. Of course there were those who were against the Aspects, because there would always be a force that would oppose something. But thankfully they weren't much of a threat.

Yet.

The Aspects were the heroes of their world.

So naturally, when a hero dies...

---

No.

*Hope was falling.*

*Hope was-Alex was falling.*

*“**ALEX!!**” Blood screamed, heart stuck in his throat as he saw his boyfriend falling in the air. “**ALEX! AI-**” He was interrupted by an imp-how dare it-- with a snarl, he twisted himself, aimed a hard kick to the foolish imp's skull. “**Let go of me you piece of shit!**” He shrieked, desperate to catch Alex in time before he hit the ground.*

*Alex had been high in the sky, there was still--Time--*

*Elliot caught him, thank the stars, Elliot had caught Alex before he had hit the ground.*

*“**Alex! Alex, shit-**” Julian was interrupted, John was there, stopping him from getting to Alex.*

Even with the mask, Julian could practically see the concern and the grimaced look on his face. “Go. Void and I can deal with the rift Blood. Go to him.” He said, thankfully not stopping him. Julian let out a thankful noise, closing his eyes, he willed himself to transport to his boyfriend’s location. Which would be at the base, Elliot would take Alex to the cave.

“Alex!” Julian said as soon as he appeared at the cave, he tugged off his mask and threw off his hood, panting slightly from the effort he had put into the fight. But really, he needed to see- “Alex!” His blood ran cold his veins.

Alex was laying down on the stone slab, gasping for breath as Elliot tried to stem the bleeding and deal with the wounds- but he couldn’t, he wasn’t the medic of the team, that was Alex. Alex who was laying bleeding and burnt, on the stone slab.

“Julian, help me he’s-” Elliot begged, Elliot never begged, everything was wrong and Alex was- Alex was--

He snapped into action, out of everyone else, Julian was the second most skilled in the group when it came to first aid. He wasn’t a healer like Alex or Vanya, or she was supposed to be the healer, where was she?!

Speak of the devil and he will come.

Nature, Vanya, came with a burst of green, leaves fluttering behind her as she came into existence within their base just as Julian was ripping Alex’s costume to deal with the major wounds that he had, the amount of blood Alex was spilling was enough to make anyone nauseous, even Julian who had gotten used to it.

Vanya covered her mouth in horror, her usually pristine short white hair dirty and frazzled, her red eyes fully seen without her green mask. The punk girl of the school was suppose to be the main healer of their team! And yet, at the sight of the injured wielder of Hope, she was frozen still as a statue.

**“Vanya!”** Julian barked, snapping her out of her horror, **“HELP ME!”** He screamed because he could not do this alone! He could not heal wounds like she and Alex could.



*“I-I--” She stammered, she couldn’t be stammering, she needed- she needed to*

*“HEAL HIM VANYA! HEAL HIM!” He can’t lose Alex. Not Alex. Never Alex.*

*Elliot pushed her forward, Vanya yelped, if it was possible, she paled further at the sight of the injured Alex right before her laid out like this. Could she heal something of this caliber? She had only just joined the team weeks ago! She had never healed so many wounds at the same time, nor how big they were!*

*Still, she had to. Or else Alex was dead. Alex was dying.*

*Vanya tried to take in a shaky break, only to flinch at Julian’s shout, Julian, the kindest boy she had ever met, that didn’t even seem capable of shouting in anything other than glee and other positive emotions, “HEAL HIM VANYA!!” There was fear, anger, sadness, and most of all, desperation.*

*“I’ll try don’t fucking rush me!” She instinctively snapped, despite being a hard-headed punk, she hated working underneath intense pressure. She was still getting used to this fucking new job as a new member of the Aspects for Christ sakes!*

*She wasn’t sure about her powers, she hadn’t gotten used to it. She didn’t know why the fuck the Nature orb chose her of all people. She wasn’t the healing type, she wasn’t kind, she preferred to beat people up instead of heal them and patch them up. She was a punk, not a doctor. Alex had more experience than her, but Alex was the one hurt before her.*

*The same Alex that tried to teach her how to use her powers. She inhaled and focused, trying to will her hands to stop shaking as she laid them above Alex’s bleeding body. His breaths were getting slower and the bleeding was slowed, slightly, thanks to Julian.*

*Alex’s healing factor didn’t seem to be kicking in, and if it was, then it was doing a shit job in healing him.*

*“Come on Alex,” Julian whimpered, holding Alex’s hand as Vanya tried her best in trying to heal him. “Vanya, please.”*

*“I’m **trying**.” Vanya said through gritted teeth as her eyes changed from their red to an unnatural bright green with flicks of blue littered around the iris, her hands were glowing in the same color, translucent leaves fell from her fingers and entered Alex’s injuries.*

*“Try harder!”*

*He wasn’t going to lose Alex, not Alex, god please not him- \_*

*“John!”*

Blue eyes blinked incredulously as he was snapped out of the story he had been reading intensely. The story was another about him and his friends, though again, it was vastly different from what their own lives obviously. But it was entertaining and eye-catching nonetheless.

“Hey Jane.” He greeted with a smile, he had been in the living room, reading on his phone instead of in his room reading with his other computing devices. “What’s up?” He asked his beloved younger cousin, making room on the couch so she could sit down.

Jane smiled, taking a seat beside him with a thankful nod, “Nothing really, though I was calling your name for a minute straight and you hadn’t answered. You must have been really engrossed in whatever you were doing with your phone.” She told him, looking at his phone with obvious interest. “Pestering Dave again?” She questioned semi-teasingly.

“No, just, reading.” John answered honestly with a smile, oblivious to her teasing tone.

Jane blinked and her interest doubled, “Oh, really? What is it about?”

“Something about the Aspects. Fanfiction. I hadn’t known there was fanfiction about the superhero group until recently and I uh, kind of got caught up with it haha.”

“Ah. Well, they *are* quite popular, and with popular things there would obviously be fans of such things so fanfiction was an inevitability.” Jane hummed, peeking over John’s shoulder to read the fanfiction on his phone. John let her.

“Yeah that makes sense I guess. Still, kind of surprising to see.”

His cousin nodded in agreement, though, then again the only reason she had known about the existence of Aspect fanfiction was from Roxy and she had been just as surprised as John had when she first found out.

“What’s your favorite pairing?” Jane asked out of the blue, looking curious.

It was a somewhat unexpected question but he answered nonetheless, “Time and Breath.” He answered with a grin, it was biased of course but hey, who cared. He and Dave were his favorite pairing because dammit Dave was *his* boyfriend! Their relationship didn’t deserved to be one of the least liked pairings out there! “Time, Breath and Void are my second favorite pairing while Blood and Hope are my third.”

Jane looked surprised, “Really? I didn’t think you’d like those pairings.” She admitted, she had honestly expected him to immediately go for a pairing with Void since she was the only female in the group and he was, and she quotes and sometimes says for herself, ‘was not a homosexual’.

John merely shrugged and grinned at her, “Eh, I know a good pairing when I see one.” He replied before getting off of the couch. “I’m gonna head in my room now. I feel like a nap.”

The Heir of Breath hummed as he went towards his room for a nap, though he’d continue to read the fanfiction he had been reading first before he napped. There wasn’t that much else to do since Dave was busy with his brothers, Roxy was busy doing some maintenance in the future server thing for their base, Karkat and Jake were busy with each other so he had the day to himself.

He never thought he’d be so entranced with fanfiction before, but some of these things were really good and the one he had been reading before Jane

had interrupted had been going into the climax of the ‘arc’ they had been going into.

John threw himself into his bed after locking his door so he could get his computer out of his sylladex, wanting to continue the chapter he had been on.

He quickly found where he had left off and continued to read, only to tear up by the end of the chapter. “Alex no!” He cried out, finding Alex’s death pretty sad as Julian sobbed and begged Vanya to do something. But she wasn’t a Life Player, she had no ability to resurrect Alex, and Alex was no SBURB God Tiered Player, so he couldn’t resurrect on his own. And even then, he had died a heroic death, saving Vanya from the death blow way earlier in the chapter.

The funeral at the end of it just made things worse.

He was surprised that the author went the whole, ‘identity reveal’ route. The whole world now knew that Alex was Hope now, and that the other’s identities were at risk now.

Actually the chapter made him think.

What would happen if one of the actual Aspects died? Well, in front of a lot of people, where their deaths were recorded in front for the whole world. How would they react? Especially when their immortality comes to light?

John isn’t able to nap as his head was filled with contemplating thoughts and what-if scenarios.

---

Eric Valiant didn’t like the Aspects. There were a lot of things that he didn’t like and one of them was teenage superheroes.

Eric Valiant was a military general that was assigned to a new department that government had created in the new event of monsters and superhero teens, one that would oversee the attacks and evacuate the area where the monsters and heroes fought. Protect the civilians when the heroes couldn’t

and provide back up if the event that the monsters were too much for the heroes and so far, they didn't need to provide back up.

That wasn't their only objective. They had to recover any of the strange material that the monsters dropped for research purposes, though he heard that that objective would be dropped soon since they really had no idea what to do with the damned things. Nothing could be done about them but to just leave them for the heroes who seemed to be able to get rid of them for whatever reason even though they weren't that hazardous to humanity or so they thought. They really had no idea, all they could do was speculate.

Anyway, General Eric Valiant didn't like the Aspects.

It wasn't because that they caused property damage, or that they were getting really popular amongst humanity.

The damage they caused themselves wasn't that much and most of it was because of the monsters and they understood that what's done was done or had to be done like when Blood had to destroy a gate when it was stuck and trapping civilians within the park. If it weren't for the gate's destruction, they would have dead civilians on their hands.

It was because they were *teenagers* that made him dislike Aspects.

Teenagers.

The hormonal humans that were going through the age of 'puberty' and were dealing with normal life... Or, that was all what they were *suppose* to be dealing with. They were suppose to be worried for their futures as upstanding citizens, they were suppose to be worrying about their romantic life and be normal teens in life.

What they *weren't* suppose to be worrying about, was the fate of the goddamn world or whatever the fuck was going on with the rifts and the monsters.

They weren't suppose to have powers, they were suppose to be sporting acne, go through hormonal changes and...

Eric Valiant looks at the Aspects and doesn't see heroes. He sees kids risking their lives. He sees his own son, a *fourteen* year old, going up against a gigantic monster that shoots *lasers* out of their multiple eyes. Thankfully, it wasn't literally his son but it was *someone's* kid and dammit didn't their parents notice that their child was getting hurt? Being slammed into buildings, taking lasers to the face, *cutting their themselves for weapons*.

Blood was naturally his least liked hero. But he was the one that caused the most concern. What was his home life like?

He doesn't even know how old they are but they were definitely teens. One of them *could* be at the age of his son and he was apprehensive about that. He doesn't know where they go after each fight, to what home they went back to, what they do for 'training' because Hope and Void can shoot pistols and rifles better than most military men and that took *training* and *experience* so what the fuck was going on with the group?

Eric Valiant was a general of the military as well as a father. He doesn't like the Aspects because he sees not heroes, but teens doing what they can, all alone, against a dangerous enemy that *should* have been left for the adults.

He would have liked the Aspects if they had been adults, in fact he would have cheered them on maybe. But all he wants is to take the group of five, bundle them up and keep them away from danger.

With each hit they take, he wants to snap and tell them to stop. That they've done enough and it was time for the adults to fight.

But the adults couldn't fight. Not really.

The monsters, the 'imps', 'cyclops', 'basilisks', whatever label the Aspects put on each monster. They were strong. The imps could have been dealt with, with a half a hundred bullets each or so but the giant 'ogre's'? They could withstand most tank rounds. The sons of bitches could *catch* the tank rounds and throw them somewhere else-

They didn't have much of a choice but to rely on the Aspect for cavalry and as a main method of attack. And Eric hated that.

It was bad enough that some saw the teens as dangerous, *which they were because goddamn their powers weren't sunshine and rainbows*, dangerous menaces that needed to be locked away.

At any rate though, Eric Valiant didn't like the Aspects.

So when a series of orders comes in to somehow establish contact with the Aspects and find out who they are- Eric was almost ecstatic.

They would finally find out more about the mysterious Aspects.

They could finally help like the adults they were.

And if they could find out how the teens got their powers, their weapons and somehow replicate it or something; the teens could stop fighting and wouldn't be in any danger of dying.

Whatever mysterious force was behind the powers be *damned*, teens weren't suppose to fight in the front line, they weren't suppose to die- that was an adult's job.

Of course...

They don't find out in time, they don't find out anything because they haven't been given the chance to contact or try to establish a connection with the Aspects.

General Eric Valiant doesn't like the Aspects, because he doesn't want one of them to *die*.

Reality is different from 'cartoons', 'comics', 'fiction', 'fantasy' or 'anime'.

And it shows, when one of the Aspects dies in real life.

---

“For the last time, it is *none of your fucking business*.” Karkat snapped, fingers pinched over the bridge of his nose.

“Aw but Karbro!”

“Kaaaaaaaaarkaaaaaaaaat!”

“Karkles! Come on!”

“Kar! Come on, this just isn’t fair!”

“Karcraab! Pleeease?”

Karkat scowled ignoring the whining that came from almost half of his, friends. Currently they were all back at the Peixes house, in for another reunion meeting thing that the adults were having once more for whatever reason. Some day he should eavesdrop on them somehow, maybe somehow alchemize a listening device or something? Or a hidden recording device? He’d have to talk to Roxy or Jake about that.

Speaking of Jake however...

Kanaya sighed, looking at him apologetically for the other’s behavior but there was undoubtedly a glint of curiosity in her eyes about the whole situation. “Will you at least tell us how you met him and how you hooked up?” Vriska asked, looking annoyed but also very eager for information on the latest topic for gossip;

Karkat’s love life.

Curse Kankri for revealing the relationship between him and Jake- fuck, he really fucking wished that they were all trolls again just so he would be able to say ‘We’re pale, leave it at fucking that!’ And be over it. But of course, they were all human with no recollection about quadrants or moirallegiance at all.

Just before he could rebuff Vriska’s words, Aranea stepped in, an unreadable look on her face. “Please Karkat? We, well, some of us are just... *concerned* about this whole relationship, we have no idea who this ‘Jake Harley’ truly is so we’re quite paranoid that he might be- bad for you.” She said carefully, looking at Karkat intensely.



Karkat would have been suspicious if he wasn't too busy being offended by Aranea's implication that Jake would ever be '*bad*' for him. "*Bad?!*" He questioned loudly, almost snarling but managing to hold back, "Fuck no! Jake would *never* be bad for me! I p-*care* for him dammit! And he cares for me!" He says with conviction, a hint of despair and relief in his tone that he didn't notice at all as he remembered the last time they had personally spent time together. Cuddled up on Karkat's pile and safe from the outside world, for a moment, Karkat had thought he wasn't a shit moirail and that nothing was wrong at all.

Only a few people caught the tone of despair and relief in his voice, and that planted a seed of suspicion and doubt. Especially for two people.

"What about the fact he hit you on the fathe?" Sollux piped in, a sneer on his face. For most of the conversation he had kept silent and stubbornly tried not to look at Karkat with a great amount of failure. "Are you *thure* he'th not bad for you?" He questioned dryly.

It had been a point that Kankri brought up and caused some trouble with the people that knew Karkat and cared for him, though most of them were convinced that was indeed an accident and nothing else. But the others weren't as convinced and had their suspicions.

Karkat glared at him and Sollux was taken back at the fierce look he got from the youngest Vantas, "That was a fucking *accident* Captor, get it through your thick skull about that!" He growled, arms crossed and tightly gripping his elbows. "That was mostly my fault anyway, I wasn't paying attention..." He mumbled to himself, remembering how he had been distracted by talking with Sollux himself.

That mumble didn't go unheard of by everyone.

"Karkat, please. I'd like to know more about Jake." Kankri said, going between Karkat and Sollux with a soft look.

Karkat faltered slightly at the look and huffed, "Fine. I met Jake in some forum on a movie review website." He fibbed, thankfully he and Jake had worked on a believable backstory that might just work. "He's a movie

fanatic like me, and we were talking- fucking arguing really, on a romantic adventure movie. We were about to get kicked off the website if we didn't stop arguing so we exchanged chumhandles and I started talking to him from time to time." There was some truth on it, they *did* somewhat argue on a romantic adventure movie they had saw together before.

"I've been talking to him for months, after a while we wanted to meet in real life- and don't flip your shit Kankri of course I was fucking careful about my privacy and shit but you saw Jake, he's not some motherfucking creepy old ass geezer, jegus fuck- so we did." Karkat shifted uncomfortably, hating being the center of attention, everyone was listening to him and *staring at him*- he took in a deep breath and trudged on, "Before we knew it, we were dating. Didn't even fucking notice until Jake's friend, Roxy, pointed it out to us. We were in denial for a short while but just went with it, so yeah, he's... he's my *boyfriend* now." He said, the word of 'boyfriend' so foreign on his tongue.

He definitely liked moirails better. Damn their human lives. Damn everything and whatever made them human.

"Aww, Karkitty that sounds so romantic!" Nepeta cooed, seeing it all in a positive light as always. Meulin nodding with her in agreement, a sweet smile on her face. "Can we meet Jake soon?"

"No." Karkat immediately deadpanned. He wished he had more control over the conversation but it was obvious that everyone wanted to talk more about his love life.

Sollux in the meanwhile stared at Karkat with an incredulous look, "You jutht met him on thome fucking *movie* forum? *Monthth* ago?" He asked with disbelief. There was anger underneath that disbelief. Aradia threw him a sharp look and he bites his tongue, managing to prevent himself from saying more as Karkat rolled his eyes.

"Yes, now leave the fucking subject alone! Fuck. I'll be right back, I need to use the bathroom." He sighed, standing up and leaving the living room.

Back in the living room, Aranea stewed in her thoughts, looking very thoughtful and contemplative as she tuned out the outside world and how her friends and their siblings gossiped to each other about Karkat's newest boyfriend.

Jake Harley.

Something in her mind niggled at the name, she had a bad feeling about everything and for some reason it tied to that name.

---

"Karcab's got himself a boy toy?" Ondine asked with an intrigued look, chin propped by her hand as she leaned in towards Kelvin to hear more. "Tell me more."

"Ondine! I doubt that you gathered us all again to gossip about Karkat's romantic life!" Corinna scolded, scowling, though just like her daughter, she had a silver of interest in her eyes- but she wasn't going to outright ask right *now* of all times.

Kelvin scowled, rolling his eyes at Ondine's question, "Corin's right, we aren't here to discuss my youngest son's boyfriend... we can talk about afterwards if you want." He said dryly and that made Ondine smirk with satisfaction.

"By the way Ondine..." Griselda said, gaining attention as the Asian woman stared at Ondine's new hairdo. "Your hair? What happened?" She questioned, saying the one question that was in each adult's mind since they came to the woman's house.

What had happened to Ondine's hair?

It was a known fact that Ondine was quite proud and protective of her luscious long locks. But now, instead of being almost impossibly long, it was not cut short. The tips curling around Ondine's ears, fashioned to look quite lovely on her yes but, it was a bizarre sight to see from a woman who had refused to cut her hair more than the tips or an inch for *years*.

Ondine elegantly rose a brow and smirked, “It fits me does it not?” She replied, flipping her shorter and admittedly much more manageable hair. Strangely enough, she felt no regret in cutting it whatsoever. “I merely thought of changing of a few things is all.” She said pompously with her usual sharp smirk.

Moira snorted, “So you say, and yet you’re still the bitch we all know and grew up with.” She said casually, flipping her longer hair with subtle smugness. She grinned when her reply was a simple sweetly saccharine smile.

Her boyfriend chuckled, “Amusing as this is, why are we here again Ondine?”

The rest of the adults nodded, wanting to know why they were together again. Ondine hadn’t said over the phone, suddenly calling them together for a meeting.

The eldest Peixes blinked and nodded curtly, “Right. Anyway, I have news about the Aspects...”

At this, all the adults straightened and leaned in to listen carefully.

Whenever it involved the Aspects, they were sure to listen as carefully as they could.

They didn’t know why but for whatever reason, the Aspects caught their attention like no other.

---

???!!!! began pestering stagPioneer [SP]

?!: testing testing four fuck three

SP: =O What the fuck O=

SP: =O Who the hell is this O=

SP: =O How did you get this handle O=

?!: fuck you thats how

SP: =O You shouldn't have this handle who the fuck is this O=

?!: you can try to trace this shit but it aint gonna work motherfucker

?!: this shits tighter than your own tightassed ass

?!: just dropping by to leave ya something important for the future

SP: =O What the ever loving shit grubbing fuck O=

?!: youre gonna need it if you want to get past our defenses when you find em

?!: 612 bilious slick

?!: got that asshole?

?!: looking forward in meeting you in the future dude

?!: real goddamn pleasure

SP: =O I swear to fuck if this is some prank O=

?!: not a prank and you know it idiot

?!: welp see you later shithead

?!: or maybe sooner who the fuck knows

?!: you suck by the way

SP: =O are you O=

SP: =O Are you pitch flirting with me? O=

?!: no

???!!! ceased pestering stagPioneer [SP]

SP: =O Hold the fuck up! O=

???!!! does not exist! Message failed to send.

SP: =O What the fuck O=

???!!! does not exist! Message failed to send.

---

The Aspects were a group of real life superheroes, it was both old and new news as the world marveled and speculated about the group.

The Aspects were the heroes of their world.

Some might think that just because they were heroes, they were invincible, or at least hard to kill. It proved with how much damage they could take head on, or their ability to dodge.

A lot of people tend to forget that the world they lived in was not some comic-book world, nor was it a story where people lived forever. They lived in the real world, where the Aspects were human -or so it was speculated.

The world got a full taste of reality one simple morning, during one of the worst attacks that they've ever seen.

In the living room with her mother and sister, Aranea watched with wide and tense eyes at the still figure shown on the screen.

In their base, Dammek watched wide-eyed in surprise from behind his shades at the still *bleeding* figure shown on the screen.

On the street, General Valiant and his troops watched with wide horrified eyes at the still *bleeding, broken*, figure laid down in a crater in the concrete street.

All around the globe, the whole world held their breaths at the sight of *Void, bleeding, broken, burnt* and *dead*, in the middle of a crater within a concrete street as above them, Hope, Blood and Time were *fighting*.

Maybe she wasn't dead, some argued, but with the broken neck clear on the screen made their stomachs queasy, many even lost their stomachs at the horrifying sight.

The neck confirmed it though, the still chest, the unnatural amount of blood that escaped her body, too much blood lost for a human to survive, only Blood was proven to survive that with the amount of blood he used but Void wasn't Blood was she?

Breath appeared above Void in a flash of bright blue, appearing bloody, wounded and silent. He touched down into the crater, kneeling to gently take Void's body in his arms, her head lolling back as Breath floated upwards, cradling Void's body in his arms.

He goes over to General Valiant, laying her before him and his troops. A serious and sad tone in his voice. "**... Look after her for us...**"

He disappears in a burst of blue, back to join the fight.

In that one morning, one of their dearest heroes died.

And yet, it wasn't the end as they thought it would.

***TICK***

A sound came from Void's body.

***TOCK***

---

## Chapter End Notes

VOILA

Warning: there might be some foreshadowing in this chapter. Do you know what it is? ;}

At any rate though, here's another chapter! Whoo! I actually got it done quicker instead of waiting a whole goddamn month or something!! Haaha! I'm so tired.

Hope you enjoyed!

# O' Death (1)

## Chapter Notes

Alrighty then, I am sorry that I haven't been posting chapters for other stories lately, especially this month, this probably will be the only chapter and story I'll update in March. Maybe. I don't know, I've just been in this weird slump that has me indecisive on each chapter of ALL of my stories like goddamn.

Admittedly I'm not even really satisfied with this chapter, it's shorter than my usual ones, but it's almost 4,000 words so there's that. Next one will be longer and probably more interesting since we're entering a new Arc. Hopefully the next chapter will be longer and that my brain won't betray me and try to make a new story or even block my imagination but who knows.

At any rate, I hope you guys enjoy, let's start this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was just suppose to be another day.

***--e's falling, I repeat, Void is falling it seems she took a bad hit dear god--***

*How did it end up like this?*

***"Void is down. The Aspect heroine Void is down, sweet Jesus Christ. H-Her neck- it's crooked, no broken my god- warning if there are any children watching I advise in looking awa--"***

Around the country- hell, the damn *world*, watched with horror as the known heroine laid in the crater. Crashed into the cement ground *hard* with a clear *broken neck* that no normal human could ever hope to survive.



In a certain home, two females watched with horror. Though it felt different compared to the rest of the world's horror.

Within the Lalonde household, Rose's heart plummeted and something in her stomach shifted.

~~Roxanne you reckless irresponsible girl--~~

Roxanne shivered, dropping her -thankfully empty- wine glass on the carpeted floor, a strange sensation coming from her own neck, one of her hands was on her throat before she even realized it as she stared at the clear broken neck Void sported as she sprawled wide within the crater, terrifyingly still- *was her chest even moving?*

No.

No it wasn't and it *terrified them*.

A different kind of upset and mourning settled in the Lalonde household, different from the rest of the world, different from the normal humans that littered the Earth.

They could only watch helplessly as Breath appeared above her corpse, silent and gentle in taking her body out of the crater.

How did it end up like this?

---

CG: JUST

CG: KILL ME

CG: THROW ME OFF OF SOMEWHERE WHERE I CAN LAND AND BREAK MY NECK AND SOMEHOW MAKE THAT INTO A HEROIC DEATH SO I CAN WANDER THE DREAMBUBBLES CURSING FOR ALL ETERNITY

CG: THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD AFTERLIFE FOR ME

GT: Well certainly not for me!!

GT: I'd rather not have you dead karkat, who would i lay and convey my

woes?? You are not leaving me in the world in the living to deal with all this nonsense and shenanigans alone!!

TG: wow thx Jakey 4 mentionin us n stuff

EB: (ssh roxy let it get out of their systems, the snark and sarcastic but self-deprecating comments need to come out first before we can properly deal with what happened.)

TG: (that vaguely sounded somewhat like rose would say)

CG: YOU'D PROBABLY DO FINE.

CG: IN FACT YOU MIGHT PROBABLY DO BETTER IF I WASN'T AROUND. IF I WASN'T AROUND THIS SHIT PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

EB: (i have been talking to her more and more lately)

TG: (ye, he has. rosies been plannin somethin, idk what it is but it has somethin 2 do w u n johnny)

GT: I'd rather have you around my dearest of dearest chums! >:[

GT: I certainly don't regret coming together, and i don't care what happened though admittedly we should have planned and prepared better in retrospect.

TG: (seriously? well thanks for the warning John and i will keep watch for her machinations)

CG: YEAH WE DEFINITELY SHOULD HAVE PLANNED BETTER.

CG: I MEAN SERIOUSLY, TALK ABOUT TIMING! THE BOTH OF US ARE HANGING OUT WHEN FUCKING \*\*\*BOOM\*\*\* KELVIN AND KANKRI COME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SEES YOU CLEANING UP MY FUCKING BLOODY MESS!

CG: PUN NOT FUCKING INTENDED BUT UNFORTUNATELY ACKNOWLEDGED

GT: Indeed, and it was also my fault for your bloody mess :[  
GT: I should have paid more attention to where my hands were flapping about, but like the gosh-darned fool i was i managed to hit you and again i'm really sorry about that karkat

EB: (i had a feeling but wasn't really sure so yeah! thanks rox!! :B)

CG: DON'T. JAKE, DON'T FUCKING APOLOGIZE AGAIN.  
CG: I SWEAR TO THE HIGHEST GOG TO EVER EXIST.  
CG: DO NOT TEST ME WITH YOUR APOLOGIES AGAIN.

TG: (i feel like this shouldn't be happening with us in this chat)  
TG: (did they forget we were here)

CG: WHAT THE FUCK HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR APOLOGIES JAKE?!

TG: (like wtf are these parenthesis actually working in making us unseen by them or what)

EB: (i have no idea.)

GT: Er,,  
GT: Not to apologize to you again??

TG: (actually kinda, im cheatin here w my voidy secrecy powers rn, i did the whole coding thing somehow don't ask, so the three of us are havin our own private chats while watching this show right here)  
TG: (cool huh :DDDD)

EB: (what seriously? :00)

TG: (woah)

CG: FUCKING EXACTLY  
CG: YOU'VE SAID YOUR APOLOGIES MULTIPLE TIMES YOU ABSOLUTE SOFT HEARTED BUCKTOOTHED SHITSTAIN AND I HAVE ALREADY FORGIVEN YOU SO STOP THAT.

CG: STOP THAT RIGHT NOW OR SO HELP ME.  
CG: I WILL SHOOSH YOU.

EB: (so parenthesis can hide stuff now??)

TG: (mhhh, enclose the sentence in the thing and it'll now be hidden from sight.)

TG: (you can only see the messages if you do the parenthy thingy too)

TG: (like it has to be in your message bar and send thing with the two things and stuff)

GT: Alright... But still! My point stands karkat and i don't really regret becoming your moirail!

CG: I DON'T EITHER!

TG: (dude thats wicked rad)

TG: (yeeee :3)

EB: (i'm feeling kind of guilty since here we are chatting and stuff but we're also looking into the chat between karkat and jake)

TG: (you were the one who said to let them be dude)

EB: (yeah but this was before the whole hidden message thing between the three of us)

TG: (u rite u rite but they kinda forgot they were in a memo w us???)

GT: Good :B

CG: <>

GT: <>

TG: (awww thats adorbs)

EB: (well it's nice that they made up!)

CG: HOLD THE FUCK A MINUTE

GT: ???

TG: (did he finally notice)

CG: WHERE THE FUCK IS EVERYONE ELSE

TG: (yeah he finally noticed)

GT: Everyone...?

GT: Jiminy christmas! You're right!! Where is everyone???

EB: we're still here!! we uh, never left haha, sorry

CG: WHAT THE SHITLOVING FUCK DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?!?

GT: Uh??????

TG: weeeeeelllll.....

---

Dave had to keep back his snort as he watched the rant that Karkat unloaded once he, Roxy and John explained what happened while Karkat and Jake were having their pale little moment in the memo board.

Hilarious as always Kitkat.

The blond typed that very sentence he had thought just now into the memo and watched with mirth as Karkat exploded again, accusing Dave on pitch-intentioned teasing but nope, just Dave being a teasing dick to Karkat. Humans didn't really feel pitch-troll-stuff, at least, Dave wasn't.

He didn't hate Karkat like that, or if at all, he just liked to set him off every once in while. Plus the new and additional response from Jake was nice, the green-eyed teen taking his new moirail title seriously and was scolding Dave for setting Karkat off while simultaneously calming the troll.

It was a weird pairing to think, Karkat and Jake and yet it kind of worked. Roxy was pretty much fucking elated at the moment Jake finally fessed up to the ex-troll, and her elation didn't let up even though she was acting normal now. They all knew she was glad that the two were finding happiness and support in each other, especially Jake and while she didn't know Karkat like she did the adventurous Page of Hope, she relied and trusted in John and Dave's opinion and description of the Knight of Blood.

Karkat and Jake would keep each other happy in the weird but totally awesome troll pale way.

Though, others wouldn't see it that way. Case in point; the whole shenanigans that both had seemed to have stumbled into accidentally soon after they had established an official pale relationship with each other. Which was both sort of hilarious but also concerning.

Hilarious on how things went, but concerning on how things ended up and how it was going to be viewed over. Now, Dave wasn't really a relationship guru despite the fact he had a boyfriend- shocking, he knows, Dave Strider, not good at something? Fucking unbelievable.

But having Jake and Karkat in a semi-fake but semi-real? Relationship? Together? It just *spelled* trouble, which was already happening apparently in Karkat's side of things. His friends and family were totally nosing in the ex-nubby, hornless Karkat's business. He missed the dude's cute nubby horns, everyone does especially the male himself.

With *that* going on... What about Jake's side?

How the fuck was Jake going to deal with it when the others found out? Would they really have to play out the relationship? How would they react? How would *Dirk* react?

He knew of his, little -little brother, still kind of weird but alright, he can deal, Dirk should be his age but yeah-- brother's subtle crush on Jake. Jake and Roxy telling him about what happened before kind of helped and Dave was able to spot the signs of Dirk's interest in their resident Hope Player though it seemed that he wasn't really doing anything about it, yet.

So how would he react on the issue of Jake suddenly having a boyfriend?

One that he didn't know of until recently?

Shit was definitely going to go down when Jake announced it.

And he was definitely going to announce it, committed into the fake-not-really-fake relationship he had with Karkat. If only to solidify their lie with Kankri and the others if they come sniffing about in Jake's side of things, but hey! That would, give them a kind of reason to meet with the ex-trolls now?

Jake introducing Karkat to the others, they all hang out...

Yeah they were totally winging everything from the start and they would definitely continue to wing everything to the end but it was fine.

Everything was fine.

~~(Everything was *not really fine*. For once Karkat was kind of right to curse their past selves and their stubborn denial and purposeful stupidity over everything, but at least it was somewhat entertaining to look back to. Kind of.)~~

Dave was snapped out of his thoughts when his phone reminded him he was on pesterchum and the others were asking about his absence.

Whoops, got caught up in his thoughts again. Time to focus back on the others

---

"I jutht can't believe he didn't talk to any of uth about *him!*" Aradia, Nepeta and Kanaya merely sighed as Sollux went on to rant once more about the newest and hottest news that was known between them and their group of family and friends.

Karkat's boyfriend, Jake Harley.

Someone who they would be officially meeting tomorrow. After everyone managed to wear Karkat down and get to have their little meet up as they had wanted. Even Sollux wanted to meet him despite his... *intense* thoughts on the incoming mysterious teen.

Just who was he really? This Jake Harley that Karkat held in such a high pedestal? Like seriously, everything negative that he and the others have tried to throw at the figure of Jake, Karkat was there to block it and rebuff their negativity, saying that Jake was genuinely nice and wasn't anything like they were thinking he was.

It was confusing to say the least, and somewhat concerning, to see Karkat so worked up in a frenzy over someone they had never met before, but then again that 'someone' was Karkat's supposed boyfriend. Which again, was kind of hard to wrap their heads around of.

They had indeed thought that Karkat would have at least let them know about the existence of a possible love interest but nope, he just went ahead and started dating some random ass teenager that he met on a fucking *movie review website*. Like, *are you serious*, who does that? Karkat fucking Vantas and Jake fucking Harley apparently.

God this sucked.

Or at least, those were Sollux's thoughts.

He was pretty hung over the whole thing- mostly because of his crush on Karkat.

"Sollux, please, just- stop." Aradia pleaded, looking at him with exasperation but as well as understanding. She knew very well on how he felt, since he's been ranting on about it for a while now. "No more rants, I know you're angry about the whole thing but at least be *tolerable* tomorrow instead of a douche? It's pretty clear that Karkat actually likes this Jake character and he won't be happy if you go on and be rude to him." She pointed out to the still pissed off nerd.



Said nerd opened his mouth before closing it with a click of his tongue, looking away as he reluctantly acknowledged that she did have a point.

Damn Aradia and her logic.

Nepeta and Kanaya nodded in agreement with her, “While it is unprecedented that Karkat failed to inform us about Jake’s existence but at least he’s letting us meet him tomorrow instead of hiding him away any longer.” She said, smiling slightly, a bit more accepting about the matter since it made Karkat so happy. Which, now a days, seemed like a hard thing to do. Something just kept bothering the poor lad and whenever someone asked, he’d act like there was nothing wrong.

“Yeah! And who knows, maybe Jake will be someone you can get along with Sollux!” Nepeta chirped even if it was unlikely that Sollux would get along with Karkat’s boyfriend on the account of the teen being *Karkat’s boyfriend*. She had known that Sollux had a crush on Karkat for far longer than she had before, and yes, she did have a crush but it was a brief little thing that just happened. She got over it and had been originally supporting Sollux with his crush on the angry Cancer-signed boy.

Though, it had been too late and now Karkat was taken. A shame really, she thought that Sollux and Karkat would do great together. She and Meulin both. And though right now she was trying to stay optimistic for Karkat, she was also disappointed that Karkat went for someone outside of their group for romance instead of the very obvious dual-eyed nerd that was standing and sulking before her.

“Pah! Like fucking hell I’d get along with thomeone like him!” Sollux sneered, turning his nose at the thought of getting along with Karkat’s boyfriend- nevermind the fact he had never even met him yet. He just had this distinct feeling he wasn’t going to get along with Karkat’s boyfriend whatsoever! No matter what! He just knew it!

Aradia sighed again, “Sollux you can’t just hate someone before you even meet them or get to know them!”

“Oh yeah? Watch me! Thith guy, whoever the fuck he ith, I already hate him to the point I hope he get’t hit in the fathe with a beehive! In fact, I’d happily throw that very thaid beehive at him!”

“Sollux! Don’t throw beehives at your friends boyfriends!”

“Fucking watch me AA!!”

Jake sneezed violently, startling Karkat and the others as they stood in their base.

“Jegus fuck what the fuck was that?!” Karkat asked, instantly fussing over Jake, “Are you cold? Sick?”

The Page of Hope flailed slightly as the Knight of Blood went to check his temperature, “Blimey Karkat! I’m quite alright, please! Stop!” Jake whined but also laughed as he tried to push away his concerned moirail. Karkat huffed but stopped fussing over him with a muttered ‘fine’.

The two ignored the small snicker their three other friends shared at the display. Adorable. The two of them have been just adorable ever since they got together as moirails, though both would heavily deny it.

Roxy cleared her throat and grinned brightly at them, “Sooo, meeting continuing! As I was about to propose before *someone* just sneezed to interrupt me.” She grinned at Jake who rolled his eyes and stuck his tongue out at her, “I was thinking... we...shouuuuuuuuuuuuuuu--.” She drawled, smiling coyly as she did so.

“Oh my god not again.” Karkat muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose as Roxy continued to unnecessarily drawl out the word ‘should’, going out of breath and inhaling again and just continuing her nonsense.

John and Dave laughed, waiting patiently for Roxy to finish. “Alright Roxy, come on, we still have the rest of the meeting to do.” John told her, Roxy pouted but bounced back and nodded, grinning widely.

Currently, they were in a meeting within their base. Their meeting room was a nifty little thing that Roxy made sure was safe and secure for them to talk in. It was a big room with an oval table, they all had their own colored customized chairs- sure they kind of use a *lot* of grist to make them and the totally high-tech table that they used in their meeting room but it was definitely worth it. They were so comfy and the table was amazing. Not to mention each of their chairs were connected with the table, there was a USB port and connection ports that they could use to connect their devices to their chairs and thus the table as well.

Roxy's chair was pink and blue, Dave's were different shades of red, John's was different shades of blue, Jake's was green and yellow and finally Karkat's chair was grey and bright red. Each chair was labeled with their respective Aspect signs.

"We should start posting on the media!" Roxy proposed with an excited chirp, grinning at them all at her proposal.

"We should *what*?!" Karkat shrieked, he definitely wasn't the only one surprised at the proposal. "What the fuck does that mean?!"

Roxy waved over the table, bringing up the apps of Twitter, Instagram and other social medias. "I *mean* we should be like, making social media accounts and start posting stuff that we're doing in here. Now before you all lose your shit and stuff, we'll *always* be in our costumes when we do shit like that and we won't show *everything* just, little tidbits and stuff on what we do in our base! I mean, *come on*, wouldn't it be cool?" She questioned with a gigantic grin, looking hopeful and giving them a pleading look.

The rest of them shared wary looks, thinking over Roxy's proposal. "I don't know Roxy, I mean, we *did* just get almost everything in our base organized and stuff..." John trailed off with a frown, looking concerned and cautious. He didn't want people to start realizing where they had bunked down and made their base out of. They had most of their rooms functional, it wasn't complete and wouldn't be complete for a while but at least it was better than when it was empty and dusty.

“We don’t have to do it right away, I just wanted to get the idea out there for a bit. The reason why I’m suggesting it is kind of selfish, I got hella mad when I found that there were people online trying to trick other people that they were *us*. Like, bitch what the hell!” She huffed, upset from the times she had stumbled over some accounts that had tried to trick others that they were them, the ‘Aspects’- she was quick in tearing those accounts down and proving their falsity but the problem was still there.

Dave soured, nodding in understanding. He had dealt the same when it came to his comic website Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff. It had been irritating to deal with the imposters that popped up from time to time.

“... We’ll think about it.” John told her with a sigh, still unsure about the idea even though it did sounded nice.

Roxy drooped but kept her smile, nodding to John’s words in acceptance. They still had to be careful after all, no matter how good things were going- Karkat and Jake were slightly exposed now, and tomorrow Jake would have to meet with Karkat’s friends and family and tell Dirk and the others about his new relationship.

---

Things were definitely going to get messy.

---

~~Oh boy, J@k3 and K@r\*@t sure have cornered themselves there. While I am glad they have each other, I am very concerned on how things will go, especially with @r@n3@’s plans will be with.~~

~~Well exeuuuuuuuse me, communicating with my human self had been hard enough! I can only hope my words have not been twisted too horribly in my attempt of communication.~~

~~What I’m finding hard to believe ith how idiotic my human thelf ith acting towardth KK.~~

~~As if you’d act anywway else S0l.~~

~~Thhut up ED.~~

~~Bouys!~~

~~Sorry Fef.~~

~~Sorry FF.~~

~~Amusing as it is to watch your human selves deal with unknown  
xenocultural relationships and also the incoming misunderstandings I am  
very concerned towards the state of Human Condesce. Her dream was  
blocked from our peripheral vision, but the result of it obviously disturbed  
her.~~

~~Fuck yeah it disturbed her, it glubbin' disturbed the shell outta me too! Cool  
adult human me's cut off her rad fucking locks! The fuck was all a trout?!~~

~~I have no idea. But guys? We have a purproblem here! Incoming!~~

~~SHIT, ARE THOSE-~~

~~They are! And they are trying to break through our barrier!~~

~~There's too many of them!~~

~~Shit!~~

~~Let's hope that K@rK@7 doesn't relapse at the sight of them!~~

~~He took on his honorable tyranny, he can take on these **drones**!~~

~~Some of them hawve buckets!~~

~~Oh dear.~~

~~Nevermind he's doomed.~~

---

It was just suppose to be another day.

Not.

It was actually suppose to be the day Jake met Karkat's friends and family.

*Jake stood stiffly in front of the crowd, smiling sheepishly at the twenty numbered group of friends plus one brother that stood in front of him. Eleven of Karkat's now human friends eyed him up and down along with each of their siblings.*

*Cronus was the one to speak up first, being the closest along with Kankri, "So, mini-chief, this is your boyfriend?"*

Really, it was just suppose to be that day, it had been exciting enough for Jake and Karkat to do that. Especially since a few of them clearly didn't like Jake.

*Jake let out a surprised yelp as he was shoved against the bathroom's wall, a certain nerd having followed him to the place.*

*"I don't trutht you you thon of a bitch." Sollux hissed to him angrily, gripping his shoulders tightly. "But if you fucking hurt KK I will make thure you pay."*

But of course, things almost never came their way.

*"**RIFT!**" Nepeta shrieked, pointing up to the giant tear of space and time in the sky.*

*Karkat and Jake jolted, staring wide at the giant tear with shock and horror.*

And things went bad.

*Karkat recognized those red figures that came through and started terrorizing their surroundings. Painted bright red with a certain symbol of a three pronged trident on their metallic shells. "**Drones?!**"*

To worse.

## **“VOID LOOK OUT!”**

*Roxy didn't have enough time to react, suddenly smashed downwards, feeling and practically hearing something break inside her as she crashed down and snapped her neck.*

Immortality was something they originally didn't want to be found out with, too many things adding up and triggering their paranoia. Worries of being captured and being experimented on for the 'secret of immortality' was something none of them were keen on, even if it was unlikely it was *still* possible.

### ***Tick***

Unfortunately.

### ***Tock***

Some things just don't go their way half the time.

### ***Undecided***

---

## Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAND That's a wrap for the first chapter on how things will go down for the heroes and then go up then down and- yeah you see where this is going.

Also, notice how Roxy's proposing that social media thing? Yeah that'll also be a thing.

Only.

I don't know how to do social media. I have no idea how to emulate the internet enough for this, I don't go to many platforms on this so, I may be needing a little help on media things. If you have any tips or just anything I can use, let me know because really. Socialties are the last thing I can do. Thanks guys! Till next chapter!

# O' Death (2)

## Chapter Notes

WHOO

Next chapter!

Sorry for the late update, but I was in a tight spot for a bit. But hey! I managed to update two stories this month! Also!

HAPPY LATE EASTER EVERYONE

Hope you enjoy! As promised, this chapter is longer than the last, at bit more than 6,000 words! I feel proud haha.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Sollux frowned as he looked at the computer screen before him. Now, usually he'd be in a surlier mood now-a-days, mostly because of a certain... *subject* that he was currently avoid thinking at the moment. But right now, his frown was at the weird program he had copied and downloaded from Karkat's computer.

He had almost forgotten about the thing, what with... yeah. But he had recently remembered it and decided to look into it to distract himself over the incoming *meeting* he'd have with Karkat's boyfriend.

The dual-eyed human scowled, shaking his head to clear his thoughts about *that* and focused at the task at hand. He had a file to look into, plus, this weird file had been in Karkat's computer. Who *knows* what it contained, did Karkat know? Or had he accidentally download it when he visited whatever website he visited to to watch romcom movies for free. Like a virus or something. A currently, not activated virus since Karkat's computer actually seemed fine while Sollux had been operating it to ~~snoop~~ look at Karkat's activity. Because nothing described a person as well as the insides of their personal computer.



Then Sollux had found that weird file that made no sense at all. Not really. It still felt, strangely familiar but other than that it didn't really seem like anything.

“What the fuck are you and why were you on Kk'th computer.” Sollux murmured to himself as he dived deeper into the file, going as far as to take a peek into the programming. Only to be met with more confusion and mystery as not only did the font characters of the file were there, but they were used as a *programming* language. “Holy thhit.”

Seriously, why was this on Karkat's computer? Karkat was balls at programming! He doubted that his best friend could even *learn* this programming language- which was based on what? These characters made no sense to him at all.

“Jethuth fuck KK, what aren't you telling uth?” Again, did he even know about this file?

Sollux huffed before rolling his shoulders and neck then cracking his fingers, well, the mystery was enticing enough for him to try and figure out what the fuck was in the file. He just needed to find out what language the file was in and find a suitable and reliable translator for it.

Easy enough right?

~~Hahaha.~~

~~Nope. But good try me.~~

---

TG: babes

TG: babes

TG: babes look

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] sent ICALLHERMARY;D.png

EB: roxy what

TG: oh my gog

TG: wonk wonk wonk ;;;DddDDD

EB: roxy

TG: hahahahahhahahahaha

EB: roxy explain what the heck

TG: language johnny :} but ye i was bored earlier so i just

TG: started gluin goggly eyes on my shit

TG: \*glueing \*googly

TG: then this totes amazeballs idea hit me lik a pair of dream shoes to the face

EB: \*glares\*

TG: \* wonks\*

TG: aannywaay

TG: it hits me

TG: and now my tatas gots eyes

TG: MY CHEST IS A FACE 8D

EB: please tell me you didn't literally glue googly eyes to the top of your breasts roxy

TG: pffftttt

TG: lol but no

TG: course not

TG: look my bra makes it look like its smiling 8)

TG: jegus fucking christ roxy killing me with the chest face boob eyes

TG: HER NAME

TG: is mary ;)

EB: i see...

turntechGodhead [TG] sent yomeetdick.png

TG: sup

TG: dick says sup too obviously

TG: 8DDDD

EB: \*oh my god dave why\*

TG: why not

TG: YAS QUEEN HANDSOME DICK XXDDDDDD

TG: you even drew a little smile!!!@!!@!!

TG: ilysm

EB: jegus christ you two

TG: john

EB: ??

TG: joooooohn

EB: what

TG: yo egderp come join the chest party

EB:

EB: no

TG: joooooooooooooooooohn cmooooooooooooon

TG: plsssssss???

TG: 4 me n davey only???

TG: come on egdork let me see that smexy chest of yours

EB: \*d a v e\*

TG: jooooooooooooooooohnnnyyyyyyyyyy

EB: ...

EB: i dont have googly eyes

TG: no fucking problem

EB: DAVE SERIOUSLY

TG: he timeported into ur room to give u googly booby eyes didnt he

TG: yep

TG: noice

EB: you guys are so ridiculousssss

TG: you love us

TG: now introduce us to your chest face!!

EB: no i hate you both

ectoBiologist [EB] sent ...bobby.png

EB: here

EB: his name is bobby

TG: XXXXDDDD

TG: noice

EB: you guys are ridiculous

---

Roxy grinned, giggling as Dave and John entered a playful banter when Dave pointed out that John was just as ridiculous as they were. Which was correct since the Heir of Breath was *such* a dork. Her earlier picture of the googly-eyed chest bra had been a huge success, though soon afterwards she changed into a legitimate shirt and moved to the couch on the living room.

“And what has you so amused this night sister?” Roxy blinked, tilted her head back to see Rose walking into the room, holding her laptop in her hand as she went to sit besides her. The pink-eyed Rogue made some room for her sister to sit besides her on the couch, grinning as Rose settled down as gracefully as she could.

“Oh nothing, just messing around with John and Dave.” She said casually, knowing she’d caught her sister’s attention at the mention of the two of her best friends. “What about you Rosie? What’re you doin’?” She asked curiously after Rose opened her laptop on her lap.

Rose had paused, wondering what Roxy wanted with her two best male friends- or rather, what they were doing ‘messing’ around. Did Roxy know about the two’s unfortunate situation of being infatuated with each other but stubbornly believing otherwise? Maybe she could enlist her help in the matter of bringing both boys together, it’d be a sisterly bonding project they could do.

“Currently? I’m opening my laptop and surfing the interwebs for something interesting.” Rose admitted, booting up her laptop and doing as she said.

Roxy giggled, “And by ‘something interesting’ you mean news about the Aspects huh?” She questioned and teased at the same time, looking all too amused by the other’s actions.

Not even denying it, Rose nodded.

The Aspects were a constant thing on the internet and daily life now, no matter where you went, there’d be at least *some* mention of the super heroic group that fought the otherworldly enemies that came from the mysterious rifts. Be it good or bad mentions, they were a point of extreme interest now in the modern age.

The Rogue of Void hummed before leaning against Rose and basically cuddling up to her, though she made sure that Rose couldn’t see her phone as she continued to chat with John and Dave. Rose made no complaints, adjusting herself so Roxy could lean against her comfortably while she, herself could use the computer with no problems.

Lately, or rather, the past few months, Roxy had been extremely affectionate. Hugging herself, their mother, her friends- she was being extremely-touchy-feely for whatever reason but no one complained, after all, it was just Roxy. Still, the sudden growth of affection was slightly weird but not too concerning.

“Hey sis?”

“Yes Roxy?”

“Got any weird dreams lately?”

Rose barely paused in her typing, “No, why do you ask?”

Her reply was a noncommittal hum, though the odd undertone of relief and slight disappointment made her twitch, why? It took Roxy a small moment to answer, “Dirk had this weird dream the other day, asked us if we had any. It just popped in my head and I wanted to ask.” She lied smoothly, smiling at her sister with a fairly innocent look.

So that was a no to Rose then.

The others had asked their siblings earlier on -with the exception of Dave-, it had slipped Roxy’s mind to ask until now.

So no one else but Dirk had had that strange dream that somehow connected John to him to a possible dream bubble. And so far Dirk had no such other dreams to their knowledge, none that had connected to John once more or any other player.

It was a strange phenomenon that went unexplained for the time being. And that was unsettling but as long as it didn’t put them into any danger, it would be fine, right?

They had no idea about the fact that Ondine had experienced the same thing.

“Well, if I do have any strange or unusual dreams I’ll be sure to report to you.” Rose said dryly with a tinge of amusement making Roxy laugh

slightly.

This was a nice sibling moment that Roxy enjoyed immensely, just, sitting slash platonic sisterly cuddling on the couch in an enjoyable silence. There was no scent of salty sea air whatsoever, nor the background noise of carapacians scuttling around the neighborhood, scavenging for food and hunting mutant cats- Roxy somewhat missed those mutant kitties but at least she had her sister and mother with her now.

And she was going to work hard to keep that.

---

CG: OKAY

CG: READY JAKE?

GT: I believe so!

GT: Well, admittedly i'm still very nervous about this karkat but i think i'll be able to do this!

CG: FUCK IT

CG: IT'LL HAVE TO BE GOOD ENOUGH BECAUSE WE CAN'T REALLY BACK THE FUCK OUT NOW

GT: Righto!

GT: I'll see you there karkat!

CG: SEE YOU THERE JAKE

CG: <>

GT: :B <>

---

Karkat's nerves soothed slightly at the goofy emoticon and the diamond that Jake sent him, his worries of course didn't go away but were quelled slightly. His worries would never completely go away, it was impossible to do that but at least he had Jake to calm him down to an extent.

He took in a deep breath, looking into the mirror with grim determination. He had gotten rid most of his troubled blood, old blood flushed down the toilet while the new blood was stashed in his sylladex. He could only hope things would go well enough that he could avoid popping a blood vessel, whether it be his or anyone else's. Or *gog forbid* him actually *vomiting* blood in front of the others!

The black-haired Knight shivered at the thought, shaking his head and looked back to his phone at the message, soothed once more.

“Karkat!” Came Kelvin’s voice through the bathroom door, “*You alright in there son? We’re leaving in a few minutes!*” He reminded him, sounding worried. Months ago Karkat would have been so freaked out by the fact an *adult* was concerned over him -*muchless his ancestor*- but living with Kelvin and being backed up by the others helped a lot so he was able to answer without much problem.

“I’m fucking fine! I’m ready to go!” He shouted back with ‘irritation’, pocketing his phone and unlocking the bathroom door to face his human father. Kelvin smiled down at Karkat who fought the urge to shiver slightly at the action, despite the fact he was *somewhat* used to Kelvin’s presence didn’t make it any less weird. *Swe-years* of instinctual wary for your own species’ adults didn’t just go down the drain after all, even though he was no longer a troll but the point still stood. “Let’s just go and get this over with.”

Kelvin chuckled slightly, nodding and stepping aside so Karkat could go past him. “I’m looking forward to meet with Jake once more, he seems like a nice young man.” He told him. Jake had been on his best behavior during that visit, apologizing over and over again to him for accidentally jabbing Karkat’s nose hard enough to cause some bleeding. Oh, he was still wary over the boy who he had no idea about but he tried his best for Karkat’s sake. His first impression of Jake was that of a polite boy but first impressions could be wrong for certain people and he wanted to know who Jake really was to his son.

Also, it hurt slightly, to not know who Jake really was or the fact that Karkat had actually been *dating* underneath his nose like that. Even Kankri



had to voice out his intentions to date Cronus! After Cronus asked Kelvin of course. It had been, a somewhat tense moment but Cronus was good to Kankri so that was all that mattered.

Jake on the other hand...

“Jake’s one of the nicest humans out there,” Karkat said bluntly, wondering briefly if his use of ‘human’ was alright in this context and deciding that yes it was, “He wouldn’t hurt a fly... Not on purpose anyway.” Karkat added with some after thought, his hand reaching up to rub his nose slightly, a brief phantom pain of how Jake had accidentally hit his nose.

Kelvin frowned but nodded, “Right.”

Kankri was already waiting patiently in front of the car, perking when both his little brother and father finally left the house. He greeted them both and got into the car when Kelvin unlocked the doors, taking front seat once more after Karkat rejected the offer of being at the front, preferring to be at the back of the car instead of the front. He didn’t really like the thought of sitting besides his ‘father’ for long periods of time, he’d do it if he didn’t have a choice but he’d prefer to stay away most of the time. Something that Kelvin was starting to pick up on.

After making sure they were all ready, they headed off to the park within the city, it was where they would meet with the others as well as with Jake.

Jake himself would be going by himself, excusing himself from Jake and his grandpa by lying and saying he was going to the movies by himself. After some reassurance and promises, Jake was able to go on his own, he even checked to make sure that Jade or Grandpa wouldn’t be following him, which thankfully they weren’t.

The reason he hadn’t told them- well, he hadn’t told them he was ‘dating’ Karkat yet, he totally would in the future! Just, not now, not when he was going to be dealing with Karkat’s friends and family today. It was a beautiful day outside, things were surely going to be alright!

...

They should really stop tempting Paradox Space and practically inviting it to prove them wrong.

---

Aranea smiled and greeted the others as she, Vriska and their mother arrived. They weren't the first to do so but they weren't the last, that was reserved for the Zahhaks once more.

Karkat and his family had arrived already, along with Meulin's, Rufioh's, Kurloz's and Latula's. The others had yet to arrive yet but they would arrive before Karkat's mysterious paramour.

Said mysterious paramour was a subject of current interest, Karkat looking ready to explode as teens and adults alike prodded him for further information over this 'Jake Harley' that was his romantic partner that they had previously no knowledge about.

How suspicious.

They had no idea who the young man was and Karkat's story of how they met didn't sit right with Aranea.

~~... Don't r... trusti... in Jake...~~

Those words resonated in her mind for some reason. How in the world did her subconscious know about Jake before she had? Or well, before they even knew the significance of who Jake was. He had been a random name that Karkat had dropped, nothing more, nothing less, but now for some reason he was a character of near *extreme* interest. Thankfully she wasn't the only one who thought so, even if it was for the wrong reasons.

Not only that, there was the whole matter of... Breath dying before her, Meulin and Rufioh. They *hand't* been seeing things! He had legitimately died! Rufioh had checked his pulse- *no*, he had done the procedure *right* goddammit!

It had been frustrating to talk about it with their friends, but with how it all went, they could understand that it was hard to believe it without seeing

with their own eyes. Though that didn't mean that she wanted one of the heroes to *die*, not at all! She had a *very good* feeling that death wasn't that all pleasant.

*A bloody red sword made a sickening squelch as it retracted from the blue-and-now-red-covered chest.*

***Breath falling lifelessly to the ground from high in the air with a loud THUD.***

Aranea tried to suppress the shiver that happened in her body, an odd ache around her neck. Yes, it certainly didn't seem pleasant at all. So she didn't wish death upon the heroes, though she did wish to understand it more.

Unfortunately, or fortunately it all depended, some wishes were granted, even the unwanted wishes.

The eldest Serket daughter focused back to reality as Kankri saved Karkat, placating both him and the others while scolding them to be patient. Poor Karkat looked like he was about to froth at the mouth, ill even, was he okay?

Before she could even ask, Karkat suddenly perked, taking out his phone that had vibrated and chimed in his pocket. "Ah, fucking finally." He mumbled to himself before continuing louder for everyone to hear, "Jake's here! Well, he just entered the park, he's coming over soon!" He announced. That fed into the frenzy that was both their friends and family, Aranea looking amused as Vriska, Eridan and Terezi tried to weasel some more information from Karkat again while simultaneously looking around to see if they could spot Karkat's boyfriend even though they had no idea what he looked like aside from what Kankri and Karkat -begrudgingly- described him as. Kanaya was tidying her already neat clothes, ever concerned over first impressions and secretly preparing herself to judge Jake for herself. Aradia was trying to be jubilant but also trying to placate the very moody Sollux by her side, Nepeta was trying to help but also joined Terezi, Eridan and Vriska in trying to spot Jake. Equius, Tavros, and surprisingly Gamzee, were giving Karkat his space and respectfully and patiently waiting for Jake quietly in the background.

Then, in no time at all, the aforementioned and infamous Jake Harley appeared in the flesh, causing Karkat to brighten and escape the grasps of his friends to greet his now not-so-mysterious boyfriend with a tight and relieved hug, one which was returned fully with a bright grin.

Jake Harley was...

Not what they were expecting.

He was a few inches taller than Karkat, which wasn't much since Karkat was the smallest male among them. He was around Tavros' height, maybe an inch taller. He had messy black hair, bright green eyes behind thin square glasses, a wide buck-toothed grin. He wore an open green plaid shirt over a white tee with an image of a green skull on it, beige cargo pants served as his lower clothing held by a green belt and he wore black sneakers with white skull designs.

All in all.

He looked like a dork.

"Thank fuck you're here, I am *not* going to suffer from this alone." Karkat tells Jake with mock-seriousness, relaxing just by being in the vicinity of the male. The hug had helped as well. It was, strange to see Karkat like this. He acted so *casual* around the unknown stranger that was his boyfriend, even more casual with than his own *friends*.

It...

It hurt a bit.

Especially for those who were *particularly* close to Karkat.

"So this is crabcake's new bouyfrond?" Meenah mutters to Aranea, looking at Karkat with a not-so-subtle critical eye. Almost everyone was looking at Jake with observant eyes but at least most of them were being subtle, the others weren't even trying to hide that they were eying Jake and trying to figure out his worth.

Jake was making an admirable effort to seem that he didn't notice or seem too nervous.

Among the scrutinizing gazes, Aranea's look of suspicion was natural and unquestioned. The cerulean female's head ringing slightly with echoing words in her head.

~~... Don't r... trusti... in Jake...~~

~~... Don't r... trusti... in Jake...~~

~~... Don't r... trusti... in Jake...~~

~~Oh gog damn it~~

---

Jake stood stiffly in front of the crowd, smiling sheepishly at the twenty numbered group of friends plus one brother that stood in front of him. Eleven of Karkat's now human friends eyed him up and down along with each of their siblings.

Cronus was the one to speak up first, being the closest along with Kankri, "So, mini-chief, this is your boyfriend?"

From the background he could spy on the adults that were also doing the same, he tried not to gulp as he continued to plaster the smile on his face as Karkat snorted and glared at Cronus with an obvious 'duh' look on his face. The elder Ampora held his hands up in surrender, chuckling, "Alright, alright, he is." He amended.

Kankri offered a smile and a hand of greeting to the poor nervous green-eyed boy, "Greetings Jake, it is nice to see you once more."

Jake beamed, taking the hand and shaking it firmly, "And you as well Karkat's bro-uh, Kankri." He said, quickly interrupting himself as he remembered that Kankri had told him to call him by name. He hoped that he had made a good first impression on Karkat's family and while Karkat was quick to reassure him that he did, he couldn't help but doubt it slightly.

He took in a deep breath and mentally prepped himself for the incoming assault of familial and friendly concern that would come from Karkat's friends, he let's go of Kankri's hand and beams at the others. "Salutations! I am Jake Harley, Karkat's m-uh-boyfriend." He said, almost stumbling over his words.

And just like that, he was practically pounced on by Karkat's friends.

Maybe he was regretting acting as Karkat's boyfriend the tiniest bit. Or at least, agreeing to meet with Karkat's friends in the park today. Maybe.

Though he didn't regret becoming Karkat's moirail.

Not one bit.

---

"So... Shoutkat's new boy toy..." Ondine mused, she and the others watching the ambush from afar. They'd give the boy some mercy and let him suffer to their children, maybe give him some reprieve before getting him to face the final bosses of this encounter. The parents. Eventually Jake would confront them, but first, he had to survive their kids first.

Kelvin hummed, nodding his head, "Yes, he is Jake Harley." He confirmed, looking amused as Jake tried to answer the barrage of questions that were aimed at him by Karkat's friends. Porrim was even flirting with him, testing his loyalty, Karkat was naturally offended but Jake was doing a good job so far, flustering over Porrim's actions and words but rebuffing somewhat impressively and keeping to Karkat's side.

Alpheus squinted as he looked at the boy, "He seems oddly familiar." He muttered, mostly to himself as Terezi tried to gross Jake out by licking his hand, Karkat shrieked at her and scolded her but Jake was easily calming him down and reassuring him that it was fine- an admirable and almost awing skill, to effortlessly calm Karkat like that, though for some reason, the way the bucktoothed teen tenderly papped the other's cheek. Karkat flushed but was calm and quiet in the end.

“What exactly do you mean by that?” Archer asked, watching Kanya prod and question Jake, deciding that his fashion choice wasn’t too bad. At least he wasn’t wearing crocs or anything that horrifying, though the skull motif that he took up was only slightly questionable.

“Hm, I don’t knoww.”

“Oof, Sollux really doesn’t seem to like him.” Jasper commented, seeing the way Sollux was scowling at Jake, attempting to question him harshly but thankfully it seemed that Aradia and Nepeta had a good hold on him. Mituna was even helping by distracting Jake and Karkat from Sollux’s clear murderous gaze.

Dexter winced slightly, “Ah, right. Almost forgot about that...” He muttered, though rose a brow when strangely enough, Jake seemed to be enjoying the slight conversation with Equius and Horuss. Later he, Archer and the others would be surprised to find out that Jake was actually interested in robotics and was quite knowledgeable over the subject.

“Poor Sollux, I really thought that he and Karkitten would end up together.” Leonor sighed, watching with sympathetic and sad eyes at the group, “Looks like I was wrong.” She had to hide her snort though, when Kurloz managed to scare Jake into cursing weirdly when he appeared from seemingly out of nowhere, who in the world cursed like that any more? Or uses the phrase, ‘Blimey!’ Anymore? Was the teen part British or something?

Corinna nodded in agreement, “Yes, I had thought that Sollux and Karkat would eventually come together after Sollux either gathered his courage or someone else intervened.” She admitted, frowning slightly but it turned into a smile when Feferi and Eridan tag-teamed on Jake, Feferi playing good cop while Eridan played bad cop. Cronus and Meenah distracted Karkat and Kankri for a bit while their younger siblings handled Jake.

“Someone else did intervened, but Karkat is not with Sollux.” Gretchen said, watching her daughters try to help Karkat and Kankri in reeling both their friend groups from getting to Karkat’s unfortunate boyfriend. Though

Damara was also making sure that Jake was treating Karkat right, smiling politely and using her cunning words to work for her. That's her girl.

Keiran frowned at the boy, not looking very amused by the small teen- just how old was Jake again? "I don't like him." He said bluntly, he watched his youngest son and Meulin poke at Jake. "He comes from literally motherfucking nowhere and we don't know who he is." He deadpans, roughly rubbing his eyelids with annoyance.

"Keiran! Please, he's just a boy. Not some, suspicious man." Cosima scolded him, her oldest daughter now probably asking him what kind of video games he liked to play, "Really. Just because he's from outside our circle of familiarity doesn't mean you should instantly be wary of him." She continued, knowing just why he felt like that. Keiran preferred familiarity, he liked their tight-knit group of friends that lasted two generations. Their kids being close friends just like them. Having an outsider butt in didn't seem exactly right to the older Makara.

Moira chuckled, nodding in agreement with Cosima, "True, though it wouldn't hurt to do a background check on the boy no? His family could be involved with something baaaaaaaad~" She half-joked, but was half-serious as well. Something about this whole situation just seemed so fishy to her. Like there was something going on underneath it though much to her frustration, she couldn't really figure it out. Plus, she could see the way her eldest daughter was regarding Jake with a different kind of suspicion. And for some reason, it resonated with her.

The Captor patriarch snorted, "Just look at him Moira, he looks like a total dork. I don't really think his family is involved with anything bad." He deadpanned, motioning to the sheepishly smiling Jake who had somehow managed to survive his rounds with their children.

"Ah, but looks can be deceiving Dexter." Moira retorted with a pointed and slightly smug look, knowing she had a point there. Something that Keiran seemed to agree with whole heartedly.

The others snorted, "Ah look, Jake bouy there managed to escape. Looks like he's headin' to the bathroom." Ondine pointed out, the black-haired



male heading over towards the nearest bathroom within the park.

They didn't notice Sollux sneak off until they recounted their kids and found themselves one Captor short. Which lead to Karkat storming towards the bathroom in a fit of rage.

Oh dear.

And then the sky exploded when Sollux came back.

---

Jake sighed as he had a brief moment of reprieve all to himself, he had gone to the bathroom for a small break from Karkat's very eccentric and apparently overprotective friends. And he hadn't even met the parents yet! Aside from Kelvin of course.

He's heard plenty about the adults from Karkat, and the ones he was most dreading to meet -aside from all of them of course- was Keiran and Ondine. The two most intimidating adults among the group. Ondine was obvious, she was the human version of that dastardly witch that killed his grandmother! But, she was human now, and had no memories of that and... well, she was still intimidating as hell. Keiran though, trounced her in intimidation. For a good reason, he knew each adult's life as a troll, Karkat was a lovely story teller when it came to it, and Keiran, aka the Grand Highblood was one of the trolls he didn't like from Karkat's retellings of his history.

At any rate though, he was determined to get through this meeting without much problem! "Alright, c'mon Jake you can do this! For Karkat!" He cheered for himself quietly, nodding to his reflection in the mirror before turning to leave the bathroom. Only to be stopped.

Jake let out a surprised yelp as he was shoved against the bathroom's wall, a certain nerd having followed him to the place.

"I don't trutht you you thon of a bitch." Sollux hissed to him angrily, gripping his shoulders tightly. "But if you fucking hurt KK I will make thure you pay."

Sollux Captor to say the least, was pissed.

Main reason? Jake Harley.

Though there was also that troubling file on his computer that he had barely even managed to crack- he couldn't find anything on it, not a single thing. He couldn't, for the life of him, figure it out! No translator on the internet could translate the damned thing! The language he had on his computer, and had originally come from Karkat's computer practically didn't exist! And yet, it was there!

But now, he was pinning his main reason he was pissed against the bathroom wall. Karkat's boyfriend. This stupid, dork looking teen was Karkat's boyfriend?

Sollux wanted to scream, but currently, he had a teen to intimidate.

Also, as much as he wants to tell Jake to scram, to break up with Karkat and leave to never come back- but no doubt Karkat would hate him for that and that was one thing he didn't want from his best friend and crush. So for now, he'd be overprotective and make sure that Jake knew not to mess with Karkat.

Still, if he made him mess up from time and again, well, that was only for him to know and no one else to find out.

Jake blinked incredulously, laughing nervously at Sollux, getting over his stunned state to try and placate the obviously angry blue and red-eyed teen in front of him. "I assure you Sollux, I do not intend to purposefully hurt Karkat in anyway! I swear to my grandmother's ashes!" He insisted, not wanting irk the Gemini any more than he was already.

Sollux narrowed his eyes at him, "'Purpothefully?'" He repeated with a suspicious tone making Jake grin sheepishly. He couldn't guarantee that he couldn't totally hurt Karkat, he know's himself enough that he could make mistakes that could hurt his moirail but he'd try his damned best for him!

Before the both of them could say anything else, the bathroom door was practically kicked down by one angry Cancer-signed teen.

“Karkat!” “KK?!”

Karkat squinted his eyes at the scene before him, “Sollux, for all that is unholy- let. Him. Go.” The smaller teen snarled at the taller and lankier male, Sollux grimaced but did as he said, wanting to avoid Karkat’s wrath and anger. Though he couldn’t exactly stomp down the feeling of jealousy when Karkat immediately fussed over Jake, questioning him if he was alright or not.

“Karkat I’m fine! Really I am!” Jake laughed, smiling fondly as Karkat huffed at him, though he interrupted his moirail before he could go off against Sollux, “Hey! It’s okay! He’s just, really concerned over you Karkat, don’t get angry at him. Or at your other friends, I can understand that they really do care for you because of this!”

Karkat narrowed his eyes at him then looked at Sollux who tried to look as casual as possible against the bathroom wall, “... Fine. Still doesn’t give them the fucking right to mess with you.” He grumbled, though he relaxed a bit when Jake slung an arm around his shoulder. “Sollux, Mituna and the others are looking for you.” He informed the Captor, scowling at him, though it wasn’t as angry as it should be.

“Whatever...” Sollux grumbled, trying not to make it seem like he was sulking as he left, though he totally was.

When the Gemini left, Karkat even peeked through the doors and checked using his Blood Powers, they both let out a sigh of relief.

“Sweet Jiminy Christmas Karkat, I know your friends and family was eccentric but really.” Jake sighed, shaking his head and stretching slightly with a groan.

Karkat nodded in agreement, tiredly whining, “Gog, they’re fucking worse as humans than they are as trolls!” He exclaimed, burying his face in his hands as he tried to hide his embarrassed flush. Though, who knows, maybe

the others might have acted worse if they had been trolls. But really, at least they'd get that he and Jake were moirails and not matesprits!

Jake laughed slightly, "Well I do stand by my words earlier. At least we know that they really do care for you." The Page of Hope said with a slightly dry tone. Being manhandled by about twenty or so teens was quite a thing to go through, and if that didn't say, 'WE CARE ABOUT THIS BOY YOU BETTER NOT FUCK UP' then Jake would eat one of his pistols.

The Knight of Blood nodded in agreement, not as embarrassed anymore or angry, he actually looked quite fond.

After a few minutes of recuperating in the bathroom, thankfully throughout the whole situation no one else had been inside any of the other stalls, they headed out side.

Only for things to go oh so terribly wrong.

Nepeta had been looking up at the sky, watching some birds fly from their nests when she saw it first. She screamed so loud that Jake and Karkat heard it from where they were outside the bathroom.

**"RIFT!"** Nepeta shrieked, pointing up to the giant tear of space and time in the sky.

Karkat and Jake jolted, staring wide at the giant tear with shock and horror.

Immediately panic kicked in from the humans in the park, screaming and scrambling to get away before whatever monster popped out of the rift. Only to be too late as red figures began to spill from the giant rift in the sky.

Karkat recognized those red figures that came through and started terrorizing their surroundings. Painted bright red with a certain symbol of a three pronged trident on their metallic shells. **"Drones?!"**

Jake looked over at him with shock, "Drones?! You mean those-" "Yes!" Karkat hissed, hackles raised along with some of his panic as seemingly

thousands of drones came out from the tear. Dropping from the sky and unto the ground with heavy **THUDS**.

**“Jake! Karkat!”** Both teens whirled to see Kelvin, Keiran and Jasper running towards them, trying to get to them- Shit if they succeeded then it would be hard for them to sneak away and deal with the attacking drones! Fortunately, or unfortunately on how you saw it, a group of drones dropped between the two players and the three adults before they could even reach them.

**. \* CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED \*.**

That was Alternian and it talked about- **“RUN!”** Karkat screamed at the adults. *“Run! We-We’ll find you but for gog’s sake run!!”* He shouted as Jake took his hand and ran the opposite direction.

They needed a place to ‘hide’ and get to work on these shits!

The adults hesitated, with Kelvin heavily doing so until the red-drones turned their way. **“NO! KARKAT! KARKAT!”** Kelvin howled as Keiran and Jasper forcefully ran with him, the father shouting at them to let him go so he could go after his son but the they knew if they let him he’d die and they just couldn’t let that happen.

---

**CODE 612 GET TO THE PARK RIGHT THE FUCK NOW**

*~Karkat*

*Three teens instantly got to work, disappearing from their houses and heading towards the park. Unknowing of what was ahead of them.*

**“ Jegus fucking Christ these guys are crazy! ”**

**“ Guys! They’re not game enemies- THEY’RE NOT DROPPING GRIST! ”**

“ **WHAT?!** ”

“ **VOID LOOK OUT!** ”

---

### Chapter End Notes

And here we have the second chapter done and over with! Next chapter- A battle and Roxy's incoming death and resurrection! Also, yeah, still don't know much for media things but I'll do my best!

Actually in the comments do you think you guys could help me? Like, what would the media say on Roxy-er, well, Void's death and the battle before it? I'd appreciate it a lot! I won't make any promises that it'll be featured in the next chapter but I'll choose some and work my way there for the social bit!

Thanks for all the support everyone, I hope you enjoyed the chapter and that you had a nice Easter this year!

## O' Death (3)

### Chapter Notes

HERE WE ARE

Things are going to be interesting hehe.

Anyway I did my best for the social media bit, it's small but next chapter! Dear me, next chapter is going to be a PAIN. Wanna know why? Read the chapter and find out!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Facing one of your childhood's greatest fears is no easy feat.

.\*CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED\*.

From the moment Karkat understood just how dire his situation was.

.\*CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED\*.

He tried not to be found, hiding to his best abilities and making sure he *didn't* bleed. The exact opposite of what he had been doing over the last few months or ever since the game had started. Honestly he had been so *relieved*, to find that Alternia was being destroyed in the wake of the game because that meant he could *live* and that **drones** would never come after him.

.\*CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED\*.

Until now.

“Karkat? Karkat!”

Karkat sucked in a breath, snapping out of his terrified mental state. Jake gripping his shoulders with a look of extreme concern on his face, “Karkat, are you okay? Stay with me, come on dear chap.” The Page of Hope said, taking him into his arms and hugging him close. Shakily, he returned the hug, flinching as the echo of the drone’s declaration reached his ears.

.\*CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED\*.

“Do you want to stay out of this Karkat? The others and I can take care of this ourselves.” Jake says softly, looking out of the alley they were hiding in. They had escaped the drone but now they had to move, whether to escape again or to change into their godhoods and fight.

The ex-troll inhaled and shook his head, gently shoving Jake back, “Fuck you, I can do this. Those drones won’t fucking know what hit them.” He said, looking determined and changing into his godhood with the help of his sylladex. “**Come on Hope, we’ve got shit to do.**”

Jake looked hesitant before he nodded, looking just as determined, his green clothing turning bright yellow.

Karkat-now Blood, took out his phone, sending off a text message to the three other superheroes that *needed* to be there at the moment.

*CODE 612 GET TO THE PARK RIGHT THE FUCK NOW*

*~Karkat*

---

“Those are drones- *those are drones, **why are there drones escaping that rift?!***” Dammek shrieked, hands clenched and slammed unto the table as he and the others were in the meeting block, the news playing on the screen before them.

Xefros and the others trolls watched with stunned eyes as drones, *Beforan drones*, were attacking the human city that they were currently situated in.



Fortunately for them, they were at the edge of the city where the drones hadn't gone to. Yet.

*. \*CEASE AND DESIST. ALL NON TROLL LIFE FORMS SHALL BE DETAINED, ANY FORM OF RESISTANCE SHALL BE CULLED\*.*

"It even knows about trolls, but why is it culling humans?" Lynera asks, confused and concerned- Drones were not suppose to cull humans, they were infantry, robots made for the purpose of being part of the empire's army and security defense. Guards and soldiers that could also be considered canon fodder that trolls could hide behind when it came to it.

Polypa narrowed her eyes, clawed hands clenched slightly as she watched the drones terrorize the humans, "I don't think that they're *actually* culling the humans... they're trying to kill them, and call it culling." She said aloud, breath hitching as she watched a small human child just barely dodge the weaponized hand that the drone used to try and *harm* it. Polypa wasn't that much of a fan for most humans, but she had a soft spot for a lot of their young, they were just... so small and squishy. They needed to be taken care of constantly, by their parents and the adults of the species.

Kind of like grubs. But even more fragile since they had flesh and not slightly hard chitin as skin.

It was weird.

The oliveblood let out a small sigh of relief when the child was saved- "Blood and Hope have arrived." Zebede said, looking relieved and glad when the two heroes had appeared. Their dark red and yellow outfits a beacon among the red robotic drones that seemed so similar to the drones back on their planet.

"But this brings us back to the question of where the drones came from-kind of, they came from the rift but still? And what they're doing on Earth? Why are they attacking Earth?"

Dammek had no idea who asked that but they had asked a good question, why the *fuck* were they attacking Earth? Where had they come from? *Why*

*the fuck did the rift spit those out?*

The brownblood blinked when he heard his huskcell ping, it came from the leader's memo board.

---

CN: We need to discuss this.

CN: Now.

TS: Agreed.

SP: =0 No kidding. The amount of shit we'll have to deal with after this won't be pretty. 0=

SP: =0 Did any of the higher ups say anything about drones in your debriefings or is this really something that came out of those godforsaken riftst? 0=

CN: None on my end.

TS: Nothing from mine either.

SP: =0 Fuck. 0=

---

Fuck.

The main expletive that Karkat was thinking at the moment was *fuck*.

**“These drones are quite persistent!”** Jake shouted, dodging another drones' sharp claws, pointing out his gun and shooting them down. **“And durable!”** It would take more than a few bullets to take them down it seems.

**“No shit! Their exoskeletons are made of high grade metal! Normal fucking bullets won't do jack shit!”** Karkat replied, snarling as he aimed for the joints of the drone, managing to cut the hand of one drone, **“Aim for the fucking joints and soft spots! Between the armor!”** The Hero of Blood advised as he dodged another drone.

Jake tried hard to follow Karkat's advice, aiming his bullets for the joints of the robotic figures, "**Blast! Where are the others, we need their assistance- there are too many drones and some of them are trying to get away!**" They had to keep all the drones' attention, *all of them*, prevent them from going anywhere else and causing havoc on their own.

**"Blood, four o'clock sharp!"** Jake shrieked, struggling against a drone, spying a flock of drones trying to fly away from the ensuing fight.

Karkat snarled, he was *busy* but they *really* couldn't let drones stray away from them- they had to keep them in one spot, they couldn't afford to hunt the drones down through the city! "**Fuck! I-**" Fortunately, it was this exact time that their help arrived.

The swarm of drones found themselves suddenly contested in the air, *by* the air it seemed, wind gathering around them and forcefully pulling them back into the fight. And from above, a hail of large hammers rained from the sky, nailing two drones, destroying their heads and making them explode.

**"Nailed it!"** John hooted, appearing in a burst of wind.

**"On your right!"** Roxy hollered as she materialized besides Jake, aiming her scope right at a particularly feisty drone, firing without hesitation and ending up headshotting the robotic figure painted in red, the bullet was specialized and electrocuted the drone, frying its systems and causing to shut down. "**Three-sixty no scope bitches!**" She continued to shout, Jake ducking underneath the barrel of her rifle when the Void Player turned completely around to shoot at another drone, doing the same, though she couldn't headshot the drone but she did manage to nail its shoulder, thankfully it was still close enough that it would fry its circuits in the long run.

The drone that Karkat had been dealing with suddenly lost its head. "**Cue the cool shit I say when I appear just in time.**" Dave deadpanned in the wake of clocks and bells when he appears behind the drone, sword drawn and at the ready, the blond grunted and swiftly swung his sword towards the other drones that surrounded them.

Karkat huffed, giving the other a glare even as a hard smirk came unto to his face, “**I didn’t fucking need your help Time.**” He snarked, twirling his sickles as he and Dave turned their backs on each other. Trusting each other as they faced the other drones. “**You’re all late by the way.**”

**“I’m offended. Do you know who I am?”**

**“A moron with a broken sword.”**

**“Says the idiot with the sickles.”**

**“Less talking and more fighting!”** John shouted at them as he flew past them, a trail of drones going after him in his awake, making them crash into the drones that were around Karkat and Dave.

Both Knights of their respective Aspects shared a look before shaking their heads and focusing back on the fight.

---

So instead of weird creatures that spilled from the damned rift of space, time whatever, this time, it was *robots*. Deadly robots. Deadly robots bent on to do whatever hell knows what they want to do. He didn’t know what they wanted but one thing for sure, *they weren’t going to get it*.

“Move, move, move!” Eric bellowed, motioning for his men to follow his orders. Military vehicles and plenty of soldiers marched determinedly through the streets, “Help any civilians, escort them to the safe zone!”

His men bellowed after him, “Sir yes sir!”

“General sir! It’s been confirmed, Breath, Void and Time have appeared and are currently assisting Blood and Hope with the robots at the main source!” His Lieutenant informed him tersely, tense and concerned.

Eric grimaced but nodded, “Continue the evacuating, make sure *no one* is in the area and that these things are kept away from the safe zone and the civilians, find anyone in need of help and get them out of here- then forward to the main scene.”

They had moved instantly when the rift appeared, quickly setting up a safe zone that was estimated to be the safest area of the city. Civilians were being escorted to that area where they could get assistance, medical and other wise.

Twelve certain families would cause a tizzy in the zone when they were escorted there, no sight of a familiar angry boy and his dork of a boyfriend were to be scene on the sight. It would be concerning but it wouldn't really catch the military's attention. Yet.

At any rate, General Eric Valiant was currently doing his best in managing his troops, slowly making their way towards the main fight where the Aspects were currently fighting, helping out people along the way.

His troops and himself were to be a sort of rescue team, made for the fact that these 'otherwordly' attacks that came from those mysterious rifts didn't seem to be stopping any time soon. And most casualties came from the fact that people couldn't clear the area and evacuate fast enough to get to safety. The Aspects obviously did their best not to make casualties and collateral but they had to focus on the enemies and the rift themselves if they wanted to help effectively. They would try to get it to close as soon as possible, and that was a good thing.

Though, it wasn't the only thing his branch was supposed to do, he was suppose to become a link to the Aspects. A bridge between them and the government since right now, the Aspects were labeled as an outside organization that was obviously not part of the government whatsoever despite what some of the people on the internet thought. They were completely independent, and that was as terrifying to know along with the fact they were *independent teenagers with superpowers*.

His superiors wanted him to establish contact with the Aspects, and Eric was no fool, he knew that they wanted those teenagers under control or at least under adult supervision. And if they *had* adult supervision, something that Eric somewhat doubted, then it would be adult *government* supervision. They couldn't go on on their owns forever.

Not to mention he *knew* that the government were interested in the teen's weapons and powers. Who wouldn't? And *that* lead to some... darker thinking admittedly, but Eric would do his damned *best* to prevent *that* from happening.

They were teens.

They were still human.

At least, that's what he thought they were.

---

Roxy had no idea how long they've spent fighting. Dave might know, Roxy would ask but they were currently preoccupied with *fighting* as she had said earlier on. Too preoccupied with fighting to ask Dave on how long they've spent being preoccupied with fighting.

But anyway, Roxy was getting *really annoyed* by the fighting. Even with Dave's help of added cavalry in his time clones- future selves, past selves, whatever- it was quite the harrowing battle. How in the *hell* were these *robots* so much more difficult to deal with than the imps? It felt that way.

They didn't seem to be as hard back when she was on the apocalyptic version of Earth, *her* Earth, with water covering all of the planet and she fought with a laser rifle, she fought *inebriated*, and they had seemed easier to deal with even as fire burned all around them.

Did she have to go all Jackie Chan drunken fist style on them?

No, that would interfere with her streak of being sober for a long time.

She had already broken once.

She wasn't going to break again.

But still, the drones *here* were so different from the drones *then*.

Then again, the damned waterbitch batterwitch had sent them in a sense of them having to rush into entering the game faster.

**“Jegus fucking Christ these guys are crazy!”** John pants into the microphone of his communicator. Currently he was with Roxy, Dave was on his own- somewhat, he had his time clones accompanying him while Karkat and Jake were sticking together. It was then that the Heir of Breath noticed something peculiar, something that he hadn’t noticed at the start, too busy with dealing with the drones to notice originally. Disbelief filling him as he sees the parts and mechanical bodies that littered around the ground, *not* dispersing into familiar game source. **“Guys! They’re not game enemies- THEY’RE NOT DROPPING GRIST!”** He shouted, form tensing as he swung his hammer at a group of drones, sending a powerful blast of air towards them and knocking them out of said air.

The chorused reply came in various degrees of his friend’s voices, but they all came to one word- **“WHAT!?”**

**“That’s impossible! Even His Fucking Tyranny turned into grist in the end! These- These shits aren’t turning into it?!”** Karkat said with obvious dread and disbelief.

Back then, he had been able to deal with the giant crustacean-like monster that was His Horrible Tyranny because he hadn’t known *much* about the damned creature. When it had turned into grist he had never felt so *relieved*, it meant it had been from the game. Possibly a copy from his world somehow pasted in a shy version of its glory. It had meant that *it wasn’t really real*, not in a sense that the possibility of his fucked up world was still somehow kicking.

But *this*?

The fact these drones *weren’t* turning into grist meant... that they were *real*.

These were *actual* drones that were *sent by someone*.

**“Blood! Focus!”** He snapped out of it, his curse interrupted by a damaging slam to his stomach and a pained wheeze escaping him. **“Blood!”**

Instinctively Roxy turned to see Karkat rocketing past her from the force of the painful punch that snapped him out of his internal thoughts,

unfortunately that instinct costed her just as she was about to go help Karkat-

**“VOID LOOK OUT!”**

From above, a drone appeared, arms up and ready to *smash her down-*

Which it did.

Roxy didn't have enough time to react, suddenly *smashed* downwards, feeling and practically *hearing* something *break* inside her as she crashed down and *snapped* her neck.

**“ VOID!! ”**

From afar, Eric Valiant and other humans watched with horror as the heroine Void fell to the ground, creating a crater in her wake.

**“Shit! Breath go to her, we'll deal with the drones!”** Jake said, John could escape the rabble of the drones the easiest and come back to fight the fastest. They couldn't have Roxy stay in the crater, not with the drones still up in the air above her.

John merely replied in a terse nod that the other's didn't see but knew he was on it, he always was.

John appeared above Roxy in a flash of bright blue, appearing bloody, wounded and silent to those who were watching him but his mind was racing a thousand miles a minute. He touched down into the crater, kneeling to gently take the Rogue of Void's body in his arms, her head lolling back as the Heir of Breath floated upwards, cradling her body in his arms.

He needed to put her somewhere safe where she could revive- she had to revive, surely that death was not Heroic and like hell it was **Just**. She had been taken by surprise, dying in the middle of battle with no actions other than fighting to her name, clearing the drones. That wasn't a Heroic or Just. John just knew it.



Still, having the risk of something getting to Roxy's body before she revived would be troublesome, they hadn't really tested on how that would affect their revivals but John wasn't going to risk it happening to Roxy of all people. He quickly looked around. There.

He spots a group of people at the sidelines, they looked like soldiers, how had they not notice them before? They looked shocked and he grimaced, thankful for the mask that hid his face. He floated up from the crater. They really wanted to avoid this dilemma but unfortunately it looks like it was too late to do anything about it. Not to mention John still needed a safe place for Roxy to come back to.

The soldiers would have to do. It was safer to be surrounded by the armed humans than to get Roxy somewhere else, plus, he didn't have much. He needed to get back into the fight.

He goes over to one of the men that looked like he was in charge, Was he the General? He laid her before him and his troops. A serious and sad tone in his voice. “... **Look after her for us...**”

John disappears in a burst of blue, back to join the fight. Leaving a sad, confused and concerned group of soldiers and news cast behind.

---

*Breath appeared above Void in a flash of bright blue, appearing bloody, wounded and silent. He touched down into the crater, kneeling to gently take Void's body in his arms, her head lolling back as Breath floated upwards, cradling Void's body in his arms.*

*He goes over to General Valiant, laying her before him and his troops. A serious and sad tone in his voice. “... **Look after her for us...**”*

*He disappears in a burst of blue, back to join the fight.*

---

This was what Eric Valiant was fearing for the entire time he had been assigned to the Aspects.

The real world was not like the comic books, or the superhero shows and movies, or of the stories out there, or of those 'animes' his son watched.

The Aspects were a superhero group with wonderful powers and were composed of practical children.

And one of those children died today.

General Valiant grimaced as his Lieutenant stoically made her way to Void's body, the small impossible hope that the heroine was still alive - she wasn't, not with that **neck**- was crushed moments after the woman bit her lip the moment she took hold of the teen's wrist. Searching for a pulse.

"... She's dead."

He released his breath with a tense and steady sigh, around him his men were showing their own reactions to the news but they were all obviously upset. Some looked away, some looked angry, some looked sad, heartbroken- it went on.

The civilian news cast was worse off, why were they there again? How had he not noticed them.

"Stop filming-" He said, turning to the nearest camera man, reaching for the camera to stop filming the fact that a teenage heroine was **dead** for all the world to see. Void didn't need that. Nor did her comrades need that later on when they finished the fight.

It was kind of surprising though, the way Breath had just stoically came down, breaking away from the fight to take Void's body away from the crater and towards them with such silence. He hadn't broken down to mourn her, nor had the others come with him to do so. They had barely faltered from their battle to pay attention to Void other than point Breath to her direction it seemed.

Were they in shock? Was Breath? Did the others even know that Void had died?

Or had they known and were resigned about it?

That was a chilling question, did these heroes know of the risks that they were taking? Surely they had to know. But...

***Tick***

“Sir!”

His Lieutenant’s voice snapped him out of his mental thoughts and stopped him from trying to get the cameramen to stop filming Void’s corpse-

***Tock***

Wait, what was that noise? “Sir, look!”

He does, and what he sees shocks him. Shocks everyone.

Lietenant Olivia had stepped back from Void’s body, which was starting to glow.

***Tick***

A myriad of colors overtook Void’s body, taking the shape of a flame that was covering her whole body. And with it, the ticking of the grandfather clock sounded in their ears and something felt heavy within their chests.

***Tock***

Slowly, Void’s body began to rise, her neck didn’t seem as broken as before as she began to float in mid-air. To all that was near, they could hear something akin to a symphony in their ears.

***Ding***

And like that-

***DONG***

Void's body exploded in a star-like flame. An undetermined voice whispered in their ears just as the symphony of music and sound ended, and the explosion died down, the colorful flame dripping off of Void who stayed mid-air.

### ***Undetermined***

There. Floating in front of them, was Void. Neck, no longer broken and alive, telling by the fact she let out a tense groan.

**"Hooly shit."** She groaned, not noticing her audience as she stretched, craning her neck and rubbing it. **"That was awful, damn, my neck is aching."** It was then that she finally noticed the crowd of adults that were before her. **"... Uh oh... Uh, hi there?"** She greeted awkward, cringing from behind her mask.

They didn't know how to react, the fact that Void had came back to life had completely stunned them.

**"Crap."** A loud explosion sounded, gaining all their attention, **"Oh shit! It's still going on?! I need to-"** She turned back to them, smiling awkwardly, **"I'm just gonna go, my peeps need me. Sorry for, dying, I... yeah... Bye!"** With that, Void rocketed away from the soldiers and news cast people as they watched her fly away.

...

The internet would crash not long after with comments and theories and everything going on.

Somewhere else, three certain teens were telling their friends 'I told you so', they had seen Breath die in the mall! And no one believed them!

In other secret bases, a certain alien species watched with stunned eyes, their leaders snapping out of it and immediately discussing the new information with the fellow commanders of each base, all the while wondering how the fuck they would have to report this to their species' Empress.

---

~~Well that cat is out of the bag.~~

~~Oh dear.~~

~~This is not going to go well for them later on is it?~~

~~No. No it will not.~~

---

It took longer than they had wanted to deal with the drones and the rift.

With Roxy back in the fight, they had managed to turn the tides and close the rift.

The it left with a ton of drone parts littering around the streets, not to mention the amount of property damage that was around. It was probably the most property damage to happen in the attack since the Honorable Tyranny appeared months back and destroyed Dave's apartment, causing him to move to John's neighborhood.

**“We can't let these things just lay around! As much as I'm suspicious about the troll fucks hiding around here, it's a bad idea to let Alternian tech get into the hands of the human government.”** Karkat hissed to them, the five of them all in the air, above the collateral and a pile of drone corpses.

They all shared a look and nodded in agreement, it was a better idea to just take the parts for themselves. Jake and Roxy could use them for their own projects in the future probably.

So they started to gather the drone parts, stashing them in their sylladexes. Thank gog that they had a practically infinite amount of cards in their sylladexes.

They had forgotten though, the fact that Roxy had died earlier and John had left her with a bunch of adults.

Adults, who wanted answers.

And just as they were cleaning up the piles of drones and shoving robotic parts into their inventory, they were confronted by adults.

**Fuck!** Blood cursed as they were confronted by the news cast.

“Void! Void! How did you-”

“Breath! You-”

“Hope, Blood and Time, did you know-”

“That’s enough! Please step away-”

Thankfully it seemed that the military soldiers were trying to reign the news casters and cameramen away from the teenage superheroes. But it was clear that they had their own questions for them, no doubt that once they managed to get the reporters away, they would try to get to them and answer their questions instead.

Either way.

The Aspects really didn’t want to confront with adults at the moment.

They were tired, and they had places to be- specifically Karkat and Jake. They had to reunite with Karkat’s friends and family.

With Dave’s help, they would be able to meet up with them in the past hour or so, appearing just in time to stop Kelvin from throttling a few soldiers on his own.

Karkat would be grounded of course but at least they were back with the others now.

But in the meanwhile, they disappeared from the crowd of reporters and soldiers, Dave exhausting himself as he gathered the drones himself afterwards and dumping it in a random room within their base.

Of course, the fact that Roxy died was still somewhat forgotten.

Until the internet and media blew up about it.

---

**VOID GOT HIT I GOT SAVED BY BLOOD** [3 minutes, 3 seconds].

- **Youtube**

**Posted 6 hours ago, 4.3 million views**

*\*click\**

*[Video starts shaky, taken through a window, video quality was somewhat blurry but it was clear enough that they could see the battle. Color flashing in the air as the Aspects fought. Camera ducks occasionally, heavy breathing and cursing.]*

*“Holy shit you guys holy shit.”*

*[Camera comes back up just in time to see a Void being smashed down to the ground by a red robot.]*

*“HOLY FUCK VOID !”*

*[Drone suddenly appears before window. Loud scream, camera scrambles back in fear as drone lifts arm to break window.]*

*“NONONONO AAH!!”*

*[Drone is suddenly wrapped by glowing red chains, gets pulled away from the window. Suddenly Blood is by the window just as the camera drops, showing the floor but Blood’s voice is clearly heard .]*

***“What the fuck are you doing?! Get out of here!”***

*[ The camera is picked up, shaking as it returns to the window, the angle changes and is now peering out the window. Shows crater in the video, camera zooms in to see blurry figure of Breath carrying something.]*

*“O-Oh my god, i-is that... Void?”*

*[Suddenly Blood is back in the view, a scream is heard just as Blood is screaming at the camera.]*

**“I told you to get out of here! Go, go go!”**

*“I-I’m sorry I’ll go!”*

*[Camera quickly goes away from the window, heavy panting as the camera shakes and bobs.]*

*“Oh my god, oh my god, ohmygod-”*

*[Video Ends.]*

**KingkOng** 6 hours ago

*holy shit dude void GOT HIT IS SHE OKAY?!!*

1.2 likes

**Saitama\_PunchOne** 6 hours ago

*No. She’s not.*

*Oh my god she’s dead.*

**[Link to news stream.]**

**KingkOng** 6 hours ago

*NOOOOOOOO*

*View all 298 replies*

**SassyMaster** 6 hours ago

*SHE’S ALIVE!!! OH MY GOD WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!*

**[Link to video clip]**

12k likes 1.3 dislikes

*View all 11k replies*

*\*click\**

**VOID REVIVES???? HOLY SHIT??? [13 seconds]**

*[Video clip starts with Void glowing in the air. Obviously cut from news stream. Someone whispers.]*

*“Oh my god.”*



*[Void EXPLODES in colorful fire, the camera shakes a bit but stays on Void. The explosion clears, colorful flame dripping off her body. She groans.]*

**“Hooly shit.”**

*[Video clip ends.]*

*\*click\**

**Trending: #WHATTHEFUCK #Immortality?! #VoidDiesandLives?!  
#Aspects**

*6.5 million tweets*

**Aspect-Club @Aspect\_Watch** OH MY GOD PLEASE BE ALIVE DON'T DIE #VOIDNO #Aspects #DONTDIE

**Aspect-Club @Aspect\_Watch** Oh my god what #Void??? #She'sglowing #Whatishappen ing

**Aspect-Club @Aspect\_Watch** OH MY GOD VOID YOU'RE ALIVE!!! HOW THE HECK #WHATTHEFUCK #Immortality #VoidDiesandLives #Aspects #Whathappened

*\*click\**

**Void Dies and Revives! Aspects Immortal?!  
- The New York Times**

**Death and Resurrection?! Beloved Heroine Dies and Comes Back!  
- Buzzfeed**

...

“Interesting. How interesting.”

...

“Hm? Oh my, what is this?”

*\*click\**

**LIVESTREAM: HELLO WORLD! FIRST ASPECT STREAM EVER!!**

**LIVE NOW (o) by ActualAspects** [Somehow it's streaming to all media platforms capable of streaming]

2,234 watching now- 4,556 watching now [Numbers keep rising as stream continues]

[Stream starts with a sudden party popper, loud and startling, Void pops into the camera.]

**" HELLO WORLD! "**

[She waves into the camera. She's grinning.]

**" Hi there. Uh, so, this is like pretty sudden I guess? Anyway, hello! Again. I'm Void as you all know... "**

[She trails off, frowning off screen as a voice comes from behind the camera.]

**" Void this clearly won't work until you prove you're actually you. "**

**"Oh right... Hmm, here you guys, let's prove that this is the real thing and not some prank- I mean. So, this is all live right? So like, this cannot be faked since this is live and it's actually happening and uh... Blood help me out here!"**

[She shouts, stepping backwards, revealing more of the room. Another voice comes from off camera.]

**"What?! Why the fuck do I have to help?!"**

**" Because you're Blood and it's easiest to do Blood shit right? On camera, they'll believe you right?!"**

[Loud cursing before Blood floats into the camera.]

**" I can't believe we're actually doing this. "**

[Another voice comes in off camera as Blood summons a sickle from out of nowhere, tugging down his sleeve as the camera gets closer to his very scarred wrist.]

**“ I’m afraid we don’t have much else choice. It was either this or actually go public with an interview. ”**

[The stream shows the sickle digging into his wrist, blood beginning to show, the camera backs up a bit as the blood begins to move. The camera backs up again to show the blood flowing around Blood, making shapes and floating around. Void squeals, going over to hug Blood who moves the red liquid away from the dark blue heroine.]

**“ Perfection! Amazing as always Blood! Anyway, does that clear the fact this is an actual stream from us the actual aspects? ”**

[They wait a bit before another voice behind the camera speaks s.]

**“ Looks like it, holy crap they’re all coming in now oh my god haha. ”**

[Void beams at the camera, saluting at it. Blood grumbles, floating off camera as it focused back on Void who sits in the air, lotus style, smiling a bit nervously at the camera.]

**“Okay! So, verification done . Hello again world! Th at is like, the fourth time I said that I think. But anyway, here we are! Sooo... A lot has happened today, like, the whole, drones appearing and me dying... I’m sure you all have questions. So, welcome to the stream! Time to ask questions you’ve all been raring to ask since the beginning! This is our first stream, and hey! We are now on social media, Twitter, Tumblr, Instagram, social media! ActualAspects, that’s all five of us on one account, our MAIN account. And since this is our first stream, we’ll be answering questions live! No promises on solid answers, or like answering EVERY question but hey! It’s a chance to ask us something wink wink nudge nudge, finger pistols and another wink~!”**

[Void says with a grin, supposedly doing what she just said, giving the camera ginger pistols. Suddenly the camera moves to reveal Breath behind

*the camera, both Time and Hope behind him.]*

**“Well, you heard her guys, ask us what you want and we’ll do our best to answer!”**

*[Stream continues...]*

---

## Chapter End Notes

HERE IS WHY NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE A PAIN

I don't know what I'm thinking on why I'm doing this but hey! I made a commitment, I made a promise. I promised social media and you'll get social media!!!

So this is how it's all going to work.

COMMENT

Well, make a comment down below, a fictional handle in either twitter, tumblr or instagram or whatever social media and ask a question! Or talk. Or whatever.

Example:

randomdude123 @Randomness hello there! how are you?

Don't actually ask on tumblr or twitter or anything, I don't have social media. ANYWAY! This'll help with the authenticity of next chapter in the social media stuff.

I WON'T PROMISE THAT YOUR COMMENT OR QUESTION OR REACTION WILL APPEAR ON THE NEXT CHAPTER. Maybe it'll appear on the next next chapter! I'm planning on doing either TWO or THREE chapters of Social Media. SO ASK AWAY. GOOD OR BAD COMMENTS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

AND CAN SOMEONE HELP WITH NEWS PAPER OR ARTICLES ON THE ASPECTS. I KINDA SUCK ON THOSE SO FEEL FREE TO COMMENT AND MAKE THAT TOO IF YOU WANT.

ALSO, HOW THE FUCK DOES ONE DO AN INTERVIEW FOR LIKE A LIVE SHOW? I SHOULD PROBABLY WATCH ELLEN DEGENERES OR SOMETHING. Also I really want to try to SOMEHOW get Robert Downey Jr. in this, as like maybe a tweet? I don't know. I'll miss him in the Marvel Cinematic Universe :[(SPOILERS IM SORRY)

I'm actually quite proud over this, though it took longer than I thought it be but at the same time, I finished earlier than I expected it be.

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED. YOUR SUPPORT IS GREATLY APPRECIATED AND I JUST LOVE YOU GUYS DEAR GOD.

# Social Media -Stream-

## Chapter Notes

SURPRISE GUYS

Yeah I was surprised as well. I didn't think it'd be so fun to do this, and I finished way earlier than I tried! No month wait! Look at it! I feel kind of proud actually!

ALSO THANKS SO MUCH FOR THE SUPPORT AND THE COMMENTS AND QUESTIONS I REALLY COULDN'T HAVE FINISHED THIS WITHOUT THOSE. I HOPE I MADE YOU GUYS PROUD WITH THIS CHAPTER.

8,000+ WORDS BABY

NEXT TIME I'LL AIM FOR HIGHER MAYBE.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

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*[She trails off, frowning off screen as a voice comes from behind the camera.]*

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*[She shouts, stepping backwards, revealing more of the room. Another voice comes from off camera.]*

**“What?! Why the fuck do I have to help?!”**

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[Void says with a grin, supposedly doing what she just said, giving the camera ginger pistols. Suddenly the camera moves to reveal Breath behind the camera, both Time and Hope behind him.]

**“Well, you heard her guys, ask us what you want and we’ll do our best to answer!”**

[Stream continues...]

---

**alison.B** 4 minutes ago

I can’t believe this actually happening.

The Aspects are STREAMING THIS IS SO COOL

**KingkOng** 3 minutes ago

I KNOW

AND JUST EARLIER VOID WAS DYING LIKE WHAT THE FUCK

**AshKetchup** Now

i think they’re in their secret base and so far, it looks cool. can’t really see it



all with the aspects in the way but hey, maybe one day they'll give like a tour of the place???

---

*[The stream continues, it's silent for a bit as Void waits, sitting in mid air before she asks.]*

**“ ... So... What's the first question? ”**

**“ Hold on Void, there's like, a ton of questions and comments and, our inbox is already like, full dear gog. ”**

*[Breath answers from behind the camera, apparently looking through the inbox.]*

**“ Okay, I got one. From Woop Woo on Twitter, aimed at you and Blood, it says, ‘Are you two okay? Void you just got killed and Blood you cut yourself to use your powers?!?!’ With two alternating exclamation points and question marks. ”**

*[The camera bobs and turns to Time who looks towards Blood who was by Hope, his wrist being bandaged and wrapped by the yellow clad hero. Blood is obviously surprised, Hope wasn't paying attention, focusing more on properly bandaging Blood up.]*

**“ What? ”**

**“ They asked if you and Void are okay. ”**

**“ Oh. Uh, I'm okay. It's literally just a scratch, didn't go deep enough to hit bone or anything. It'll heal in time. Plus this idiot will make sure it's healed, I don't even need the fucking bandage. ”**

**“ Just because you can heal doesn't mean it's a good idea to leave open wounds in the air! Infections and what not. ”**

*[Hope replies to Blood, finishing the bandage. Blood just scowls but doesn't retort. Void pops back into the camera view, grinning widely.]*

“ Aww, so cuute. But yeah! Blood and I are totally fine! My neck’s not like, snapped anymore so that’s always a super good thing! ”

[Void sends a thumbs up, Time snorts and looks off into the distance before returning to look at Void. Two other questions pop up. One from Twitter and one from Tumblr.]

“ Okay, we’ve got other randomly picked questions. This one from Twitter again, Foodmonger @ihavenoidea1234, nice, it says ‘What the hell was up with Void dying and coming back?’ and this one’s from Tumblr, it’s for me -fucking sweet- @punmistress666 asks ‘Hey Time, do you have any secret hobbies?’ ”

[Camera goes to Time briefly as he answers, he looks at the camera and shrugs.]

“ ’Course I do have secret hobbies, everyone’s got secret hobbies... You want to know what they are? Nah, it’s got ‘secret’ in it for a reason. Okay, your turn Void since really, as expected there’s a fuck ton of questions about your death and resurrection and shit. ”

[Void hopped into view once more, still grinning while she nodded her head in understanding.]

“ Understood! Okay, listen up guys because this is a complicated thing... Actually no, not really I guess? I mean, kind of? Death is always complicated and yet simple- but anyway! Continuing on, YES I DIED. No theories on how I actually DIDN’T die or anything. It is confirmed, I died, and came back. Simple as that. As for how... How about we save that for the end of the stream? Like a little surprise for everyone to find out! Let’s focus on the other stuff for now! Enough about me, let’s get to the others~! Hey Breath give me the cam, I got this. ”

“ Okay! ”

[The camera wobbles as Breath hands it over to Void, the camera aims to Breath who waves at the camera before it went back to Time.]

“ Sound us off Timey boy! What’s next?! ”

“ Hold on, I’m scoping the scene... Okay, actually this might be aimed at you first but hey... So I don’t want to keep on reading this shit, Void a little help in syncing our stuff up? ”

“ Alrighties~! Bear with us for a moment guys, gotta sync up our techs so poor Timey-Whimey boi here doesn’t have to keep reading your things! It won’t take long. ”

[The camera is set down on the table, it shows a blank wall. There’s background noise as the heroes shuffle together. The conversation ensues.]

“ Hand over your masks, I’ll set up something lickity split! ”

“ I don’t want to do thisss. ”

“ I don’t know man, this seems kinda awesome. We got our own social media stuff, the public gets to know more about us. ”

“ I thought the point of us hiding our faces and getting a secret base was to not let the public know more about us. ”

“ I quite concur a bit, I am slightly iffy on the whole social media situation... ”

“ Well, like you said earlier Hope, it was either this or going into the public for an actual interview or something. Which means appearing before the people and reporters and stuff like that. ”

“ ... Ah, good point. ”

“ Okay! I set something up, also I decided to go in a pattern thing. We each get to pick one or two or maybe even three questions or comment to read so it appears on the screen and after that we continue! First up we have Time, then Blood, then Hope, then Breath and then finally me! ”

[Camera shakes once more as Void comes back into the view, smiling brightly.]

---

**aspectfan342** 8 minutes ago

Is?? Hope?? British???

‘Infections and whatnot’ ‘I quite concur’ <- --- ????!!!

**PLUSULTRA** 8 minute ago

dude he totally is. The weird voice masking thing aside, I can totally hear his british accent.

**Bloodxhope** 7 minute ago

YES HEADCANON IS REAAAALLL BRITISH HOOOOPE

>8DDD

Now if only we knew what Blood is!

**Bloody<3Hope** 7 minutes ago

omg BLOODY HOPE IS TOTALLY CANON LOOK AT HOW HOPE IS BANDAGING BLOOD SIHFIUAHJDS YESSSS

**CrimsonWind** 7 minutes ago

pssh NO IT IS NOT

hope is just being a good friend! BLOOD X BREATH FTW

**Bloody<3Hope** 7 minutes ago

F I G H T M E K A R E N

**DoctorWHOO** 6 minutes ago

TIMEY-WHIMEY BOI VOID WATCHES DOCTOR WHO??? 8DDDDDD  
DOES TIME WATCH DOCTOR WHO TOO OH MY GOD TIME HOW DO  
YOU TIME TRAVEL TELL US MORE DAMMIT

**readme** Now

for superheroes they're like, so chill and friendly with each other i love it so much.

likr they aren't even ppl with superpowers, they're just a group of friends being idiots dear god

**VOIDFAN223** Now

BUT VOID YOU DIED AND YOU CAME BACK AND ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS SIMPLE AS THAT???!!!! WTF

---

**“ Hey\_guys! Sorry\_for the wait, the stream will now continue! Take it away time. ”**

**@Hibernations asks** where are you right now?? how did you get on every channel? (PS void what the hell happened lol)

[The question appears fully on the screen before shrinking to the corner of the video. Void hums, grinning mischievously at the camera.]

**“ Probably shouldn’t say this but... I’m one of the greatest hacker girls to exist. EVER. Like, it took no time at all to set this all up! Though I did kinda cheat a bit with Time’s help but most of it is my work. Bow before the Haxxor Programming Queen! Also, we are totally in our super secret base and ya’ll can’t find us whatsoever. ”**

**“ She’s no joke. And on the subject of hackers- ”**

[Camera turns to Breath, who has a hand to the side of his mask.]

**“ To all hackers or those attempting to hack us through our social media accounts- and I guess this goes out to the government too? I’m so sorry for you guys but if you’re trying to track or hack us it won’t work. Void is literally one of the best of the best. Also her powers give us like, a blank spot, you can’t find us. The trace will literally disappear or end up in a dead end. You can try I guess but it won’t end well, it’ll probably end in frustration so... yeah. ”**

**“ Aww, such sweet words Breath~ You heard him my peeps, you can try to find us or hack us but like hell you can find us or even BEAT me in a hack battle! Best of the best! ”**

[Void crows, obviously taking pride in her skills as the camera bobs a bit, she was probably jumping.]

**“ Onto the next one! What you got for us Blood. ”**

[Camera points to Blood who grumbles, hand to mask and a question appears.]

**@ t entacleTherapist asks** How do you five handle the burdens that you carry on due to the roles that you've placed upon yourselves.

[The camera almost drops as Void made a strange coughing sound, it catches Breath covering his mouth and hunched over. Why is undetermined with the fact they had their masks on. Blood answers eventually though.]

**“ Well, TentacleTherapist- or TT. We handle them just fucking fine. But I just know some people are going to be psycho-analyzing us or some shit when it comes to this even though I and the others will say, we are just fine doing this. ”**

[The camera slowly turns to show that all the heroes were nodding their heads in agreement.]

**“ My turn I suppose... ”**

[Hope says, stretching slightly on camera and taking a hand to his mask.]

**Anonymous asks** Are you actually immortal? Are there any boundaries to it? How did you get your powers? Or were you born with them and somehow no one noticed?

[Silence for a few minutes before Breath pipes in.]

**“ All immortality questions will be answered at the end of the stream like planned. Time, you answer the rest of the questions. ”**

**“ Hm, how about we also answer the power ones at the end of the stream? More specifically the ‘how’ part, it kinda correlates to our ‘immortality’ anyway. Might as well answer them all in one go. ”**

[The heroes exchange looks and nodded.]

**“ I think we can answer the last question though. No, we were not born with our powers, I think. Does our situation count for ‘born with them’...? ”**

**“ I don’t even know, ask Breath, or Blood, they’re the ones to push the buttons. ”**

**“ Don’t look at us! I barely understand what the heck I did back then! I still don’t don’t now! Moving on!.... Eh might as well answer this question and all others like it. ”**

**@gutsyGumshoe a sks** Is your family aware of what your doing? If not would you ever tell them?

*[Breath lets out a small snort before he goes all serious, answering in a serious tone while looking straight at the camera.]*

**“ That’s a complicated question. Kind of. This is gonna upset a lot of people but no, they don’t know what we’re doing. At all. And no, we won’t tell them- their safety comes above ours. They matter the most so no, we won’t tell them. ”**

---

**breathyCHILD** Now  
these kids. These CHILDREN.  
i want to hug them all  
especially breath  
SOMEONE PROTECT THESE CHILDREN ISTG!!!

**Beelzebub666** Now  
tf do they all mean by ‘breath pushed the button’  
jesus I smell more theories by the end of this streaming

**Rhea Takamura** Now  
Oh my god Breath don’t leave your family in the dark with this!!  
TELL THEM WHAT YOU ARE.

---

*[Again, the camera shows them all nodding in agreement. Void then aims the camera at herself, putting her hand on her mask once more..]*

**“ My turn! Okay...Ooh, this one~! Someone noticed what we keep doing!**  
**”**

**Aspect-Club @Aspect\_Watch** OH MY GOD IT’S ACTUALLY YOU GUYS THIS IS AWESOME!! Ahem. Anyway, why do you guys keep putting your hands on your masks like that, is it high tech? SHOW US SHOW US!!

**“ Hehehe, yep! Our masks are all high-tech shit, hey Hope hold the cam for a bit... BAM! HO-LO-GRAAMS~!! ”**

[The camera wobbles as it’s handed over to Hope who points it at Void, she taps the side of her mask and suddenly a holographic screen pops up. It shows the stream is playing and a few other programs that none of them recognize.]

**“ Awesome isn’t it? Hehe, enough of that, next one! Shoot it Timey! ”**

[Void taps her mask once more, the hologram disappears and the camera moves back into Void’s grip, pointing at Time now.]

**Frog. @sugarcubetyrant** how did yall get your powers? followup q: did you know each other before you got them???

**maddy @astralAgronomist** aspects, where are you from? how’d you get powers?

**“ Time and I knew each other before we got our powers, we were the first to get them- ”**

**“ Bull crap. You both know I got my powers first before you two, I met you little shits after that and then you got your powers and then Hope and Void came in and got their powers. ”**

**“ Indeed! ”**

**“ Haha, right! Sorry Blood, but yeah, Time and I knew each other first then we met Blood. Void and Hope knew each other before they met us! ”**

**“ Yeppers! ”**



[Void sends up a thumbs up that is seen by the camera.]

@ Niliuth\_Moonlady asks Blood does using your powers hurt?

**“ What the hell do you expect? I’m cutting into my skin to get blood, course it hurts. At the start it did a lot but you learn to get used to it. Sides, it’s not like I’ll be able to die of bloodloss any time soon...”**

**“ Haha, Blood I don’t think that’s the answer that they like. ”**

**“ Tough shit, it’s the answer that they’re gonna get. ”**

[The camera shakes from side to side.]

**“ Typical Blood. ”**

@ uhhhhhhjason asks Blood whats wrong with your wrist Are you emo.

**“Emo?! EMO?! FUCK NO I’M NOT EMO!”**

**“ACK! Blood calm down! I’m sure they didn’t mean it, they just don’t know! Please calm down!”**

[Camera swerves to Time, seemingly ignoring the raging Blood who was being restrained by Hope. He begins to explain.]

**“No, Blood is not emo. Trust us, he’d be MUCH worse if he was gogdamned emo. Those scars are from when he has to get blood. The wrists are the easiest for him to get to, arteries and all that shit. The arteries all heal in the end as well as the skin but it leaves scars. The guy scars easily, so yeah, he’s not emo.”**

---

gamez4lyfe Now

holy shit theyve got HOLOGRAMS DUDE THEIR TECH IS SO HIGH  
WHAT THE FUCK AND HOW THE FUCK

Pokemans Now

I KNOW RIGHT LIKE WOAH DUDE

I WONDER WHAT ELSE OF THEIR SHIT IS HIGH TECH! THAT

TABLE KINDA LOOKS LIKE A SCREEN,  
IS IT CAPABLE OF THE HOLOGRAM TOO????

**HanHan** Now

So is Blood technically the oldest among them?? I mean, he did say he got his powers first.

Also, does this confirm Time and Breath being siblings or nah?? They're answering us but leaving us with more questions!!!

**BloodSTAN** Now

oh my god bloody boy you poor thing :[[[[[

**BeepbeepMeow** Now

he is a poor and angry boy

his reaction to the emo thing is hilarious though lol

---

*@gaydes asks do you guys ever miss the lives you had before this all started happening?*

*[Silence takes the Aspects once more, each seemingly deep in thought. Blood, who had calmed down, answered first. The camera returning to show him, still in Hope's arms which wrapped around him underneath his armpits.]*

**"I don't know about the others but for me? Not really. We went through a lot of shit to become who we are now. Do we miss our lives before? For them maybe, or at least for Breath, he had the most normal w-childhood among us. But for me? No. Not really. 'Sides, our lives right now aren't so bad. "**

**"Agreed, it's suffice to say that none of us had a particularly NORMAL childhood, though Blood is right in how Breath has probably the most normal one out of us all, but our lives now are quite lovely. Why miss the past when we can look forward to the future?"**

*[Hope said, and they all just knew that he was smiling underneath his mask.]*

**“Hope’s right. And so is Blood, we got shit to do, we don’t got time to look back and wonder and miss. Our lives are okay just the way it is.”**

[Void says, turning the camera to show both Breath and Time closely together, nodding their heads in agreement.]

**“Next! Pick a funny one!”**

**Barbeque-Mayo @spreadthegay** Bloody Hope... is it cannon?  
**Trash\_Bags\_Are\_Cool** asks @Hope and Blood, Are You Two Dating?  
Hope Seems very protective of you

[Camera whirls to Blood and Hope, Hope seems startled, dropping Blood on his ass on the floor making the blood-themed hero yelp and groan in pain. Hope panics and begins to help him up.]

**“Fuck!”**

**“Ack! I’m so sorry Blood, I didn’t mean to drop you like that all of a sudden! I had half-the mind that you would float!”**

**“Dammit... it’s okay, just don’t do it again. Next!”**

**“You guys didn’t answer the question.”**

**“NEXT.”**

---

**Aspects! Heroes? Or Demons?**

**Posted 4 Hours Ago**

**Void Survives Death! Immortal Heroes?**

**Posted 7 hours Ago**

**Doctors and Scientists Baffled! Possible Immortality?!**

**Posted 3 hours Ago**

**Death and Resurrection: Affecting the Mind**

**Posted 3 hours Ago**

**APOCALYPSE NEAR! Gods among Mortals?!**

***Posted 1 hour Ago***

**New Cult Rising!**

***Posted 4 minutes Ago***

**Psychological Analysis of Immortality**

***Posted 5 hours Ago***

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**@ LizardsRLit asks @Void.** *Are there more of you? Did the government experiment on kids for immortality and wicked powers?*

**“Nah. The government couldn’t possibly afford us. We got our powers through our own actions.”**

*[Time answers as he drifts by Void who was about to answer. He snatched the camera from her grasp.]*

**“Yoink!”**

**“Hey!”**

**“Sorry Void, but I’m bored and I want the camera. Let me be the cam boy.”**

*[Void snorts and laughs at his words before the camera swerves just as the next question comes in.]*

**@icountedtheletters69 asks** *Can more people become heroes? Asking for a friend. OK no I'm lying I'm asking for me X333*

**“Nope. Sorry icountedtheletters69,”** A laugh, **“But I don’t think more people can become heroes. At least not like heroes like US. You can still be a hero though! By being a good person and having good morales and all that good stuff! Being a hero isn’t just superpowers and a secret identity after all! Doctors are heroes, and firefighters and policemen and yeah! Be your own hero! Just, stay safe and be careful!”**

**“Don’t try our shit at home kiddos. Unlike us, you could stay dead. Which is something we wouldn’t want for you guys.”**

**@swisscheese asks** *breath* are u gay? pls be gay pls be gay PLS BE GAY  
**aspecuwu @xchofia** How old are you all? Do your guys families know that you're superheros?

[ Camera twists to *Breath*, who was about to answer when *Void* suddenly pops into view.]

**“WAIT! IF WE’RE GONNA ANSWER THAT WE GOTTA DO THIS SHIT PROPERLY!”**

[The camera is suddenly covered, nothing can be seen but there were whispers in the background, furious whispers that eventually die down. After a few minutes, the camera is uncovered and it reveals that the camera is now propped by something as all five Aspects were before the camera.]

**“Okay! Now, this is probably a little late buuut... Introduction time! *Breath*, you go first!”**

**“Oh my gog, do we REALLY have to do this *Void*?”**

**“I KNOW! I FIND THIS COMPLETELY FUCKING POINTLESS.”**

**“Erm...”**

[*Void* seems dejected, pouting at the others while *Time* patted her back.]

**“I mean, we don’t gotta... but I wanna...”**

**“...”**

**“...”**

**“...”**

**“Fiiiiine. Okay, I’m up first right?”**

**“YES! Drumroll please~”**

*[Time suddenly has a pair of bongos in which he immediately uses as a drum roll, Breath visibly and audibly sighs before floating forward.]*

**“Hey guys, I’m Breath. I’m eighteen years old and I am... pansexual.”**

*[Immediately Time and Void break into applause, Void even whistling- after some propping and nudging, she gets both Blood and Hope to clap, Hope being more willing to clap rather than Blood. Void nudges Hope who sighs and floats forward after Breath comes back in line and Time goes back to the bongos.]*

**“I am Hope, pleasure to meet you all. I am sixteen years old and I am bisexual.”**

*[Blood claps more willingly at Hope’s introduction. Void whistles again, it’s her turn. Bongos sound.]*

**“Heya my lovely peeps, I am the magnificent and fabulous Void and I am sixteen and pansexy~ Double pistols and a wink.”**

*[She shoots double pistols and seemingly winks underneath her mask, they all clap. Time comes next, Void taking over the bongos.]*

**“Sup my dudes, I’m Time and I am eighteen and gay as fuck. Power to all the homosexuals out there, consider me a fucking bro.”**

*[Breath seems very enthusiastic, clapping with fervor, sharing a high-five with Time as he came back, taking back his bongos as they all turned to Blood. Time already beating the bongos in an expectant tone.]*

**“... Fuck, why are we doing this.”**

**“You don’t have to do it if you don’t want to Blood.”**

*[Hope says reassuringly, patting not his back but his face. Blood seems to relax more and grumbles before floating forward.]*

**“... I’m Blood and I guess I’m... Demisexual? I think, how the fuck am I suppose to know!”**

*[Blood is taken back when all four heroes came into loud applause, Hope even hugging Blood who hesitantly hugs back. Void wipes an imaginary tear out of her eye while Time furiously beats the bongos.]*

**“Beautiful.”**

**“Time I swear, if you keep using those fucking bongos they’ll be bonGONE.”**

*[Time froze and instantly the bongos are out of sight, nowhere to be seen, Time casually sitting in the air.]*

**“Bongos? What bongos?”**

**“Fuck you.”**

**“Heh.”**

---

**Kyle V.** Now

Well there goes the possibility of becoming a hero, right out the window

**DAMN SON** Now

ye but breath makes a good point

breath is so fucking awesome dude, such a cinnamon roll look at him

**hollyAster** Now

Wait what’s happening now

**TimeCog** Now

Okay what

---

**JayBird** Now

BREATH IS PAAAN YESSS AND HOPE IS BI

CANON ACCEPTED

**DeezNUNCHUNKS** Now

YO YO YO

VOID IS ALSO PAN AND TIME IS GAY

POWER TO THE HOMOSEXUALS TIME IS A BROOOOOOO

**Owo.QT** Now

awww blood is demiiii that's so coool!!

also aww, looks like TimeVoid isn't canon! :[[[

**honestlydead** Now

Time's a goddamn fag?! GROSS

**AgedWind** Now

YOU SHUT YOUR HOMOPHOBIC ASS UP YOU LITTLE SHIT

**EmptyAir** Now

yikes

**ActualAspects** Now

Yo. Time here. Yeah I'm gay. And a superhero that can time travel.

Watchu gonna do about it? Nothing?

Yeah I thought so.

**AgedWind** Now

DUUUUUUUUDE OH MY GOD XDDD

**EmptyAir** Now

YIKES OH WOW

**Vivian** Now

Damn Time is so savage. Also what?? Colored??? Text???

h o w???

**bilbodragons** Now

where the hell did time get that bongo

where the hell did time PUT that bongo

just

W H A T

**bongos** Now

what does blood have against bongos?!

You rock those bongos time!!

---



[Void heads back to the camera, taking it off whatever it was on.]

**“So yeah! That answers that question! And all the other questions pertaining our ages and sexualities! On to the next one!”**

**inkgoblin @corndognugget** OHMEGOSH!so glad youre okay  
void!seriously, you gave everyone here a big scare!but quick question  
though,what do you guys do with the gusher looking things that pop from  
those black goblin critters?whats it called?

**@offical-aspects-theorist** asks You all seem to know a lot of what comes out  
of the rifts, why is this?

[Void seems to wince, looking back to the others.]

**“Oof! That’s a bit of a hard one to answer. Actually should we answer?”**

**“Maybe. I mean, they have a right to know some things to stay safe.”**

**“Pfft, haha! Yeah! They totally look like gushers don’t they? Well, most of them. But anyway, those things are mostly called ‘Grist’. And the black goblin critter, the smaller ones that walk on two legs, they’re called ‘Imps’. As for why we know a lot of what comes out of the rifts- well, we used to deal with them before, when we just got our powers. This is just the first time that the Imps appeared on Earth in public.”**

**“Fucking great, give them more fuel to add into the fire of whatever theory shit they got. Nice.”**

**“Lighten up Blood! It’s fine!”**

**sockruse @stairsbro** who biggest BAMF?

[Blood let out a small curse before asking.]

**“The fuck is a BAMF?”**

**“Bad Ass Mother Fucker if I am correct.”**

“The fuck is that suppose to mean?”

“I think they’re asking which of us is the most powerful? I mean, there’s like other questions similar to it.”

“Really? Why didn’t they just ask that?”

[Void shrugs before tossing the camera to Breath who caught it, aiming it at Time who hummed in thought.]

“Hm, that’s hard to say. We’re like, all really powerful in our own sight. Like, if we’re powerful in one way, another of us is more powerful in another way.”

“I vote Blood and Breath for nominations for BAMF! They’re like, our leaders anyway so it fits!”

“Hey! I am a Friend-Leader! A Pal-Honcho! Blood’s my second in command!”

“I’d rather not, take Time.”

“Nah, I ain’t leader material. Be co-friend-leaders.”

“Besides Blood, I think you make quite the remarkable leader alongside Breath!”

Aspect-Club @Aspect\_Watch BACK AGAIN! I hope you guys choose this, I’ve got questions about your weapons! Why do you have them and how’d you get them?

“What kind of question is that. We have our weapons because we need them and we got them because we made them.”

“Eh, good enough of an answer.”

@timaeusTestfied asks This is question to all of you, do you have any other super cool clothes than the ones your wearing right now?

*[Void tackles Breath for the camera, grinning widely into it.]*

**“That is a fucking GREAT question. And the answer!”**

*[Camera is once again covered, some shouts of concern are heard.]*

**“VOID PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON.”**

**“Dear me! Lads avert your eyes!”**

**“Void, I know what you’re doing and I’m all for it.”**

**“Vooiiiid, why do you do thissss.”**

**“Come on guys! Show off your wicked wardrobes! This is a fucking great opportunity!”**

**“YOU DON’T ACTUALLY NEED TO PHYSICALLY CHANGE CLOTHING, USE YOUR FUCKING ‘DEX VOID.’”**

**“And where would the fun be in that?!”**

*[There’s more arguing. And sound of clothes ruffling.]*

**“Fiiiine. My\_gog, the things I do for you.”**

**“Fuck yeah.”**

**“NO.”**

**“I’d rather sit this out, you three have fun though.”**

**“Three out of five, not bad, but one day I WILL get you guys to agree too!”**

*[The camera is suddenly uncovered to show Breath, Time and Void, differently dressed. Void was in a light blue sleeveless dress with long sleeves that looked like the night sky. Her symbol on the collar of her dress. She was still wearing her mask as well as the hood but she looked very*

pretty. Time was dressed in a dark red suit, his symbol stitched into the breast of his chest pocket, it seemed that flames were licking the sleeves of his jacket and the hem of his dress pants. His tie was an actual clock. Like Void, he still had his mask, hood and cape on. Breath was dressed with a sleeveless bright blue tailcoat, the tails always seemed to move as if blown away in a wind that may or may not be there, he had a black undershirt and dark blue pants. His windsock flew along with his coattails as well.]

**“Tada~!”**

**“I feel so proper with this suit on.”**

**“Fuck. Yes. Been wanting to crack this suit out for a while.”**

**“You all certainly look dashing and dapper.”**

**“You could be dashing and dapper with us you two.”**

**“No thanks, I’m comfy in my current fucking clothes.”**

**“Anyway, continuing on!”**

---

**theoristAspect** Now

w a I t

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY FIRST TIME THEY APPEARED ON EARTH IN PUBLIC?????

GUYS?

HELLO?

WE WANT ANSWERS WHAT THE HECK

**finnthedog** Now

friend leaders

pal honchos

breath is the best XD

**kisskissFLYAWAY** Now

So breath and blood really are the leaders of the group?

Fucking knew it.

**HanaHO** Now

wait the cameras being covered again

**OPOrochi** Now

void?? is?? taking?? off?? her clothes??? Oh my god???

**bewbs** Now

UNCOVER THE CAM AND LET US SEE HER TITS

**gentlemen** Now

Well at least you're living up to your username. But still, for shame!  
I hope they followed Hope's advice! Avert those eyes lads!

**Fashion101** Now

OH MY GOD THOSE CLOTHES

OH MY GOD THOSE CLOTHES

OH MY GOD THOSE CLOTHES!!!!

WHO IS THEIR TAILOR I WANT THOSE CLOOOOTHEESS LOOK  
AT THEEEM

**smh** Now

Holy fuck they look sexy as hell

Now if only they could loose the masks and let us see their sexy faces my  
dreams would be complete

**TinkerTailor** Now

H O W

The fabric is MOVING

The flames on Time's suit is actually MOVING!!!

And those sleeves, VOID YOU ARE WEARING THE NIGHT ON YOUR  
SLEEVES WHAT

Breath! You look so cool in that tailcoat! Are you moving it on your own or  
is it moving on its own???

---

*Jeff-Is-A-Douchebag @imnotsorry So Hope, how do your powers work?  
Like hope is a strong emotion, but hope does that translate into*

superpowers? Do you influence your teammates' moods or something?

[The camera jostles and is aimed at Hope this time, who seems surprised and then looks thoughtful but is obviously awkward about it.]

**“Erm, no. That’s not exactly how my powers work- I don’t really influence in my friend’s moods, that’s a different situation all on it’s own. I um, I provide support. Like video game buffs! And I can minorly heal them as well, bruises, small cuts, I’m... still figuring out my powers to be honest.”**

**“But don’t fucking underestimate him. I LAUGH when I read on how people think Hope is weak. In terms of raw fucking power he pretty much beats us all! Hope is an Aspect that represents positive emotions and shit like that, do NOT underestimate this fucker right here. Like seriously.”**

**“Blood!”**

**“What? I’m just telling the fucking truth.”**

@ASSpects asks Hey, void, or any of the aspects I guess, whats up with the clock sound and the "undecided" voice before you revived (which, holy fuck what)? Like are you ok? Did you, like, /really/ die? If so how is it that you revived? Do you have the whole nine lives thing, like cats? How do all you know each other? Any thing about you guys? Passtimes, fav food, where your from? Wait,, are you even from earth? /ARE YUO ALIENS?/

**A\_Technological\_Marvel @burn-from-the-ground-up** ok first of all

how are you people?

who are you people?

ARE YOU PEOPLE?

second

are you okay?

third

am i high

fourth

tell us a cool story

also cool link

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dQw4w9WgXcQ>

**“Like we said, questions about the death and resurrection thing will be saved for the end of the stream! Also no, we’re not aliens.”**

[Breath says with a laugh, something that’s shared by both Void and Time. Seems like an inside joke, Blood is grumbling while Hope pats his back.]

**“Okay so, we’re fine. We’re the Aspects. And yes! We are people!”**

**“Yeppers! We’re A-okay! Definitely!”**

**“I’ve got no idea, are you high? You seeing that hallucination to your right and are colors mixing when they shouldn’t be mixing?”**

[The camera goes back to Blood and Hope, Blood seemed to have calmed down.]

**“Hey! Tell us a cool story!”**

**“Wait, what? Who?”**

**“I don’t know, either one of you!”**

[Blood and Hope share a look before Blood sighed and looked back towards the camera.]

**“Fuck, fine... hold up what’s with that link?”**

**“I don’t know-”**

[Rick Astley’s Never Gonna Give You Up starts playing from Blood’s mask, it was silent before Blood howled as Breath, Void and Time burst into laughing, Hope yelps and restrains Blood once more.]

**“NOT THIS SHIT AGAIN! FUCK YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT?! NO STORY AAAH!!”**

**“W-We got RICK ROLLED hahahaha!”**

**“Nooo, Blood tell a story please.”**

**“NO. FUCK YOUR STORY.”**

**“You really hate Rick Astley that much Blood? For shame bro.”**

**“YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHY I HATE THAT SONG YOU FUCKER!”**

**“Er, yes. I recall the time he told me when you kept sending him those links saying it was ‘very important’ and just ended up playing that song.”**

**“Ey, don’t hate on the classics.”**

**“YOU RIGGED THE FUCKING FILES TO PLAY IT FOR THREE HOURS. STRAIGHT YOU FUCKING SHITHEAD.”**

[Camera backs away as it shows Blood throwing some sort of book at Time who casually just dodges it.]

**“Hahaha- let’s, let’s continue on! I can’t take this... Also sorry, I guess cool stories can be saved another time!”**

*thisisMEME @biggusdickkus ay do yall have any family?*

**“Mhmm! We all have family. Which again, we won’t be telling any of this any time soon. We want them safe.”**

**“I think we answered enough family shit. Yes we fucking having family. No they don’t know who we are. No we aren’t telling them any time soon. Leave it fucking be!”**

*ailingamnemonic @WhatIsLife Guuuuuuuuys!!!! Any current relationships going on? \*Wink Wink\* \*Nudge Nudge\**

*Karma427 asks @ActualAspects who is dating in your group? Ships need to be confirmed or denied!*



**“Haha! Now THAT would be telling! Wink wink, nudge nudge~!”**

---

**Hyuuga21** Now

Wow, so they’re saying Hope is actually stronger than all the other heroes???

**OkidokiLoki** Now

In terms of raw power I guess?? Didn’t expect that

**coffeeCOFFEE** Now

HAHAH THEY GOT RICK ROLLED LIVE ON STREAM XDD

**HappyClouds** Now

Hilarious but now we won’t be able to hear Blood’s cool story!! :[[[

**VicTUURious** Now

Nooo, confiirm our shiiips Voiid!!!!

---

**@wwhatevver asks** *What is on the other side of the rift?*

*[Camera slowly moves between each hero.]*

**“We uh... we actually don’t know.”**

**“We’ve never went through the rift, usually we just make sure it closes.”**

**“And even then, I believe that it would be quite dangerous in trying to go through the rifts, even for us.”**

**“We are not going to risk one of us going through those shitty things. Who knows what’s on the other side.”**

**“Yep, we’re not going to lose each other in those things.”**

**BenignCharybis asks** *what do you mean by drones? Arent they just robots? And why didnt they disapear when you defeated them?*

**WrenDiggityDoggo @wrensdroppinhere** *no gushers appeared after todays fight..... what happened? also what are the gushers?*

**“Drones, robots. Same thing. We just call them drones for simplicity’s sake. Also, we have no fucking idea why they didn’t disappear or like dissolve into grist when we defeated them.”**

**The Techno Artist @technologicartisan** What can you tell us about the things coming through the rifts? (a) how do you know what they’re called and (b) if we’re in a place where you’re not, is there any way to defend ourselves?

**“That... hm... Well, the things that come through the rifts are things we fought before. The small ones that are called ‘Imps’, the snake-like ones are called ‘Basilisks’, big ones with tusks are ‘Ogres’, the ones with one eye are called ‘Cyclops’, the taller ones with the weird heads are ‘Acherons’ and stuff like that. As for defense... Well, the Imps are fairly easy to deal with- with the exception of the green ones that spark, THOSE are VERY dangerous. Our advice? Run, unless it’s the imps, you can’t really deal with the others on your own easily so running and hiding is really the only logical thing to do.”**

**Legitimately Tony Stark @robertdowneyjr** How do your abilities work? And what of adult supervision?

[The camera shakes as it’s almost dropped.]

**“Holy crap! Is that actually??”**

**“Let me check... Oh my god it IS! It’s Robert Downey Jr!”**

**“Holy shit. Awesome.”**

**“AMAZING! I CAN’T BELIEVE- OH MY GOG!! IRON MAN, TONY STARK!!”**

[Camera gets snatched by Blood who aims it at both Breath and Hope who were visibly freaking out, both hopping around and babbling and screaming about Robert Downey Jr. Void and Time watched with amusement but were also excited.]

**“Hey movie dorks! Time to actually answer the question!”**

*[That snaps both Breath and Hope who sheepishly rub their necks.]*

**“Hehehe. Ahem. So uh, our abilities are both complicated and simple? Like, obviously our names pretty much describe our powers pretty well, but there’s like, SO MUCH MORE to it than you actually realize! We’ll explain more some day, or maybe like the end of the stream with the dying thing and stuff but as for the adult supervision... Well, I guess we have two people who look after us that can be considered adults. Mayor and PM count as adults right?”**

*[Breath looks over to Time who shrugs.]*

**“I think? Hey, it’s the Mayor and PM. What more do you want?”**

**“Good point.”**

---

**Yazzmine** Now

Seeing Hope and Breath freak out over Robert was amazing XD  
Also Blood calls them movie dorks. They probably are movie dorks!

**IronStark** Now

Hey it’s Robert Downey Jr! I’d freak out too!

**AspectWatch** Now

Who the heck is Mayor and PM?  
Will we ever meet them??

---

**@yourdailydoseofmemesandpuns** asked i made this on the fly hope it aint too offensive

*[ A picture is underneath the ask. It’s a meme of a picture of Napoleon on the top, captioned ‘Conquered France, died’, and a close up picture of Void on the bottom with the caption ‘conquered enemies, died, came back, conquered internet’. It’s not half bad.]*

**“Oh. Em. Geeee!!! I’m a fucking meme! Look at me! It’s amazing!!”**

**“That is amazing. I am saving that. And using that. Speaking of which, why ain't I a meme yet? I am prime grade meme material.”**

**“Is that, Napoleon? Wow.”**

*ectoplasmicFelines @abyssalKitten* Void can you tell us how your power works?? the very concept of void seems really fun to work with!!

**“Oo, well you’re right in how it’s really fun to work with! Also hella complicated at the start of everything. It was SO frustrating when I tried to do my voidy majjycks at first, I couldn’t appearify anything! Or like, only generic cubes and objects. More info later on on a later date~!”**

*@gardenGnostic* asks are there anymore aspects out there with you guys?? ALSO VOID ARE YOU OKAY DD:)

[There was another silence shared by the Aspects.]

**“Well, I’m fine there GG. And... I guess there’s like a lot of questions out there like this right?”**

[Blood snorts, handing the camera back to Breath who aims it at his face to explain, sheepishly rubbing his neck.]

**“You have no fucking idea.”**

*@Pizzakin* ask That face when one of the ACTUAL REAL LIFE SUPERHEROES that showed up outta nowhere straight up DIES, REVIVES AND THEN HOSTS A LIFE STREAM I AM GOING FERAL AS WE SPEAK. Are there more of you?? More aspects??? The public must know!

*@Niliuth\_Moonlady* asks Are there any other Aspect?

*OneofaKindBabey @UltimateSelf:33* Are there any other aspects like your self? If so will we ever see them?

**“ There’s even more after that. ”**

***“ What do you chaps think? Should we answer them? ”***

***“ Maybe? Might as well. Aspect wise, there are Twelve Aspects all in all. You know five of them and obviously that’s us. Breath, Time, Void, Blood and Hope. That’s... all we’ll say on the matter for now. It’s very complicated. ”***

*[Breath pointed the camera to each mentioned hero before having it face him once more.]*

***“ As for the last question of seeing others... No. You won’t be able to see them. ”***

*[There was a grim silence shared between them once more, though unknown to the viewer, there was also a hidden determination between them.]*

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**Lost&Lonely** Now

Oh my god...

The implications...

What happened to the others?

**KingsandQueens** Now

TWELVE

THERE USED TO BE TWELVE OF THEM

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER SEVEN???

**billieADDICTION** Now

hold on i thought they were immortal???

what happened???

---

***prince55oncelot @Tehgorvrment** aaaaaah omygosh did Void seriously come back to life?! also, why is she the only girl, :P*

***“Hmm, well, we’re almost at the end of the stream anyway, time to answer the main question everyone has been asking! My death and revival!! Also***

for the reason why I'm the only girl, well, that's complicated but hey, we can touch that point in another time."

"Yep, also now they're all asking about the other Aspects- one at a time now boys, girls, trans and nonbinaries, we're addressing death first."

"Fucking finally we can almost end this nonsense."

"Hey, you were having fun yourself Blood! So hush up!"

"So we're really going to answer this question? I thought that, I don't know, we'd keep it under lock and key maybe?"

"Well, we COULD... but, we already promised in the first place and I like keeping my promises."

[The camera moves and is now propped on something once more, all five heroes in view once again, all huddled together in the arrangement of Breath, Time, Void, Blood and finally Hope.]

"Okay! So, time to answer what the heck happened to ya girl Void! ... Hey we can use this!"

SuculantMana @Plants-are-great Do yall have like conditional immortality like certain things can kill you or proper immortality?

"Ding ding ding!"

"Huh, didn't think anyone would think of that so early."

"Well Mr. or Ms. Suculant, you've actually quite nailed the theory. Somewhat. We have conditional immortality, not proper immortality. When we die, we DO DIE. It's simply the matter of us actually STAYING DEAD."

"Hold the fuck up, are we explaining the WHOLE thing or?"

"Kind of I guess? I mean, they HEARD the clock thing that happens. I actually didn't think anyone else but us could hear that stuff."

“Oh yeah that clock you guys hear when Void died and stuff? It’s called the CLOCK OF JUDGMENT. It’s the thing that decides whether or not we stay dead or whatever.”

“Why the fuck would you say that?! Now they know about that shit!”

“Well they don’t know what actually makes us stay dead do they? I just gave them a clue.”

“Fuck you Time. Seriously.”

“Hehe, well! That’s that answered! I hope you guys enjoyed the stream and that some of your questions have been answered! The guys and I can’t wait to use this account and stuff and interact with you guys in the internet! Expect more posts from our accounts! And hey, maybe we’ll do another stream in the future who knows!... You know what, let’s answer one more question. Let’s see...”

[Suddenly the screen is bombarded with pictures.]

Anonymous asked psst void reveal ur true feelings #emptyair REPRESENT  
Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours Hey, bitch lasagna here. On a scale of aaaa  
to AAAAAAAAAAAAAA how canon is Time x Breath?

@HackedByGay asked are any of yall related, and if you are, what are  
yalls opinions on pretty much being thrown in alabama by those fics?

@bloodstolemysandwich

**BREATH AND VOID ARE SIBLINGS, NOT DATING**

a lot of you have wondered about why im so sure that void and breath are  
not dating. reasons below the cut. emptyair shippers do NOT respond.

Keep Reading.

#void #breath #aspects #aspectshipping #guess what theyre real people  
#theyre not cartoon characters #voidhope 4ever tho

**reblogged by @hoepe**

have you considered that your wrong? breath is totally in love with void.  
did you see his face when she died????? also your tags prove your just  
trying to justify your own ship. void and hope barely interact, and have you  
seen the way hope and blood look at each other? void and breath are  
dating, hope and blood are dating. you cant prove something wrong if its

true.

#time is single though #or as single as a guy can be when he can create copies of himself #living the dream amirite #visit my ao3 for ticktock fics #winkwonk #emptyair #bloodyhope #ticktock #listen a guy can dream

**Anonymous asks** Will TimeVoid ever be canon?

**@SmexyVoid\_:3\_** asks You seem like a cat person Void! If so, whats your favorite kind of cat? Also, BLOODYHOPE ALL THE WAAAAYYYY!!:

*[There was a tense silence, Breath was suddenly in front of the camera.]*

**“OKAY LISTEN UP-”**

**“HEEY WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT, IT’S THE END OF THE STREAM! WELP, SEE YOUALLATERGOODBYEANDSTAYSAFEANDBYTHEWAYYEAHIA MACATPERSON!!!”**

*[Void says quickly stealing the camera away from Breath, giving the viewers a brief wave before the camera is covered and the stream ends with a digital and pixelated version of Void waving and the letters ‘BYE BYE SEE YOU NEXT TIME <3’ on the screen.]*

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**“ROXY WHY?!”**

**“PFFT! SORRY JOHNNY! I couldn’t help it! It’s so fun to just string them all along when it comes to ships! We can tell them you and Davey are dating some day okay? But not for now, pleaaaseee?”**

**“... *Fiiine.*”**

**“Man that was awesome.”**

**“Speak for your fucking self, that was a fucking train wreck!”**

**“I actually think it went better than I thought it would!”**

**“Of course you do Jake.”**

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## Chapter End Notes

WHOO! Man that was nice!

Next chapter will probably take longer to do now that the stream is over BUT

DON'T STOP COMMENTING JUST YET

I DID say that I'd be doing two or three chapters of this social media thing. FIRST CHAPTER IS OVER, second chapter is gonna come eventually!

You can still comment your questions and stuff but this time comment about other things for the Aspects as well! This time we'll be going for non-stream questions and other things! Like discussion/questions about the other aspects, their newly revealed ages, their sexualities, their immortality and stuff like that! They will be replying to that again, but this time in text form on the internet instead of inside the stream!

AGAIN I MAKE NO PROMISE THAT YOUR QUESTIONS/COMMENTS WILL APPEAR IN THE CHAPTER (who am i kidding i tried to put everything in this chapter but hey) BUT ILL DO MY DAMNED BEST AND WHO KNOWS IT MIGHT HAPPEN IN ANOTHER CHAPTER INSTEAD.

Also YES their ages are obviously not seventeen and stuff like that, they're younger than that but they LIED in the stream about their ages since if they went any younger than that people would FREAK OUT MORE about their ages. And YES I MADE KARKAT SAY DEMISEXUAL, he probably isn't like that but how does one explain ALIEN RELATIONSHIPS to humans? So I and he just went for Demisexual.

HERE IS WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN!!!

Next chapter is going to involve a few things that are going to need a

few things.

I probably need some bad comments, or like comments going AGAINST the Aspects. I tried to do it myself with the, pardon me for the language I don't mean it obviously but still, 'Time is a fag' thing in the chapter but, I'm not really sure about that :/

CONSPIRACY THEORIES AND THEORIES IN GENERAL.

Everybody love those.

There will be a few videos of the Aspects in the next chapter! Of how Breath and Time or Hope and Blood hang out.

Also Also... I may have lied a bit on having no social media... I have an Amino thing? It's right [here. Pyros~Hydros.](#) So hey. I'm not that social on stuff like this but I had to since my boyfriend wanted me on Amino so... yeah. :T

Hope you guys enjoyed! I'll see you all, later!

# Social Media -Posts-

## Chapter Notes

WHOOO

Here we go!

There are a lot of things in here let me tell you, still, it was still fun to do it all!

More info at the end of the chapter :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Dirk was *not* spazzing out.

Seriously.

He was as cool as ice when he saw his question appear on the Aspect's first Stream. And he *wasn't* spazzing for a *second* time when he rewatched the stream, particularly when Void decided to answer his question by covering the camera and then *surprising* everyone with their wardrobe change.

Like.

Woah, *those were some awesome clothes they were sporting.*

Though, looking back, he kind of wondered why in the hell he decided to ask about their *clothing* instead of their sick technology- they had *interactive holograms*, like **Tony Stark level** of interactive holograms. Sci-fi shit that he *dearly* wanted.

Not to mention their *weapons*- they *made* those weapons, **how?!**

He really should have asked about those instead, still, he couldn't particular regret in asking about their fashion sense because *damn*, those were seriously cool choices of clothing.

He really liked Time's flame suit.

At any rate though, he was really happy even when the stream ended, even though he was disappointed with the amount of *new* questions that popped up from the stream.

There were apparently more Aspects that existed, previously supposedly. It was hard to tell from such vague answers without the actual story behind it and they could only make theories and hypothetical endings to what happened- they at least knew more about what happened when Void had died.

Clock of Judgment huh...

He wonders why it sounded so familiar.

"Dude, should I be concerned by that look on your face or should I barricade myself in my room in case you're making something explode again... Actually can I help in that or should I seriously just barricade myself in my room, c'mon, give a bro an answer here."

Dirk nearly jumped when Dave spoke up, whirling around on the couch to see Dave leaning against the back with a small smug smirk on his face for startling his little brother. Ass. Still, his good mood wasn't lowered at all, if anything, the sight of his brother actually sparked something inside him.

"Dave, you see this shit on the internet? Pfft, what am I talking about, 'course you did, *everyone* has. It's all over the internet! There's nowhere they're not talking about the Aspects!" Dirk explained, showing his tablet to his older brother who climbed over the back of the couch to get comfy, looking at the tablet with an interested look.

Dave snorted, holding back his urge to chuckle as he saw it, "Yeah dude, was crazy. Also saw that your question got answered, and like, Rose, Jade and Jane's questions too." He said casually, it had been surprising to see their questions but they rolled with it. They couldn't help but answer their old friend's and sibling's questions, it was the least they could do with the fact they were hiding a lot of things from them.

“I know, it was so fucking surreal. Which makes me question, why didn’t you ask anything?”

“Oh I did, think it got lost in the sea of questions and shit that was bombarding their inboxes or something. They’ll probably answer some day but eh.”

“Mm, good point... So... what do you think about their sexuality revelation thing? Wasn’t expecting that to be honest.”

“Yeah, and neither did I.” Really he hadn’t expected Roxy to make such a debacle of their sexuality and age revelation but hey, at least he managed to break out those random bongos he had made out of boredom. Though he would have to hide them for a while since he’d been tormenting Karkat with the instrument, no doubt that Vantas would want to get his grubby hands on it and destroy his beautiful bongos. He snorted again as he remembered his words on the stream, ‘*bongone?*’ really? Fucking hilarious.

Dirk didn’t notice the amused look on his older brother’s face, even if he did, he wouldn’t be able to really see it with the fact Dave had his shades. “Time’s gay huh...”

Dave rose a brow at his words and shifted slightly, “Yep... got a problem with that?” He probably didn’t but, new universe and all... Gog he hoped not, it would suck to have his brother/s hate the fact he was gay.

“What? No, of fucking course not... It just got me thinking... I don’t, really um...” Dirk seemed uncomfortable now, shifting on the couch and leaning away from Dave with a small frown.

Ah.

So it was that.

Casually he leaned towards Dirk, draping himself on his little brother with his newly patented infuriating ‘big brother knows’ smirk, “Got you thinking ‘bout what Dirk? Don’t really what Dirk? You been thinking ‘bout dicks Dirky? Any phallic involved objects been involving itself with your dreams,

thoughts and mentality?” He asked with a certain jesting tone that has Dirk laughing and shoving Dave off of him.

“Dude! Get off, you weigh a ton!” Dirk complained, but didn’t really answer, seemingly distracted by the fact that Dave was trying to smother him into the couch, “Daaave, cut that shit out!”

“Nah, not until you answer me dude.”

Suddenly both brothers wheezed as their final and eldest brother joined the fray, seemingly appearing out of nowhere to lay down on both of his brothers, “Sup nerds.” Bro said casually as he pressed down against Dave and Dirk, trying to smother them into the couch like Dave had been doing to Dirk just earlier.

“Bro get off!”

”Bro?!”

“Dudes, your fat asses are crushing me!”

The older blond laughed as he felt his little brothers wiggle and complain underneath him, Dave even more frantic than Dirk, which he didn’t really was weird but he thought Dirk would be moving more since he was feeling the full brunt of two heavy males on top of hi-

Bro *wheezed* as Dave’s leg flailed and nailed him right between his legs, “Oogh, *right in the texan maker.*” He groaned, falling off of Dave and Dirk and towards the floor. Dirk laughed at that after wincing, but hey serves the guy right for trying to crush him and Dave like this. Speaking of which... he was just about to shove Dave off of him when he noticed the silence his brother had, not to mention the slight tremor that Dave had running through his body.

“Dave?”

And like that, the tremor disappeared and Dave was back to his old self, grinning at Dirk with that oh so infuriating grin he had earlier on. Dirk

would have been annoyed if it weren't for the fact he was slightly concerned over Dave from that brief moment of silent.

It was like Dave had been... scared for some reason.

Before he could ask Dave what the fuck was that was, Bro suddenly sat up, which made Dave sat up as well, getting off of Dirk.

"Okay, play time over, Crockberts called over for dinner, get ready little shits for a whole lot of sugar- looks like it's cake night tonight."

Dave grinned, brightening considerably at the mention of the Crocker-Egbert family dinner, they were such a nice fucking family it was almost unfair. Dirk groaned, his small dilemma over Dave forgotten as he could practically *feel* his teeth aching from tonight's future meal and dessert.

It would be nice to talk about the Aspects with Jane and John.

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***BibidiBOPTHEFUCKUP @bopithard*** *do you hero full time? do you still go to school?*

***Hope @ActualAspects*** **Obviously we don't do hero full time, we have our own lives to live.**

***Corinne @musicallyInclined*** *guys. These aliens brought the imps and drones and everything with them, and now they expect our praise for "saving" us? Go back to where you came from and take your destruction with you! #ripmaya*

***Blood @ActualAspects*** **We're not expecting shit from you people. All we want to do is deal with whatever's coming out of the rifts, I was all for keeping things secret BUT WE NEVER GOT A CHANCE WHEN THE FIRST RIFT APPEARED IN SOME SUBURBS. Plus, it's hard to stay secret in dealing with the rifts when they appear in some populated place. We don't want praise. We don't want shit and even if we wanted to leave I doubt we could bring the rifts with us.**

*@PeacefulPantheon asked Are you all still afraid of death? Are you supernatural beings now since you used to be humans? Do you age if the answer is yes?*

*@ActualAspects replied Not really. Dying hurts but we're not really scared of it anymore. Or in the first place. We all died pretty sudden at first so that's that. Maybe? I don't know, we're not actually experts on this shit. Yep, we age, I am significantly taller from when I first got my powers so yeah, we age.*

*huss @andrew-hussie haha cool*

*Breath @ ActualAspects Who are you. I feel like I know you from somewhere.Have we met???*

*Big Meat Billy @little-timmy these aspects have no power against me! i killed 7 of them, i can do 5 more!*

*Void @ActualAspects I'm pretty sure you're not the one to kill the others, since we all saw them die from like, different perspectives and stuff, would be funny to see you try though.*

*ALEX ツ @alex-the-man okey guys i have a cool theory what if the aspects are all part of a hivemind i mean they cant communicate that fast what the fuck*

*Blood @ActualAspects There is something called... TECHNOLOGY. Our masks can connect to each other and we can call each other pretty much from anywhere on the world or off world.*

*Shadowgamer @death-approaches Don't drink the water! the government is poisoning it to slow our mental process, and these hallucinations are just the beginnings of the side-effects!*

*Void @ActualAspects Ah yes, me dying and all the property damage is totally a hallucination. Guys like you are gogdamn hilarious.*



**TrampolineDude @NoLeaveMeAlone** Im not saying that the people behind the masks are bad but isnt it funny how they only started showing up when things started to get destroyed and they know what those things are? And how are we supposed to trust some kids behind masks! #antiAspects

**Breath @ActualAspects** It's natural to be suspicious, to be fair we didn't know when we finally managed to get home those things followed us back. Trust us, don't trust us, it's up to you man. All we want to do is enjoy life with our families and enjoy being at home.

**Carol Bracken @Carol Bracken** DISGRACEFUL! My children are two and four and I had to turn off the TV becuase these teens kept using such disrespectful language!

**Void @ActualAspects** Oh my god I am so sorry Carol, I forgot that there were impressionable minds out there... Though I'm pretty sure I just hacked into all streaming platforms on the internet??? Not the TV??? At any rate though! I will make sure our language won't affect the younger minds of the next generation!  
[Link: LANGUAGE CENSORED VERSION OF STREAM]

**Blood @ActualAspects** Tough stuff Carol, but if your kids can't handle some words I wonder how they'll fair when they grow up.

**Breath @ ActualAspects** Blood, that's a bit mean... Still, sorry about that Carol and any other sensitive person who doesn't like cursing. We're just really used to cursing freely, we're sorry.

**@whats-ur-credit-card-number asks** really though are any of you related?? id feel super guilty about shipping you if youre related (but if not then timexblood ftw)

**@ActualAspects replies** You can totally ship Time x Blood.  
**@ActualAspects reblogged** You CAN NOT ship Time x Blood.  
**@ActualAspects reblogged** You can't ship Time x Blood.

**SuculantMana @plants-are-great** They... they answered my question. I was right. OH MY GOD I WAS FREAKING RIGHT AND THEY ANSWERED

*MY QUESTION!!!!!!!!!! Thank yall i think your great please dont die again i dont think anyones hearts could take it!*

***Hope @ActualAspects Why hello again Mr. Succulant! Why thank you for that and we will certainly try our best not to but there will be no promises since reality is unfortunately something else. At some point we will die again, it is inevitable unfortunately.***

*@IsoMysaMysa asks Can Breath do the thing on demand in the beginning?*

***@ActualAspects replies What thing?***

***You mean this windy thing?***

***[Video Clip: Shows Breath in the middle of a room, blue wisps of wind circulating around him, windsock whipping around him, there's the sound of the wind in the camera and Breath sends the camera a thumbs up.]***

*☞ Le ge n d ☞ God@minecraft-bad-fortnite-gud-reddit-gay hah these*

*people are fucking stupid like you expect us to believe that you guys are really heroes like stupid gay b!tch#s come on it's just not possible f^ck you unholy hellspawn*

***Blood @ActualAspects This coming from a guy named after two games and has the word 'gud' and 'gay' in their name. Unholy hellspawn? Creative, you get points for that.***

*@PeacefulPantheon asks To Time, are there multiple timelines? Why do you all use gog?*

***@ActualAspects replies It's you again. Dude, you ask a lot of questions but hey, nice. We use gog cuz it's an inside joke between us all and it stuck. Also yes, there are multiple timelines but that's a complicated subject to delve into. So we're not delving into that today.***

*Woofles @bumbling-fucking-idiot how did yalls get your powers? i need to get myself some of that shit lmao*

**Breath @ActualAspects You probably don't actually want it since we went through a lot to get to it. It's complicated and involves death, frogs, chess, beds, emotional confrontation, spiritual confrontation, psychological confrontations and a lot more confusing and other ridiculous shenanigans that borderline both borders of sanity. So yeah. Don't get 'some of that shit' for yourself.**

---

Roxy hummed, looking over the twitter account of the Aspects in her phone- though she wasn't logged in as one, obviously, it'd be too risky to be logged in as the account on her normal phone, not as safe as their other computers and devices, plus she didn't need Rose accidentally catching a glimpse to see the @ActualAspects logged in her phone or computer.

It was something that she made clear to the others, always answer with their alchemized and superior devices rather than the normal phones and computers that they had.

It was less risky and more secure that way.

At any rate though, their accounts were all doing well, they updated and did their best on each of them, and Roxy always checked on their digital security- she was right in her original hunch on that *a lot* of people would try to force their way into their servers and accounts. Thank god for the unholy mixture of Alternian and future Earth programming.

That and a touch of her own Void Powers made things easier.

The hackers would try to trace their location and accounts but would only end up in a dead end or a void of code and programming- pun intended.

The Rogue of Void snickered to herself as she read through the tweets they had answered so far, the amount of retweets and hash tags that were on Twitter were *insane*. She and the others had truly taken over the internet with this stunt.

Something she was fully satisfied with.

“And what seems to be so amusing dearest sister?”

Roxy blinked, craning her neck to see Rose at her doorway, looking amused and curious. “Hehe, nothin’ much siiis~” She sang, rolling unto her back on her bed as Rose entered her room, sitting down at the free spot at the edge of her bed while giving Roxy a look. “Really though! I’m just looking over the Aspects Twitter account, like, wow dude, so much is happening.” She admitted with a grin, showing Rose her phone.

Rose hummed, “Indeed, the fact that they actually have Social Media now is, interesting. Especially after their first stream.” She said thoughtfully, her face showing a frown as she remembered the answer she got from asking on the stream. “Their answer to my question is still disconcerting. Not to mention their answers to Jade and Jane’s questions as well. Keeping their heroism hidden from their families will certainly lead to complications for them, they can’t simply just keep it to themselves.”

Roxy’s grin turned into a grimace, “Yeah I guess. But they *did* say that their families are like, the most important thing to them and that they wanted to keep them safe and stuff like that.” She pointed out, steeling for herself for the no doubt incoming guilt trip that would come from Rose’s reply.

She and the others *knew* of the repercussions that might come in keeping them all in the dark, but they had decided it early on and they were all too stubborn and concerned for their own families to reveal to them what was happening. They really didn’t want their families to be involved with this, *not again*. And they couldn’t even reveal it now if they wanted to anyway, they were already going to prepare for the incoming clusterfuck that would be Jake and Karkat’s situation! Karkat’s friends and family would soon want to meet Jake’s family, which in turn would have them all meet each other again! And while Roxy was looking forward in introducing Rose to Kanaya and see them no doubt fall in love all over again, Dirk’s reaction to Jake’s new ‘boyfriend’ was a bit worrying.

Basically their ‘normal’ lives were more complicated than their ‘hero’ lives soon enough.

Her older sister sighed, “Yes, I know that but still, the fact that they are keeping these secrets from their own families will no doubt cause strife in future events- though I do sympathize with them slightly, their apparent ‘immortality’ or rather being able to come back from death is something I would have wanted to hide as well, somewhat. Which, for the case is something I find extremely fascinating and such, their capabilities and the ramifications on immortality, or their version of immortality- what kind of affect does it have on their psyche? Blood seems crass and aggressive but also very caring, they all seem so carefree and-”

Roxy let Rose’s voice wash over her, listening with half an ear to her sister’s psycho-analyzing rambles with a soft smile, though she tried to not let her words get to her as Rose did so since she was unknowingly trying to figure out her little sister’s psyche along with her best friends as well.

It was nice, to be so normal with her sister.

It was another thing that they were scared to loose if they told their friends and families about their ‘heroism’ or even the game, the sense of normalcy that they had gotten used to would be changed forever and the comfort of their personal homes would be disturbed. It was probably a silly and irrational thing but... they really didn’t want to loose their personal homes like that.

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*Our Views on Flying! Sunset Time! [6 minutes, 12 seconds]*

***-Youtube ActualAspects***

***Posted 1 hour ago 5.6 million views 54k likes 21k dislikes 10k replies***

*[Video starts with party poppers with Breath in view of the camera, he waves, floating in the middle of the room..]*

***“Hey guys! Breath here and, well, I wanted to make a video about flying because who doesn’t like flying? Well, actually, there are a lot of people out there that don’t like flying haha but this is a video for those who love flying and stuff like that!”***

***“You’re such a dork but yeah, flying is pretty fucking amazing.”***

*[Camera swerves to Time who is holding the camera before going back to Breath who's closer to the camera.]*

**“Shut up haha! Anyway, yeah! This video is about us flying! And well, we’ll be recording it from our masks so you’ll basically see our perspective! See you all in a bit!”**

*[Breath waves again, camera cuts to darkness. A second later, dark red text appears on the screen, ‘Blood’s View’, the text shrinks and goes to the upper right corner and now shows Blood’s perspective in the air. Camera’s view is very clear, it shows Blood looking up at Hope, Time, Void and Breath in the sky which is dark but there’s light out in the view of the moon and the stars.]*

**“I still don’t see why we’re doing this.”**

**“Aw c’mon Blood, it’s so pretty in the sky! Admit it, you like flying just like the rest of us.”**

*[Their voices are clear even though they’re high in the air, mask communicators. Breath waves at Blood and the viewer watching the video.]*

**“Well, he does have a point Blood, flying is one of the greatest feats and wonders that mankind has ever accomplished! It’s bloody brilliant if I do say so myself!”**

*[Blood looks at Hope who waves at him, offering his hand to which he accepts. Views switch to ‘Hope’s View’, it shows Hope offering his hand to Blood who takes it, grumbling can be heard.]*

**“Was that a fucking pun? If it was, you’re dead to me.”**

**“It was an unintended pun I assure you!”**

**“Hey lovebirds! Come on! We’ll leave you guys behiind~!”**

*[Camera whirls to look at Void who’s clearly grinning mischievously at both of them.]*

**“VOID!”**

**“YOU SHUT UP!”**

**“Hehehehe~!!”**

*[Camera goes closer to Void, Time and Breath.]*

**“Man, it’s so cool up here.”**

*[Camera view switches to ‘Breath’s View’, shows Breath looking at the sky, showing the stars and the moon in clear view. He looks back to the others to show them below him along with the clouds.]*

**“Like, the stars and the moon are so pretty up here! And you can see the clouds and the ground below! The clouds look so fluffy!”**

**“I’m pretty sure clouds are made of cotton candy. Or marshmallows. Either of the two.”**

**“Mhmm, one hundred percent agreed!”**

*[Breath looks back at the starry sky.]*

**“I don’t know about you guys, I’m talking to you guys watching this video by the way, but flying is pretty much one of my most favorite things to do. I feel so, free!”**

*[Laughter from Void, Time, Hope and Breath can be heard as he looks back to the others, Blood is silent but he seems amused somehow.]*

**“A fun fact for you guys, Breath- the aspect itself, is linked to freedom! And flying. And is in fact the opposite aspect to Blood!”**

**“Right, continue blathering on about our fucking aspects... Why not? Breath as an aspect itself, is expansive, like, they’re flexible and adaptive to a lot of things. It’s a very personal aspect, which fits Breath- the hero, not the aspect, that piece of shit over there- to a fucking T.”**

“Aww, thanks Blood!”

“Wow, didn’t expect you to be an aspect master there Blood.”

“Shut up, I just had a lot of time thinking about it. I’m more of an expert to my own aspect than to yours, and I know a lot about Breath as a whole since like he said before, we’re opposites and shit like that.”

[Perspective shifts to ‘Time’s View’, looking up at Breath and Void.]

“Makes sense, it’s like how we know our own aspects and our opposites right?”

“Yeah, but just because we know about them doesn’t really mean we understand them. Like, I know all the shit about Time and can understand it all, but Space? I know the basics and all that but I don’t understand it, it ain’t my aspect.”

“True dat.”

“Hey lads? And lady, er, where are we right now in terms of the atmosphere?”

[Glances from Hope to Breath. Breath hums, legs crossed underneath him.]

“Ah! We... are... at the edge of the stratosphere! We’re about to enter the mesosphere if we go up a bit higher!”

“Dear me, that’s quite high!”

“It is, it’s getting fucking freezing up here. Let’s go back down a bit.”

“Aw, okay...”

[Perspective switch to ‘Void’s View’, it shows Void following Time, Hope and Blood back down, glanced back to show Breath following after her. Breath comes in closer.]

“Hmm, this is a bit boring... I know! Tag! You’re it!”



*[Breath says with a laugh, tagging Void and quickly flying off.]*

**“Wha- HEY! Breath come back here!”**

*[Shows Void in pursuit.]*

**“Gotta catch me first hahahaha!”**

**“Come back here! I’m gonna getcha!”**

**“Watch it you two!”**

**“Woah nelly!”**

**“Hahaha.”**

*[Perspective switch to ‘Time’s View’, shows Time watching Breath and Void chase each other in the air, doing tricks as they flew.]*

**“Do a barrel roll!”**

*[Void and Breath proceed to do just that.]*

*[The next few minutes just show in different perspective of the five heroes doing things in the air, Breath and Time gathering clouds, Void dancing ballet in mid air, Hope shooting finger guns at Blood, Blood reluctantly joining them in going through the clouds. Video is almost at the end when the sun comes up in Breath’s View, he and the others still in the air just above the clouds to show the sky slowly turning into other colors.]*

**“This is my favorite part of flying, especially in the early morning. The sunsets up here are amazing...”**

*[The next minute is quiet, with Breath and the others watching the sunset with content sighs, when the sun is over the horizon, the view switches to Time’s View and Breath turns to him.]*

**“Anyway, that was fun! It’s been a while since we went flying like this and I hope you guys enjoyed watching the video! I especially like the sunset!”**

**Well, we'll see you guys next time!"**

*[Time looks to see Void and Hope waving at the camera, Blood just raises a hand and just crosses his arms afterwards. The screen goes black and the video ends after that.]*

---

**Kit @amazingAkita** #aspectlivestream y'all? time is texan? ...how was it coming out to people there? did you?

**Time @ActualAspects** **Naw, Texan? Really? Sure'nuff I'm fixin' to might could confirm to ya'll theories 'bout this texan trope ya'll are labellin' me with. An' comin' out to be queer wasn't much of a complicated thin' to do, I was ready and rarin' to go with Void' plan.**

**A\_Technological\_Marvel @burn-from-the-ground-up** what the fuck happened to the internet  
okey guys we know there true power now  
killing the internet  
help  
im being sucked in  
<https://tinyurl.com/mydyingwords>

**Hope @ActualAspect** **Now, um. Blood was about to answer this since he saw it first but then he got curious about the link. Again. And, haha I must commend you, you've caught him twice in a row with that, though he now does not trust your links at all. Or any other person's link.**

**Epicmaster @afk-bro** these modern nazis proclaim themselves to be better than us... **WWIII IS AROUND THE CORNER! STOP IT WHILE WE CAN!!**

**Void @ActualAspects** **We're??? Not??? Nazis??? We never even said we're better than other people? I mean I did say I was better than all the other hackers and programmers out there but that's the truth! We're definitely not nazis though, pretty sure we'd be dead by now if we were nazis.**

*James Gatz @a-true-scholar* These “heroes” are as young as sixteen and we’re supposed to leave our safety in their hands?

*Breath @ActualAspects* Excuse you, we are SEVENTEEN, well, most of us. And yes and no? You don’t know how to handle these situations like us, the imps are easy to deal with but in like, huge swarm numbers they’re like really hard to deal with. ESPECIALLY when they’re green, run away if they’re green. Anything other than that can’t be normally dealt with and we have to deal with them or else they’ll wreck havoc everywhere they go.

*Castle of Nations @godieinnewjersey* does anyone else find void super annoying? also, how in the hell is Hope powerful? it’s like, oh yeah I’ll just believe in myself and everything’s gonna get better. Yeah sure, and I’m a freakin’ shark.

*Void @ActualAspects* Oh you have NO idea. I’m like, SUPER ANNOYING. SUPER MEGA GAYA ANNOYING. But the boys love me too much and put up with all of my annoyingness pretty amazingly and they’re angels like that. Yeah, even Blood. But then again he’s putting up with ALL of our annoyingness combined hahaha. And dude. Dude. Don’t underestimate Hope, it’s a pretty powerful aspect and Hope himself is a pretty badass dude. Dual-wielding pistols like that? Ain’t as easy as it looks. Anyway, Hope as an aspect itself isn’t really to be underestimated, especially in our boy Hope’s case, he’s like A NUCLEAR BOMB of raw energy, he could go against the SUN and WIN. Only problem is that he doesn’t know how to use that power and it’s more of an emergency last resort kind of thing. But in usual terms, he’s pretty average.

*@slourk* posts time’s entire existence reminds me of this video because like he’s Texan and,,, like,, he seems like a guy that would like apple juice idk I’m drunk: <https://youtu.be/9c4hFD9Isw>

*@ActualAspects* reblogged from @slourk Hahahahahahahaha.  
Accurate.  
Lmao.

**@unofficial-agentmothman** posts there's gotta be something paranormal about the Aspects, right? I'm not buying their lies! There's no way they're human. They're definitely aliens!

**@paranormalcaterpillar** reblogged from **@unofficial-agentmothman** that's what I thought, too! Let's get to the bottom of this!

**@ActualAspects** reblogged from **@paranormalcaterpillar** **In terms of tech, that's paranormal. Us? Not so much. Aliens are totally a thing though. Totally.**

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** it's me again fuckers. thought you'd seen the last of me. anyway I come bearing fanart of the aspects.  
(it's a sort of decent drawing of the aspects. in the corner there's a sketch of Pit from Kid Icarus saying "hey, no fair! they can fly and don't even have wings?!" )  
just kinda came to mind in the past couple of minutes ahah- RKIH out boyes

**Void @ActualAspects** **IT'S YOU AGAIN! :DD And hey!! You made another thing!! You are great, man it's been a while since I played Kid Icarus. I should totally play that again!**

**Sylphy @PillowsAndParties** I'm truly sorry for whatever happened to your friends!

**Time @ActualAspects** **No biggie. Shit just happens and unfortunately it happens in the wrong way.**

**Something\_Aint\_Right\_Here\_Chief @goodwill** Would Blood ever rock some black acrylics?

**Blood @ActualAspects** **What the fuck is black acrylic. You mean like paint?**

**Bullcrap @ fucksjws** kinda dissapointed that most of these 'heroes' are gays. how are they gonna make more heroes if the males love dick???

**Blood @ActualAspects May I fucking remind you that only TIME is actually GAY. Hope is BISEXUAL, both Breath and Void are PANSEXUAL and I am a fucking DEMISEXUAL. Also, we are TEENS, are you telling me, you're supporting teenage pregnancy among superheroes?? Fuck you. Just fuck you. BESIDES, it doesn't even work like that! Our powers aren't genetically connected! It was decided for us! If we EVER procreated, that's a nightmare to think off by the fucking way, they wouldn't have powers. So shut your homophobic ass up and let us grow up past fucking puberty first before even CONSIDERING GETTING CHILDREN.**

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**WHEN BLOOD ISN'T IN THE BASE [24 seconds].**

**-Youtube ActualAspects**

**Posted 3 minutes ago 99k likes 2k dislikes 33k replies**

*[Video starts out with the camera blacked out.]*

**"You guys this is ridiculous."**

**"Ridiculously GENIUS is what you mean."**

**"No, but whatever, let's just get this done."**

**"Do you even know how to play that?"**

**"I totally can, now come on! Let's do this before Blood comes back in the room!"**

**"He's coming back hurry up."**

*[Camera is uncovered to reveal Void wearing shades over her mask and holding a trumpet. She immediately starts to play it in a very familiar tune of 'Timmy Trumpet -Freaks'. Soon after she starts, Time suddenly appears wearing the same shades over his own mask with a giant drum in hand and begins to play along with her. When they're finished they pose, looking off into the distance as Blood's voice says off camera.]*

**“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU IDIOTS DOING NOW?”**

*[Video ends with laughter from Void and Breath while Time sends the camera a thumbs up.]*

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**TEEN HEROES STREAM FOR THE FIRST TIME! POSSIBLE EXTRATERRESTRIALS?**

***-Huffington Post***

**Make a cake and we will tell you what Aspect you are.**

***-Buzzfeed Quiz***

**Reasons why Aspects are Awesome,**

***-Buzzfeed Post***

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Karkat could only groan into the couch pillow as he listened to Kelvin’s warning slash lecture as he prepared to go.

Currently he was trapped on the couch with his brother on one side of him and Sollux on his other side, Kanaya, Porrim and Nepeta were on the other chairs. Kelvin was *supposed* to be going to a lunch spent with Leonor, Dexter and Corinna, which explained why Sollux, Kanaya, Porrim and Nepeta were inside his house. Meulin was spending time with Kurloz and Mituna was with Latula. Porrim and Kankri would be put in charge while the four adults were away for the afternoon.

“-nd no going out unless it’s to buy something from the nearby store and *even then*, Kankri or Porrim *or both* have to accompany you-”

Ever since the drone incident at the park, Kelvin and some other adults were *adamant* about his safety, or at least making sure he was somewhere with someone keeping an eye on him. They had really raised a commotion when they couldn’t find him back then at the safe zone, especially with the fact that *Roxy died* on screen, Kelvin and Kankri had been paranoid that he had died or *could* have died even though with Dave’s help, he and Jake managed to appear just before Roxy had gotten herself killed.

Karkat had really underestimated overprotective families. Not to mention his *friends* who were now sticking to him as closely as ever much to his ~~fond~~ annoyance. The only alone time he could get now was at night when he would sneak out to join Jake and the others at the base! The only place where he didn't feel crowded.

“For fuck’s sake- *just go already!*” Karkat shouted at his human father, throwing his pillow which managed to nail Kelvin in the chest. He only felt *a little* bit guilty at the slightly hurt look on the older Vantas’ face. “I’ll- we’ll be fucking fine!” He said, holding back his growl of annoyance.

Kelvin hesitated until Karkat brandished another couch pillow, something that Sollux provided with a small look of amusement. “*Fine*, but if anything happens-”

“We’ll call. Kankri and I will look after them, now go on, Mom is waiting outside with Leonor and Dexter. You four enjoy your lunch date!” Porrim interrupted with an encouraging look, Kelvin sighed but nodded and waved at his sons goodbye. Kankri voiced his goodbye while Karkat just waved back briefly before crossing his arms with a frown that was *not* a pout. Fuck you.

“*Finally* I thought he would never fucking leave.” Karkat groaned in relief the moment Kelvin went out the front door and into Dexter’s car, hearing the four adults drive away.

Sollux snorted, grinning at Karkat, “I know right? Your dad’th thuch a worry wart...”

“Oh, like *you* weren’t worrying yourself when Karkat and Jake disappeared a few days ago.” Nepeta pointed out with a look of amusement as Sollux’s face darkened at the mention of Jake before waving off at Nepeta, “Well, we were *all* worried for you two.”

Karkat scoffed, “Jake and I were *fine*, like we said, we-”

“Managed to find a place to hide for a while before you both snuck around the bots and headed to the safe zone. Yes, but that doesn’t change the fact

we were quite worried for you both. Your family especially, Kelvin looked very well near to throttling the poor soldier that informed him that you weren't anywhere within the safe zone." Kanaya interrupted him like how Porrim interrupted Kelvin.

"Oh he was, and so was I. The incompetent military man couldn't answer our questions and when we told him to find you he said he was *busy*." Kankri sneered, looping an arm around one protesting Karkat, "You could have died out there! With Jake! *Busy my behind*." He muttered, hugging Karkat despite his protests but his younger brother could have easily broken out of his hold but he was glad that he didn't, though, Karkat would no doubt disagree and deny the fact that he chose to stay in Kankri's hug for however brief of a time.

Porrim was about to add into the conversation when she heard the door bell ring, and not too long afterwards, a couple of knocks were heard from the front door. "I'll get it." She said, leaving the living room to answer the door while the others chatted.

Though it all stopped when Porrim exclaimed, "Jake! What are you doing here?"

"Oh! Hello there! Porrim right? I um, wasn't expecting you... Is Karkat here?"

Instantly the room atmosphere changed with Karkat scrambling out of Kankri's hold while Sollux's laid back composure to break into a dark brooding composure as he watched Karkat leave the living room to greet his 'boyfriend'.

Kanaya sighed and went over to pat Sollux's shoulder, "You mustn't hold that face Sollux, or else you might get it stuck that way." She teased lightly, she and Nepeta snorting when Sollux batted her hand away from his shoulder.

"What the fuck doeth he want?" He muttered, getting to his feet only to yelp when Nepeta pushed him to sit down on the couch again.



Kankri watched with an amused look, poor Sollux, he should have taken or at least made his chance with his younger brother when he could. At least Cronus had done so when they started dating, just in time as well since he had been *considering* asking out that cute barista of that cafe they frequented.

It didn't take long for Jake, Karkat and Porrim to come into the living room, Jake looking slightly sheepish as he held Karkat's hand. Karkat didn't look at anyone with a slightly red face that had Sollux near-frothing at the mouth at how embarrassed he looked at the public hand-holding. Jake didn't look too affected by it though, he just found it endearing. And cute on how Karkat was so embarrassed by such hand holding, though he could somewhat understand, he had been quite embarrassed during his time with... Dirk.

Ahem.

Anyway, "Hello again chaps! It's nice to see you again!" Jake greeted the others with a cheery grin, he was met with two cheerful greetings via Kanaya and Nepeta, a polite but amused greeting from Kankri and a slightly dark greeting from Sollux. Though, it was less of a 'greeting' and more of a 'grunt of begrudging acknowledgement'.

"While it is lovely to see you again Jake, might I ask why you are here?" Kankri asked, asking Sollux's earlier question but with more eloquence and manners.

The others listened in with obvious interest that had Karkat palming his face while Jake just continued to look sheepish. "Ah! Well, I just wanted to spend my time with Karkat! Nothing more!" Maybe have a 'feelingsjam', he uh, he wanted to talk to Karkat a bit before he went with his 'revelation' with his side of family and friends. Though, by the looks of it, it looked like they wouldn't really be able to do it today. Or maybe he should have saved it for tonight at the base instead? But their room and pile there was still unfinished and Karkat had said it was best to do a feelingsjam in the most comfortable place they could do, and the most comfortable place at the moment was the pile in Karkat's closet in his room.

“Ah well, Karkat is prohibited to leave the house unless Porrim and I are with him so you can’t take him anywhere. Though you’re welcome to stay instead.” Kankri offered, ignoring Sollux’s incredulous stare.

Jake smiled, “Well that would just be the bees knees!” Sollux made a disgruntled noise at the phrase, “If you wouldn’t mind, then I’d like to stay for a while!”

“Oh we’d definitely mi-” Nepeta interrupted Sollux’s sentence with a couch pillow, she knew Sollux’s words would just trigger Karkat to say something in defence to Jake and Sollux wouldn’t like that and he would either back down or retort, he was more likely to retort which would lead to a fight between them. Something that she would rather avoid at the moment.

What proceeded that afternoon was, not that bad. Sollux managed to control himself enough and ignore Jake most of the time while staying at the Vantas household. Later on when Karkat finally had enough and dragged Jake into his room, having sensed Jake’s inner turmoil like the good moirail he thought he wasn’t, Sollux’s manageable mood lowered and he was back to brooding.

When Porrim broke into Karkat’s room, something inaccurate since the door wasn’t locked, to ask if they were having sex, she only found them napping on that weird pile of items that Karkat stashed in his closet. Something that Karkat was oddly defensive about, snapping back on both his brother and father whenever they ask or tell him to clean it up. Something about it had Karkat utterly attached to it.

Actually there actually seemed to be *more* to the pile than Kankri and Kelvin actually knew of, it... felt strange to even look at it for some reason. Like it was something *intimate* that they shouldn’t be seeing.

Frankly it was ridiculous to them.

But not to Karkat.

When she saw them there, she actually felt a strike of fondness as well as something scandalous for whatever reason seeing Karkat draped all over

Jake like that, he was lying face down on Jake's stomach, Jake's arm laid protectively over Karkat's back as they both slept.

Quietly, she left the room, though she did take note of the time and thought about waking them up in an hour or so.

As for Karkat and Jake themselves, Karkat had attempted to do a feelingsjam but Jake managed to convince him that they would do it at the base instead, in the end they just fell asleep on the pile, Karkat always did sleep better whenever Jake was around. The Page of Hope being a good deflector for daymares or nightmares or whatever terms there were that would haunt his dreams whenever he slept.

Naturally Sollux didn't like it when he found out that Jake and Karkat had ended up napping together on that weird pile inside Karkat's room. But strangely enough, it didn't irritate him as much, at least they hadn't been making out, that would have definitely set Sollux off.

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*@organizedchaos asks Wait. You MADE those weapons? How? That kind of weaponsmith skill takes decades to learn, and I don't recognize the materials?*

**@ActualAspects replies Yes. We're totally weaponsmiths of the highest caliber.**

**Nah, we've got mad tech that helps us create our weapons and other things. The material should be familiar at the least since you've seen us gather them from like the beginning.**

*@Pepsandpaps asks Twelve!? What were the other aspects like?! What was their powers?*

**@ActualAspects replies Yes. There were twelve other aspects, their powers were actually quite the opposite of our own aspects like how Breath is opposite but also linked to Blood. And as revealed in a video, Time's opposite is Space, which is also an aspect. And if you're asking about the persons themselves, well that would be a complicated to answer but they were quite swell I assure you.... Well, most of them**

were. Rage, Hope's opposite, both the aspect and it's user they were both... unpleasant.

*@QueerSpacwwhale asks Soooo are ya'll in a polyamory relationship or somefin? IS THAT WHY YOU WONT CONFIRM OUR SHIPS?!?! \ ( ` D') /*

*@ActualAspects replies Void is just having too much fun in watching you guys try to figure things out. I almost want to tell you guys out of pity with how frustrated some of you guys are.*  
*But you won't.*  
*Nah I won't.*

*@Whyamiherefyck posts of course the group of freaks are a bunch of fags. That void skank should've stayed dead. One less waste of space, be like your name and fuckin vanish. All this shit is probably happening because of these freaks, these monsters arrive and then these fags just happen to be there. This ain't a fucking coincidence.*

*@ ActualAspects reblogged Whyamiherefyck Don't call Void a skank. Call us whatever you want but don't wish someone like her dead. She's a fucking doll compared to the rest of us, or compared to me at least, let me tell you. Even if it wasn't a coincidence, even if we disappear, those rifts will keep happening with or without us. The only difference then is that we're not around to stop those monsters from destroying everything. Trust me. You're lucky I'm the one with Time Powers here.*

*Case-y @Casey\_Johnson I think I figured something out! You know how the grist (is that how you spell it?) disappears after they touch it, but only them, well, what if Grist is what fuels their powers!*

*It would explain why they're so adement about collecting it, and why it disappears only when they touch it! Because no one else has powers!!!!!! And the different colours and sizes are, like, different amounts of power! It makes sense!!!! #conspiracy #aspects #Void #Breath #Time #Hope #Blood #grist #powers*

*Doc\_Oc\_Can\_Choke\_Me @tenticols :O mind=blown*

**Void @ActualAspects** Pfft, not really but we do use the grist -ye Casey you spelled it right- as fuel for SOMETHING. Mostly our tech and our base. No one else can touch them like we do, it automatically gets sent to our bank of grist that keeps it in there for later use. Nice theory though, not as ridiculous as the other theories out there, someone actually theorized we got our powers by some orange squash dude?? Somehow?? Theories man. Theories.

**Jamismyjam @Jamie** *Is no one going to address the fact that Void and Hope are clearly not the age they say they are? And don't go saying "they just look young" that's bs and you know it. I'm 16 and they look like they're early 15 at best. The others are possible but they're on thin fucking ice. And Blood didn't even say his age! What? #aspects #blood #void #hope #breath #time*

**Blood @ActualAspects** We just look that fucking young. And for the record, I am fucking seventeen like Breath and Time. Unfortunately I have been cursed with the fucking disadvantage that is height. I forgot to say my age when we were streaming, so what, don't go busting my balls for something I forgot to say when I was worrying about what sexuality I actually am.

**dementiaVeracity @IHaveCripplingDepression** *I have been wondering, how come Blood and Time's outfits look so similar design wise? Could you tell us about the other aspects? Do any of you have romantic relationships with people not in the aspects? Also, I couldn't help but notice you guys pause when reading some of the questions, is there something wrong. Also, one more, if Void is the hacker of the group and Breath and Blood are the leaders, then what about Time and Hope?*

**Breath @ActualAspects** Time and Blood have similar outfits design wise because of certain undisclosed reasons! They're more alike than they like to admit, there's more to our clothing and aspects than you guys know, but since we're the only aspects left there wasn't any point in getting that out. I'm actually surprised you and some other guys noticed the similarities between Blood and Time! As for romance, not really, well, kind of? Teenage feelings relationships, it's complicated. Well, each question had to make us think so naturally we had to pause,

but also it brought up some memories and information that kind of perturbs us. Also! Blood and I are FRIEND LEADERS! PAL HONCHOS! COMRADE COMMANDERS! Void's our awesome hacker/programmer/ninja sneaky person/awesome heroine! Time and Hope are our valued teammates! Time likes to make sure we're all alive and that the timeline isn't going to collapse or become doomed and Hope is our main support what with his minor healing ability and his range with his pistols, plus if things are looking bad, Hope is one of our secret trump cards being an energy bomb and all.

*@Anonymous asks You guys all fucking suck. My house got destroyed because of you retards. The earth would be better off if you fuckwits were never born.*

@ActualAspects replies Very fucking original. While I'm apologetic about your house but at least you're fucking alive. We can't fucking protect both the shitty surroundings and the people at the same fucking time if we're focusing on keeping shitheads like you and other decent people alive. But yeah, maybe things would have been better if we were never born, maybe we shouldn't have even existed but unfortunafuckingly, we were born, we shittily exist and we're here to deal with this hell so sit down, buckle the fuck up and get ready for whatever else bullshit that life is throwing at you and us. You're not the only one who's hating the fact we exist.

Harsh but unfortunately true. Despite our jests, we do doubt our existence on some times. Unhealthy yes but we're dealing with it quite well! We have each other and we'll do our best! Though, we should really try in making sure that the important property of the public doesn't get too damaged... Time, you're a clever lad, think you can use your Time powers to help?

Maybe, but it ain't gonna work. Probably. Asking me to reverse damage won't really work, it will at first but eventually my powers are going to fade and it's just going to crumble like it was just destroyed afterwards. Fixing stuff isn't in my skill set, Maid could've have done it but not me.

Oh. OH. ARE WE DOING THIS NOW. NAMEDROPPING AND GIVING MORE HINTS. YOU GUYS ARE FUCKING--

**I have taken Blood's device for now. All of them. He will take a few hours to calm down.**

*@ ODDstar asks Is there any way a plain, normal person like me can help you guys out? I can bake or cook something for you guys! Though some of you might be allergic to certain things...still, I can make broken-glass jello! :D How do you guys feel about the multiverse? For example, there's a universe where everyone's roles are switched? :)*

**@ ActualAspects replies Ooo! That'd be nice! I'm not really allergic to anything but Hope and Breath are allergic to nuts and peanuts! I don't know if Time or Blood are allergic to anything.**

**As far as he and I know, Blood is not allergic to anything.**

**The multiverse theory? Interesting. We like those since we know there are alternate timelines and stuff like that. Man, a universe where everyone's roles were switched? Awesome.**

*@Anonymous asks HAHABA, HOLY SHIT BLOOD IS SUCH AN ASSHOLE WHY IS HE EVEN A PART OF THE TEAM?*

**@ActualAspects replies He's part of the team because he's quite the charming lad himself! Despite his rough exterior he has a soft interior and cares for each of us dearly! He made quite the fuss after the fight of Void's death, and once she was out of both of Time and Breath's worries, the poor lady herself was subjected to Blood's mother henliness and worry!**

**Lmao, Hopey, Blood is going to have an aneurysm when he sees this, you know he hates it when you expose his goey center to anyone else that isn't you or us. But mainly you.**

**HOPE.**

*@Anonymous asks Hey, really cool that you guys are doing this. I was wondering if any of you play any instruments.*

**ActualAspects replies Yeah! I play the piano!**

**I am quite skilled with a guitar.**

**I rock beats with drums and DJ a bit on the side.**

**TOOT TOOT goes my trumpet! Kinda. I'm more adverse with like, the**

violin but that's so proper! I'm gonna learn more with my trumpet!  
Not a fucking thing. Never learned how to play anything.  
But Blood can sing a wicked tune when he feels like it.

TIME.

I??? Did??? Not??? Know this???

Really!? Blood you must sing for us some time!

...Maybe...

YESS WE GOT OURSELVES A SUPERHERO BAND!

Nevermind.

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“Their social media accounts are going quite... well?” Jane says one day, sitting on the couch with John. Both of them spending some quality cousin time while they waited for their father’s to start and finish dinner and for the Striders to turn up. The Striders were obviously a regular presence in their household, they had dinner together at *least* twice a week. Three times sometimes. “Lately they’ve been answering a lot of hate comments and asks and posts...”

John nodded in agreement, snorting as he played the latest video that was in their youtube account, the meme video where Roxy and Dave played their version of the meme ‘When Mom Isn’t Home’. It was hilarious, and well received. There weren’t much other videos in their youtube account, mostly with how they didn’t really know what to do with it. “Yeah. I mean, they’re getting a lot of hate but that’s natural. It’s realistic.” John hummed aloud as he ducked out of Youtube and headed over to Tumblr to reread a few posts.

“Yes but still, they’re heroes, they shouldn’t get so much hate for existing. I mean- have you *read* one of the latest posts? Wishing Void was dead and nonexistent? That’s unnecessary!” Jane tisked, looking quite dark as she reread the post herself on her phone. “While I don’t really approve of their doings, what with keeping their family in the dark and what not, but they’re still helping people by dealing with those *things* that keep coming out of the rift!” She declared, feeling quite defensive over the heroes that protected them.

Ever since she had witnessed the act herself at the mall, where Breath had saved her and her family from the strange green-sparking monster, she had



been quite the fan over the Aspects.

John smiled slightly at her words and nodded in agreement, “Yeah, but there will always be guys like that. I bet Batman and Superman had to deal with their own haters like that! Even the Avengers!” He pointed out which made Jane begrudgingly nod.

It was only realistic after all. Whenever something existed, there would always be something opposing it. *Always*. It was just how life and reality works.

Doesn’t mean that she had to like it.

“Still... Oo! It seems like our heroes are also musically gifted! I wonder how they sound.” Jane said, reading the latest ask which had asked them if they had played anything in a musical sense.

The blue-eyed boy grinned, that had been a nice ask, though it had been a while since he had thought about playing the piano... His eyes brightened as he thought of the next video. Or maybe the next sets of videos? He’d have to ask the others if they were on board with it like he was! Which in the case, would be most likely. Dave would be down for it, Roxy would definitely be for it. Jake, maybe, he didn’t know about Karkat though.

Oh well.

“Kids! Dinner time!” Jack called in from the kitchen door way, just in time for the door bell to ring, “That must be the Striders-”

“I’ll get it!” John said enthusiastically, scrambling off of the couch to answer the door. He quickly threw the door open and bodily threw himself at the first person in front of the door which *should* have been Dave.  
“Dave!”

“Snrk.” John blinked, having met with a wall of solid muscle and someone who was definitely *not* Dave. “Sorry punk but no.” John looked up to meet Dirk’s amused smirk on his face making his own face flush.

“Uh, whoops. Sorry Mr- er, Bro.” He apologized, letting go of the older Strider. Dave was right behind him with an amused but also strange look on his face.

Bro snorted, reaching down to ruffle John’s head before heading inside, “No problem Egdork.”

Dirk snickered as he went past John and went inside the house, “Nice.”

“Haha... Sorry Dave, but really you should have been in front to answer my hug!” John whined to Dave who wiped away the strange look on his face but he knew John took note of it and would no doubt ask him about it later. Oh well, that would be future Dave’s problem and no doubt Future Dave would curse Present Dave which would turn into past Dave... Damn, he’s been hanging out with Karkat too much if he’s referring to ‘Future/Present/Past’ Dave.

Dave stepped inside with John, punching his shoulder lightly, “Maybe, but maybe I just wanted to see your face when you hugged Bro of all people.” He replied lightly.

As the younger people were talking a bit in the living room, the adults were having their own conversation in the kitchen. Bro helping out the two dads in setting up the table.

“These Aspect children are raising more and more questions just as they’re giving more and more answers. It’s frustrating.” Jack sighed as he helped his brother and the elder Strider set up the table, counting to make sure they had the right plates, it was unnecessary but it was a habit that he had.

Joe nodded in agreement, mirroring the other’s displeasure over the whole situation. “The amount of concern that’s been building up to now will soon break, I know I am. I can just feel it.” He said dryly, the urge to just get a blanket and wrap all five of those heroes in it was growing ever stronger. Usually he and Jack weren’t that much fans of Social Media, only keeping up with it for business purposes and such but ever since the Heroes popped up, they wouldn’t help but keep an eye out for almost everything that involved the wayward heroes. Almost everything.

They had their limits after all.

“No kidding. Despite their happy go lucky personalities and shit, you can *tell* there’s something more behind that.” Bro said, sighing as he remembered the stream. Despite the fact tat they were masked, and that they were acting so nonchalant and even enthusiastic, Bro could see through that and see how fucked up those kids were. Bro couldn’t decide which was worse though, the fact that they didn’t know how fucked up they were, or that the fact that they *did* seem to know. “Though, seriousness and reality aside, I want to know more on how they got their powers and weapons. Their tech is *beyond* anything that I’ve heard of.” Bro mentioned, being a tech geek himself though he liked to call himself a *connoisseur* thank you very much, he was *very* interested in their technology, not to mention their weird weaponry.

“Dereck!”

“What? What can I say? I am a tech connoisseur. And don’t tell me that you aren’t curious either. If anything because you want to know *where* they’re getting those dangerous weaponry.” Bro retorted with a sharp smirk aimed at the two brothers who huffed similarly at his reply. But, they didn’t reply or deny that.

Honestly, giving such dangerous weaponry to *teenagers*.

At least the five of them know how to handle them as such.

But still...

The three of them were about to continue when their teenage children came in, all four of them looking forward to dinner as always. They would have to talk more about it later on.

As Bro sat down, he couldn’t help the amused noise that left him when John caught his eye, the bucktoothed boy blushed and pouted, looking away from him. What a cute brat.

Dave snorted at John's embarrassed pout, he nudged him with his knee underneath the table which made John nudge him back a bit harder than Dave had nudged him.

Hopefully the dinner wouldn't end up in a food fight. Again.

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*@Anonymous asks What is a "Dex" and how could Void use it to change her clothes?*

***@ActualAspects replies It's a thing that is capable of letting Void change her clothes quickly without doing anything other than pick the clothes she want to change into.***

*@whats-ur-credit-card-number asks really though are any of you related?? id feel super guilty about shipping you if youre related*

***@ActualAspects replies Yes.***

***@GlitchCraft\_Galaxy submits I made a thing!***  
<https://www.instagram.com/p/BxTIU-uD80H/?>

***@ActualAspects replies OH. MY. GOD. THAT IS AMAZING. I NEED TO DO SOMETHING.***

***Oh wow :0***

***This is actually pretty accurate on how we do daily. Love on how you colored us, also hypothetical looks: 10/10.***  
***WE GONNA DO A THING HOL UP.***

***@ActualAspects Posts WE DID A THING TO THIS COOL THING. TOOK A WHILE TO CONVINCE BLOOD TO JUST STAND THERE BUT YE. GLITCHCRAFT YOU ROCK! Wish we could recreate the clothing though! I really want those crowns for my boys!!! [Picture Attachment: Void, Breath, Time and Blood in the exact positions as in the fan art, with the fan art posted beside it for comparison.]***

**This is the nonsense I have to deal with everyday.**  
**You love us.**  
**Fuck off Time.**

---

*Pipeorgankind [4 minutes, 31 seconds].*

***-Youtube ActualAspects***

***Posted 4 hour ago 6.8 million views 56k likes 20k dislikes 14k replies***

*[Video starts with Breath waving at the camera, apparently not talking for the video before gesturing to something, the camera goes over to a blue-colored pipe organ, with Breath's symbol painted on it. It had two rows of piano keys and Breath was now sitting in front of the pipe organ. He cracks his fingers.]*

***“Go for it windy boy.”***

***[ Immediately he began to play.]***

*...*

*[As Breath plays, the camera turns to show Void's smiling face with Time, Hope and Blood sitting in the background, enjoying the music on different colored bean bags. The camera turns back to Breath who seems lost in the music. In a few minutes Breath stops and the video ends with Void's voice.]*

***“Hope you guys enjoyed that, we certainly did. Been a while since Breathy-boy played the piano.”***

---

“So um... I have a boyfriend now?”

That was certainly sudden, Jake was flushing horribly as he watched both his sister and grandfather pause in their eating.

“What?”

Oh dear, this was going to be complicated- and he hadn't even broke it out to the others yet!

---

gardenGnostic [GG] is online!  
golgathasTerror [GT] is online!

GG: JAKE HAS A BOYFRIEND AND HE DIDN'T TELL US!!! DDDD:  
<<<

GT: Oh jeez...

timeausTestified [TT] is online!  
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] is online!  
ectoBiologist [EB] is online!  
tentacleTherapist [TT] is online!  
turntechGodhead [TG] is online!  
gutsyGumshoe [GG] is online!

TT: What.

GT: \*Oh jeez\*

---

**@zone-of-truth posts** So during the Aspects' livestream, we learned that there are 7 other Aspects, but that we won't be able to meet them. Here's some theories about why we won't be able to meet them:

1: They're dead. Void might've been able to revive but they said that they aren't immortal, Time said that there was something called the "Clock of Judgement" that decides whether they revive or not. I think that the "clock of judgement" is sorta like the heaven or hell judgement; and the undecided is neither good or bad. If that's true, the other 7 died good or bad deaths and permadied.

2: They weren't heroes like these five. What if these other Aspects weren't good like the Aspects we know today? Maybe the other Aspects were bad or downright evil and the five needed to take them down?

3: They're not on earth. So Breath mentioned that they had fought the Imps

*before, but that they had never done so on Earth. The Aspects might've been separated from their friends when they /returned??/ to earth*

**@ActualAspects reblogged @zone-of-truth Theory 3 is out. Theories 2 and 1 are valid.**

**@ActualAspects reblogged @zone-of-truth Fuck it. I'm too tired to deal with this. Yes, they died. Yes, some of them weren't as heroic and died justly. Meaning if we do anything heroic before we die, we die permanently. If we do anything villainous or bad before we die, we die permanently. Anything between and we get to live. Void is lucky she didn't do anything before she died. If we do anything like save a life before we die, we die permanently and I doubt any of us can do anything villainous like murder a bunch of innocents before we die to cause a just death.**

**@ActualAspects reblogged @zone-of-truth Oh dear. Well, that's out of the water. But yes, that's the gist of things everyone. And to finally answer the other question that was frequently asked; yes, there are other aspects, as in versions of the same aspects. There used to be under forty of us who were capable of using aspects, almost three to each aspect, I believe there were two other Hopes.**

**@ActualAspects Posts Inboxes will be temporarily shut down! Accounts will be put on hold for a few days! Server maintenance (and other maintenance) required! See you guys in a couple of days!**

---

## Chapter End Notes

ALRIGHT

That's chapter 2 of social media ending! ONE MORE CHAPTER, we're going ONE MORE CHAPTER before we continue on with the plot! I'm having way too much fun with this social media thing, I've updated more during this month than the past months! Which isn't a bad thing I assure you guys.

At any rate though! THANK YOU EVERYONE that contributed with the comments! Hate ones or otherwise! Hopefully I have most of your comments in this, it's a long chapter! Almost 10,900+ words! It was great! Again, really surprised with how fast I got this chapter out.

\*Cracks neck, almost snaps it\* Next chapter is going to hopefully pass the 10,900+ words. GIVE ME WHAT YOU GOT GUYS, WE GOT ONE MORE MEDIA CHAPTER AND WE HAVE TO MAKE IT GOOD. I have no idea what to ask. Uhhh, just do what you can? Be realistic though! We're going for a sense of realism here.

And to those that noticed; YES, I've removed the BroDave thing. To be honest, I can't really put that in here. Yet. Maybe. I don't know. So no, no sibling mick mack here. BUT I WILL HAVE BroJohnDave. In a way. I dunno. I have no slept, insomnia is a dick so right now I'm on caffeine and noodles. I need to eat. BROJOHNDAVE WILL BE A THING JUST NO BRODAVE I GUESS. At this point I can't really cram it in yet so it's out the window. Maybe another time or another fic, I already have a BroDavepeta fic up, kind of, still going through that.

ANYWAY THANK YOU GUYS SO MUCH. REMEMBER WE GOT ONE MORE CHAPTER OF SOCIAL MEDIA BEFORE WE GET TO THE GOOD STUFF OF PLOT. maybe.

HOPE YOU ENJOYED, IM GONNA GO GET SOMETHING TO EAT AND MAYBE SLEEP IF INSOMNIA LIGHTENS UP. BYE BYE.



# Social Media -End-

## Chapter Notes

### AND HERE WE END THE SOCIAL MEDIA FOCUSING CHAPTERS

Thanks to everyone who contributed a message for the Aspects! Man it was crazy.

Sorry to those who's messages couldn't be in the chapter for one reason or another.

At any rate, this chapter is kind of special. Almost 15,000 words! One of the longest chapter's I've had to do.

Spanning the Aspects part was hell but well worth it! I hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

*[It almost looks like strings.*

***Thick Red Strings**, yes, but if you hadn't seen the boy cut his wrist open, deep enough to quickly kill someone by bloodloss, you'd believe he was just messing with art supplies. The problem with this is that blood doesn't look like strings, despite what the Mr. Urban Fantasy Protagonist in your book might insinuate.*

*You know this by self experience, self experiences and you doubt you're wrong after all these years.*

*Your hands tighten around his wrists, and for a snap second, the blood of the ginger glows and binds you together. It seems almost ridiculous to doubt after that, but the thought still rings loud in your head:*

*What if this is just a unknown wizard? What if you get tricked again?*

*Any other moment, these thoughts would leave you frozen on the spot. You couldn't risk it, most of the time. **The Trials** were something you kept for yourself, half because of a desire of not being thrown in the madhouse, half of a desire to not have it used against you a year after it ended.*

*But still, you dare to look up, and say, your green eyes meeting his bright red, "Blood Bound?" You dare to **hope** again, just a little, and you feel a nearly forgotten burn in your palm. It shines, a few strands of pale yellow escaping even with the cut-open wrist in the way, a cut-open wrist you can feel it becoming not so cut-open anymore.*

*You can't resist. You grin and laugh in a way only true **hope** can make you. The other boy just looks at you for four seconds, a neutral expression on his face. You can hear his song, being this close, and it's a good thing, because otherwise you would have panicked, and it would **not** be a pretty sight. Because no matter how much attention you pay, you cannot hear a single note of confusion or denial. Just a whole lot of annoyance and what you could only describe as **done**. Your smile gets bigger, and a small frown appears on his face. Then he mutters under his breath, nearly inaudible even this close but you manage to hear it:*

*"Fuck, not this shit again."]*

*“Karkat!”*

Karkat blinked, looking up from his phone to see his father looking at him with a frown, “What is it Dad?” He asked, sitting up a little straighter on his chair. Maybe he should have went to his room to read the fanfic, but then again he’d been spending too much time in his room, he didn’t want to get dragged out of it in the wrong time. Or at least interrupted in the wrong time. It was better to spend some time in the living room and expect his brother or father to interrupt him instead of getting surprised, like now.

Though he had to say, he was liking the author of the fic he was reading, ‘Our Fragile Hopes and Dreams’, it was interesting but it also made him wonder about the author as well, some of the things he had written were

almost hitting uncomfortably hitting close to home- almost. Some facts were wrong completely, like Time coming from a dystopian future- that was Roxy's past he thinks. Coming from a water-flooded future. He had asked Roxy to check on who was behind the fanfic, tracing the account back to someone named Daniel Gavin, honestly he had been expecting Rose behind it but it just showed how imaginative humans were when it came to it. Not to mention it should have been obvious it wasn't Rose writing it, she would have used more flowery and eloquent language in her fics... Did she even fanfiction? He would have to ask Roxy.

"Karkat?"

Again, Karkat blinked before shaking his head to clear his wandering thoughts. "Sorry, my mind was wandering." He mumbled.

"Are you alright? You seem very sluggish today." Kelvin asked with some concern, looking at his youngest son. And he had. Karkat always seemed tired, it was an account to his acute insomnia, he always had troubles getting to sleep as a child, but it seemed to have gotten worse months ago before settling to normal. Though, right now, he seemed more tired than usual, he wasn't as loud as he normally was nor did he even swear a single curse today which should have made Kelvin relieved but this wasn't his son's regular behavior and it was worrying him.

"Huh? Oh, it's nothing. I'm just, really fucking tired." Karkat grumbled, Kelvin was secretly relieved as he heard Karkat swear. Karkat not swearing just didn't seem right for some reason, he shouldn't be used to it but ever since Karkat survived the first monster attack he had increased his swearing drastically but he had thought it was a way to cope with the fact monsters were real and he had survived the first attack of it.

In truth was... well, that was the truth. He was more tired than usual.

Lately, he's been thinking more about their social media situation.

It was... admittedly fun for the most part, somewhat. Whenever it didn't involved their 'haters' and questions about their normal lives, the latest post had caught Karkat during a bad break. Fed up by the questions and too tired

to think anything else after Dave had answered, he gave his own answer. And after that Jake gave his, which then revealed their possible deaths in the future and the fact there had been more of them. What were they thinking? What if their posts triggered something in their friends? They had agreed to not drag them into this mess and yet...

At any rate though Roxy had temporarily closed and cleansed their inbox after that, gave them a couple of days of reprieve and told them all to cool off since the latest reveal would no doubt set off various things.

And set it off it did.

The internet was going wild with the newest revelation, forty-or at least under forty- aspects had existed? What had happened to them? What happened to the other thirty plus supposed heroes that had existed? Why had the five of them 'survived' whatever what happened to the others?

It was chaos.

Still, the fact that they were now committing to this didn't change anything. It was decided that they would feed the public small answers, if anything to just lighten their load. There was something horrifyingly calming and even almost amusing seeing everyone loose their shit over their situation.

They were fine with their situation. Why was everyone not fine with it?

They were dealing with it. Why couldn't everyone else?

Of course Karkat recognized that it was probably wrong to think that, but at this point, Karkat couldn't bring it in himself to care anymore. They've been at it for so long, normal life was nice, but it was... He couldn't explain it exactly. Maybe he should have another feelingsjam with Jake, they both had a lot to think about. Not to mention the fact that Jake had finally dropped the figurative bomb on the others about his 'boyfriend' the repercussions were... currently in progress.

The internet wasn't that wrong about them, they were five kids, five *possibly* broken kids who had to grow up faster than any other kids. They

had to deal with things no one other than them had ever dealt with. They were kids who held powers at the palm of their hands and had no idea what to do with it aside from the obvious endeavors they've done so far when it came to the incoming monsters. It was hard being a hero, being a kid, being them, it was hard and no one understood. Whether it was because no one really understood or because the children made no effort to let everyone understand was unclear, despite their clear intent of keeping their friends and family out of it, they couldn't help but leak a few things since whether they wanted to admit it or not -and definitely not but it wasn't like they recognized that fact- they missed them. They missed the others who couldn't remember. They were bearing a lot of things on themselves and even though they had each other, the five of them weren't enough.

Kelvin frowns, "Are you sure? We could arrange an appointment with the doctor." He said softly, knowing just how much his youngest son detested going to the doctor. And as expected, really it shouldn't be filling him with relief to see that familiar scowl on Karkat's face, Karkat protested vehemently.

"Fuck no! I'm fine! I don't need to go to the doctor's dammit! I'm just, I just need to sleep more probably." Karkat grumbled before perking as his phone pinged.

It was Roxy.

The inbox was open again, soon the floodgates would open.

Welp, here they go...

---

**@punmistress asks** *Wow this so cool!! I've been curious ever since you guys explained what Breath's aspect meant and I was wondering if you could tell us what each of you're aspects mean. If that's something you can't tell us then it's totally cool. :D*

**@ActualAspects replies** Eh, why not. We'll tell a little bit about our Aspects and what they mean. Time is for fighters. Like, we can't just sit by and look pretty, we gotta do something about shit or else it just would end up wrong

for us. Though sometimes our actions will be the wrong action but eh, it was worth a shot. Those who get Time in a good way are like, goal-focused and problem-solvers. I dunno where I lie but if I can do something about it then I'll do it so I'm good. Yeah, as long as we're okay then I'm good. Ah well, it wouldn't hurt to indulge a few things I suppose. Hope is quite the positive aspect but don't misunderstand, it is not against a little destruction when it comes to it! But nonetheless, we are driven first and foremost by conviction. Doing right for right's sake, but sometimes our views on right might not be viewed as right by others... It depends really! Hope in a good way is quite warm and giving, though it can turn to selfishness and narrow-mindedness if it turns out the otherway. Fuck. Why the fuck not. You know about Breath and their freedom and stuff, Blood being the opposite is about links and bonds. Getting power from camaraderie and strong relationships, metaphorically maybe, but our own blood is very potent and can be used as an effective weapon. Best ways, Blood can be either charismatic, magnetic and uplifting, other ways it can be unkind and too set-in-their-ways. Depends really. My turn! Void is the universe secret-keepers! What we don't know doesn't scare us and we only see potential in what's not there! It's really cool, Void likes the mystery, the intrigue, the unexplained. Though we're not undisturbed if we don't have the answers or the full picture, others might want to go look for those answers but we can cast doubt on what is fully understood. Lot's of metaphorical and philosophical stuff in all our Aspects really. In our best we're intuitive, vibrant and even wise but in not we're like apathetic and indecisive, dismissive even.

*@starynight413 asks wait there WAS more than twelve???? How!!!?*

*@ActualAspects replies Yes, there were more. Just under forty of us, and they went through the same experience that we went thought. Only unfortunately, they didn't somehow didn't succeed.*

*ectoplasmicFelines @abyssalKitten Hiya!! I have 2 questions then I'm out: what's the best weapon you guys have made? and what's the absolute dumbest thing you have ever done? (personally the dumbest thing i've done would be when I tried to wrestle a seagull because it stole my fries...I was like 10 okay)*

**Breath @ActualAspects** Oh wow that's funny! And that's okay, we all did dumb things when we were ten. I think. At any rate, for the first question, I think on of the best weapons I made was and still is the Pop-a-matic Vrillyhoo Hammer! And the dumbest thing I did... Hmm, I dunno! There's a lot of dumb things I did!

**@PeacefulPantheon asks** How old were you when you got your powers? And the other aspects? What do frogs have to do with all this? There were around forty of you? Were you split into two groups? Since that would explain why you have two leaders instead of one.

**@ActualAspects replies** Breath, Blood and I were around thirteen when we got our powers, on Breath's big b-day actually. Well, Breath and I had them then, Blood got them like months earlier compared to us. Void and Hope got theirs a couple of years later than us. Indeed! Rather sudden but we managed through all the chaos! We were fucking split yeah, but not into two groups. I lead mine, Breath led his and Time's group while Void and Hope were part of the same group. Their leader's gone.

---

Eric Valiant was not having a good day. Or week. Or couple of weeks.

"Forty of them." He muttered in disbelief and slight anger, not at them of course but at himself, at the adults, at the government for *not noticing whatever this was*.

He was corrected soon afterwards, "*Under* forty of them. They haven't given us the exact numbers for them, horrifying as it is." Eric wordlessly grunted and held back his snarl at the man that sat beside him, going over the social sites that had the Aspect's accounts of them. Though it seemed that he had settled on tumblr since it seemed that most answers and questions came from Tumblr or Twitter.

"Who cares. It doesn't change the fact that *god knows* how many kids were taken and then forced to go whatever bullshit the Aspects were going through!" Eric barked, pinching the bridge of his nose as his colleague merely hummed in response. "We didn't fucking know at all when our

children were taken right under our noses and now how many of them are dead!?” He ranted, his friend let him, acknowledging the ‘our children’ from ‘our noses’, Eric Valiant had considered the Aspects as his children even though they weren’t. Curious but not unreasonable and even understandable.

It was indeed very concerning that no one seemed to have noticed under forty children, or rather, above thirty? Went missing- but then again, no one noticed much about homeless children so that was an unfortunate possibility for them.

Right now the government was going through a search for possible missing children that came from either three years ago to the present day. They had various possible Aspect candidates but they were all getting stricken off the list faster than you could comprehend since most of them were unlikely.

But on that list, none of the names involved Roxy Lalonde, Dave Strider, Karkat Vantas or John Egbert. They were focusing on missing cases and teens who had been found from those missing cases and returned to their families since the Aspects had admitted to having families. They didn’t look into the strange five children with equally strange families. They never noticed the slight irregularities that surrounded those children and those around them like their families and friends.

The Aspects could be lying about their families, they could be lying about it all but somehow that didn’t seem right at all or even plausible. The teens were leaving clues here and there and the government were following them near religiously.

Eric Valiant especially so and the story that they’ve pieced together was not good at all. They still didn’t know everything and the parts that they did know didn’t appeal to them at all.

“-nd another thing! H- Wander, what are you doing? Are you even listening to me?” Eric asked impatiently as he looked at his dear friend and head scientist of their new Aspect-branched group.



Wander smirked at him, “Not really, while you have been ranting for the past-” He glanced to his device’s clock, “hour or so, *I’ve* been productive.” He said with slight pride as he adjusted his glasses.

Eric snorted, crossing his arms and looking at him with a deadpanned look, “Productive how?” He asked, though he was genuinely curious.

“I’ve begun asking these Aspects.”

---

**@butterflypuss asks** *If there is more than one of each Aspect how can you tell each other apart/what do you call each Hope/VOid/Breath/etc. to know who youre talking to? and doess each "Hope/Blood/Time/etc. have the exact same powers as each other and use them the same way?*

**@ActualAspects replies** It depended. The only reason why we’re calling each other as our Aspects was because it was an on the spot decision and there’s only five of us now. Back then we had a different naming system and like, we knew each other’s actual names. And for the record, we didn’t use our powers in the exact way as our fellow Aspects. It was different for all of us but also similar to some of us. One of the other Breaths could use Breath in the same was Void uses her powers. And the other was kind of like Hope in terms of using his powers. Yep, and the other Void was like Breath and the other other one was like Hope. It was all different.

**specterGuardian @IRefuseToGoToSleep** That is a lot of aspect users!!! Hope, what were the other two Hopes like? What about the other Breaths, Times, Voids, and Bloods? You also mentioned something about Space and Rage, what were they like and what is the opposite of Void? Could you please tell us what the other aspects are and what was the thing about the Maid Time mentioned earlier? Also, to your opinion, the best weapon you've made so far? Who is PM and Mayor? Also, any embarrassing stories? :)

Lastly, I just want to address the haters right now: Please stop sending hate-posts to them! What you guys say is incredibly mean! I know that whenever something new comes along, there's always an opposing force, but I refuse to let you guys be \*sshholes without doing something about it. If you are

going to be a D\*uchebag and say something means, THEN KEEP IT TO YOURSELF! They are young, going through puberty, and trying their best to help everyone! Heck, when that one person up there told them to die, their responses kind of killed me on the inside. Besides, if they disappeared, who will protecc everyone and defeat the monsters? Yeah, I'm so sorry, had to get that off my chest -u-

***Blood @ActualAspects*** The other Hopes were douchebags. They weren't like Hope at all and though they were kind of nice, they were still fucking asses. Trust me. And there was only one other Blood and he was an insufferable prick too. Space was nice but fucking terrifying if you went against her in the bad way. Rage.... Fuck him. I may miss the psychotic asshole but fuck him. Maid was my teammate and Time met her briefly. Best weapon for me? Believing Starsickle. PM and Mayor are our friends, that's all to say on the matter.

***Void @ActualAspects*** Aww, isn't the Believing Starsickle the one the weapon Hope yelped ya make?? Cuute. Also damn dude, no problems here, get that good shit off of your chest it was awesome! Also, Void's opposite is Light. Time's sister was Light. She was awesome.

***@wanderingFragment asks @blood*** *from what I've seen, you appear capable of controlling blood, but seem to prefer your own. Am i correct in my hypothesis that your powers simply have an easier time of controlling your own blood? Further more, how far have you experimented with this? How far can your control reach, and at what level? Would you be able to control the blood within the... i'm not certain of the real term for them is; monsters from the rifts? For non-combat abilities, would you be able to divert and control the blood for a more beneficial effect, such as preventing civilians or your compatriots from bleeding out? To be entirely honest, your powers are utterly fascinating to think about with just how versatile a relatively simple sounding powerset can be, if applied right.*

***@ActualAspects replies*** I am midly fucking disturbed on how smart people can actually be when they're not being idiots. But yeah, it's easier to control my own blood than others, not to mention very convenient since I pretty much can't die of blood loss ever. The monsters also bleed so I tend to use them too, but it's a bit harder to control than regular blood of a human. I

can't control blood within a body though, it has to be outside of it. Hypothetically I could like, block the fucking wound with hardened blood but that's unsanitary and fucking disgusting, maybe for emergencies or something but yeah.

**@ApocalypseInspector asks** *The Maid seems like a different name than the ones you use, almost like a title. Is that because she's stronger than y'all or...?*

**@ActualAspects replies** Nah, or maybe. There's like, two other Time people than me, gone now though and to differentiate them I said Maid since if I said Time you'd just think I said another me. Which she wasn't. She was pretty rad though.

**@Ghastjio asks** *Okay, you guys said that we can't handle the imps, but what if we can?? You guys have powers but also weapons! What if the government could get some of those weapons too? Or even responsible people in the public? At the very least that means that you guys can get help! Seriously, I'll feel bad if one of you dies again :( I know we can help!*

**@ActualAspects replies** Weeeelll, we did think of that but, thing is... We're not that sure that our weapons will work for other people. Some of them are like, super weird? And I don't think a normal person could lift the usual hammers Breath likes to use most of the time! Super strong boy, top mangrit bar.

Haha thanks Void but yeah, we're not so sure about the weapons we make will work for other people and even if they did, you'd have to really earn our trust for us to just give or make you weapons. We're not stupid, we know how dangerous our weapons is for regular people. Responsible or not, our weapons are really weird and like, super dangerous for humans.

**@Hydrochoerus asks** *BLOOD! Since your domain is contained in you, have you ever had any problems with it in your super secret civilian life? Like maybe it trying to escape your body or what not? sorry its just we as humans already get nosebloods and such, or as a female the dreaded period, so i was just wondering if yours gets even more finicky!*

@ActualAspects replies You have no fucking idea. Nosebleeds and the like are fucking worse for me, fucking preach to the females about with the blood periods they have, thinking about that... it makes me fucking shiver. But yeah, it's a bitch to deal with from time to time but I'm used to it and can manage it.

---

Eric glanced at the question he asked and groaned, “Did you *have* to question them on that?” He asked Wander, scowling at the man who shrugged in reply.

“Why not? I was simply curious and thoughtful over their powers, it was something that’s been bothering me ever since I witnessed Blood’s powers. Science plagues the thoughts like that and I have many questions for them. Though I am surprised at the fact that they had answered my question, and honestly I am taking the ‘idiots’ comment as a compliment.” Wander replied with a smirk on his face as he began to type a response and another question aimed at the Aspects.

Eric could only roll his eyes and shaking his head, he wondered on what to do, whether to let Wander continue his questions or go for another approach before thinking ‘fuck it’ and let him do as he pleased. It wasn’t like he’d be able to stop Wander from asking. If anything, they could use it as a form of information gathering and even maybe a possible connection could be formed and from there, they could use it as a stepping stone for the government to finally contact with the Aspects.

All other attempts were flat out ignored and rebuffed.

Void’s skills in hacking, well, her bragging and boasting was no falsity and she really gave them all a run for their money with her skillful set. They couldn’t find anything using the accounts as a lead. A lead that predictably lead to nowhere at all.

On the bright side it didn’t look like anyone else was getting to them either, that meant no one else would be contacting the Aspects on a personal level but that was also the down side for them. They needed to contact the Aspects, but it looks like Wander was already on it.

---

**wigglyjiggles @wigglewigglewiggle** DANCE OFF TIME LETS  
GOOOOOOOO

**Void @ActualAspects** Fuck. Yes.

[Video Clip Attached: 40 seconds, shows Void, Breath, Hope and Time dancing. Blood was off to the side, clearly watching with disdain but he couldn't hide how his foot was tapping to the rhythm of the beat.]

**@benignBangos** asks <https://www.instagram.com/p/BxlCNxmDziI/?igshid=1a3gg7wvrow20>

*I did fan art of the aspects as well!*

**@ActualAspects** replies Oh. Em. Geeeeeee!! Another one! Man, I love you guys. Your fan arts are so cool! Hehehe, just look at us!

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** *my guys gals and nb pals we got a superhero in our fandom now*

**Pittoo @reallyfakekidicarushours** *I guess I'll have to respect anyone with good taste in games? I feel torn between my opinions now.*

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** *ok all we need to know is who they main in smash bros. personally i think breath would be a pit main.*

**Viridont @goddessoftheplants** *time DEFINITELY mains one of the links. i also feel like void would main kirby. something cute maybe. or one of the inklings.*

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** *ahaha what if hope mained joker*

**Viridont @goddessoftheplants** *now THATS something i want to see.*

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** *..who would blood main?*

**Viridont @goddessoftheplants** *probably something unexpected. like jigglypuff or something.*

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** aw man, if he actually did main jigglypuff hed totally wreck my ass online!

**Time @ActualAspects** Accurate. Though Void likes to main Snake, Breath likes Kirby especially when he has the hammer. Hope and I like the Links and Blood has never played Smash Bros. Something we're going to correct very soon.

**Void @ActualAspects** As soon as I can set up our totally awesome game room!!

**@Queerspacewwhale asks** Holy guacamole, I didn't expect for ya'll to response to my stupid question man, thanks a ton. Kinda wish I asked something better than my stupid cannon haha. But getting serious I have something I wanna inquire about, do you guys think it's best to discuss the aspects and the secrets with us? To spill such things that may be used again you in the future? You never know what may be lurking about. Who may be lurking.

**@Pepsandpaps asks** Oh my! Thank you for responding!! I'm sorry if my question was a bit silly but I was curious. Well. I have another one, if it's not too sensitive I mean.. have you ever lost someone because of your abilities? Also Blood may be the cutest thing I have ever laid my eyes on.

**@ActualAspects replies** In reality we have no fucking what we're doing. And if you can utilize our secrets and aspects against us then that's fucking commendable. Ominous but fuck it. We're just going through life and if you guys actually find us that horrifying then try as you will. You won't succeed, or at the very least, we're not going to be the only ones with repercussions and casualties. And yes, there have been events where we've lost people because of our abilities. Everything was complicated and everything was shit. Also. Thanks I guess???

**@astralAgronomist asks** aspects, i was wondering what some of your favorite books are?

**@ActualAspects replies** Harry Potter :D  
Cannot fucking choose between some of the shit that I have right now.  
What are books.

**HeartIsAnAwesomePower @adomaniaRedemancy** Wait, wait. So Blood and Breath are like opposing aspects (capitalization is so going to be checked later), and so there is the usual Time and Space connection, right? So... the other two should be connected to another of the seven aspects not... here.

So let's go with Void first. Because finding the "opposite" is kinda easy: Light. I mean, it could be something else, but if there's Breath and Blood, and Time and Space aspect pair, Light and Void seem super connected! If only because of thematic reasons and shit.

And then there is Hope. I mean, there is Despair, but... it sounds kinda unwieldy. The aspects so far have snappy names, so maybe something like Doom? It seems to fit. The concept of hope is a really nebulous concept. Am I hitting anything with my guess darts? Being legally blind isn't helping my "stuck in the dark" aim.

**HeartIsAnAwesomPower @adomaniaRedemancy** Oh! And is Heart an Aspect?! Please tell me Heart is an Aspect, or the truth. Definitely the truth. Because the trope is fucking real, and I sincerely hope that there's an Aspect that's Heart. And the opposite would most likely be Mind. Because the Heart and Mind thing is pretty famous and all that shitake.

**Hope @ActualAspects** It has been confirmed that Light is Void's opposite. And didn't I mention mine before? No? Apologies then, Rage is Hope's opposite, not Doom. Doom is a different Aspect though. And yes, Heart is definitely an Aspect, you are quite astute lad, you have nailed the head with Heart and Mind. Mind I have never met but I hear she was quite the lass, and Heart was Void and I's teammate.

**@Acey asks** *ok so uh, i dont know if anyone brought this up already but, maid???? maid doesnt really sound....aspecty, like time or the name dropped "space", did maid have an aspect? and if she did, what was it? and what about yall and that "space" person, do you have another title like that "maid" person?????*

**@ActualAspects replies** Been answered before dude. Maid's Aspect was Time like me, just used 'Maid' as a way to differentiate us. As for titles... Shrug. Maybe we'll say something more one stormy night.

**@benignbongos asks** *What could have possibly killed 30 super powered aspect?*

**@ActualAspects replies** A lot. The Judgment system is still there, a lot of things happened and some of us couldn't get our powers in time. Complications to the max.

**@ApocalypseInspector asks** *Uh, just to be safe and all, are y'all fine with fanfic and villain aus?*

**@Actual Aspects replies** Yeah sure. A lot of your fanfics are really gogdamn interesting. Indeed! Granted as long as the author acknowledges that it is an AU and not actually our reality. We are not some villainous organization in real life!

**@ItsYaBOiDepression asks** *@void wait wait wait, if you can just send things to the void, or get something from the void. Could you hypothetically summon your own drones? or those gremlins things!! what about 'voiding' the powers of others can you do that?? ... can you summon fandom things?*

**@ActualAspects replies** I mean, technically??? It'd be fucking hard though. It's just easier to just summon like, generic cubes, pumpkins and other smaller things from the Void. It's complicated. If I want to try to do anything bigger, like maybe a drone or something I'd need extra energy. Thank god for Hope! Also... I haven't tried yet...

**@ActualAspects reblogged** Void is now banned from summoning fandom things! It's really taxing on her powers.

Aww Breeaath.

NO. You passed out trying to summon a sonic screwdriver!!

**@ApocalypseInspector asks** *Ok, kinda have a whole lot of these save up so... Time, you said you called the other Time Maid to differentiate between you and the others. Was that distinction present before they were gone? Also, did the opposite aspects have rivalries?*

**@ActualAspects replies** Yep. There was a whole system since there was like three people with the Time Aspect. And not really, sure there were factions that had like rivalries and beef with each other... Actually didn't



Blood try to start a rivalry or something with Breath before?  
Fuck. Yeah but that was before I realized that I didn't actually hate Breath  
and his stupid face.  
It was hilarious though X]

**@wanderingFragment asks** @Blood I'm simply going to choose to take that as a compliment, thank you very much. @Void how exactly is it that you summon objects? from my analysis of your costume, you appear to have a ... i'm not sure how to put this, actually. thief-y look? Is that related? 'stealing' the void-ness from nothing to create objects? If so, that seems like an exceptionally odd way to manifest said void-powers. I'll get back to the summoning of things later. Assuming void the follow the definition of 'nothing', could it be possible to make spheres of nothing-ness? What would be the effects of such a thing, anyways? Would it draw 'somethings' to cancel out it's 'nothing' like how air pressure tries to equalize itself? Back to the object conjuring, what is the 'power' requirements to summon things? Is it based on mass, how well you understand the object in questions and it's make up? Or is it simply willpower, or a mixture of these things? If that's the case, would it be possible to make your powers more efficient by memorizing the make-up of objects you attempt to summon, and 'cut costs' by reducing the mass in some way? Speaking of mass; Black-holes? Would they be possible? Or perhaps a Kugelblitz? The ability to make and study such phenomenon would be revolutionary for power-generation and physics research alone! And back to the reducing mass, how about adjusting the properties of objects themselves? If you could reduce the gravity of rubble, that would assist in cleaning efforts immensely. Of course, this all assumes your powers operate under the 'stealing' mechanic previously outlined in my post... Oh, and @Breath? I've have questions for you soon enough.  
**@wanderingFragments asks** and i ranted again. Dammit. My apologies if reading such a large block of text gives anyone a heart attack.

**@ActualAspects replies** I'm kinda with Blood here, you are wicked crazy smart dude. Like, wow. I wasn't really putting much thought into my void majykky powers, it just seems so simple to me... You're like, really really smart. I do have to be somewhat familiar to the things that I make or else I just make a generic cube or something. Willpower helps too. The bigger and or more complicated thing I try to 'summon' from the void is, the more

power and energy it needs. I pass out or like, break out a nosebleed if I try without any help. As for my costume, thanks! I am very proud of it, I was more going for a roguish look, not a thieffy one. Gog knows I'm not on that side of the line when it came to it. And it's okay! It's like, super interesting to read your rants. Breath! Heads up! He's coming your way!  
Oh boy.

---

Roxy frowned as she and John laid on the bed in the infirmary within the base, Dave was back home, hanging out with his brothers. Spending more time with his family to prevent suspicion and to keep an eye on Dirk.

Jake's bombshell of a revelation affected the youngest Strider quite hard though he tried not to let it show, but it was very obvious to those who knew him. Dirk was sulking, he was sad, he was angry, he was... The Dirk of this new universe who had no idea what to do in the light of Jake's apparent homosexuality- or rather, his bisexuality.

When Jane had asked him about his 'homosexuality', Jake had corrected her and revealed that he was bi. Surprising the others, and had given Dirk hope until he remembered, Jake had a boyfriend. A boyfriend that he didn't really know of. Though he'd heard of him from time to time. It was 'Karkat', that one name that had been dropped earlier on, way back during the picnic.

Yeah, Dave was definitely staying back to deal with Dirk. If anything was up, Dave would give them the heads up, or well, give Karkat and Jake the heads up if Dirk would end up doing anything drastic. Or as drastic as Dirk of a normal world could do.

Dirk, though not raised in a post-apocalyptic and watery world like Roxy, was still the Dirk they knew of. Kind of. The parallels were there and despite the age regression and the lack of memories, Dirk Strider was definitely not one to be underestimated.

Either that or they were worrying too much.

“Hey Johnny, what should I do about this guy? He’s like, really smart. He’s already dug into Karkat and me, and like I said in the post, he’s coming for you next.” Roxy said with a tone of uncertainty. Reading about the asks made by one ‘wanderingFragment’ was... interesting to say the least. There was something off about it, though they hadn’t realized it yet. They were simply intrigued right now.

John frowned, looking thoughtful, “I don’t know.” He admitted, shifting on his place on the hospital bed. He hadn’t been kidding when Roxy had passed out in trying to appearify a goddamn sonic screwdriver. Or at least steal it from the void. All on her own! Roxy had thought she could be able to do it on her own, Jake had been too busy dealing with Jade and his grandfather to help her so she didn’t ask him for help.

In the end, John had found her passed out on the floor of their base near their alchemizer with a familiar fandom item in hand. It certainly made him panic.

He had moved her to the hospital bed immediately and waited for her to wake up. And boy was she in for a wake up call when she did.

They both ended up platonically cuddling together on the bed, and started reading fanfictions and checking on their inbox, answering a few things.

One of those few things was from wanderingFragment. Someone who seemed really smart as well as intuitively dangerous, what with his sharp questions and neat but also kind dangerous suggestions. Like seriously, a *black hole*?

As curious as Roxy was, that was one experiment she wasn’t really willing to test out at all.

Tempting but no.

Not unless she found somewhere safe to try and test it. Like in space. But they had no idea if they could even *survive* in space. Something to explore more into later when they had the possible chance.

“If he continues questioning us and if we keep answering, maybe we should keep it on the down low. We’ve already answered his Blood and Void questions, anything else, we should keep to ourselves.” John suggested. They had already revealed the fact they weren’t truly immortal, something that might seem foolish but at least the populace could take some comfort at the fact that they weren’t really invulnerable. In the long run it was probably a bad idea but it was too late to change it now. And if it really was a bad idea, Dave would be there to say it was.

Probably.

They weren’t putting much thought into it.

Roxy hummed thoughtfully, “I’ll think about it, if this guy keeps questioning us like this then I’ll consider just setting up a private thing between us. Or block him. Either way, I’ll deal with him.” Roxy decided with a small smile, snuggling into John’s side. “Still think the social media thing was a bad idea?”

John shrugged, “Maybe. I’ll have to admit. It’s been kind of fun.”

The Rogue of Void beamed at him, it has been kind of fun.

How long it would last was another question entirely.

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**@Hydrochoerus asks** @breath be honest...has the others ever asked you to use your windy powers to help with Le Epic Pose or Entrance. with the extra whooshy bit that it grant? with your outfits i think a meaningful breeze will add a lot!

@void ...so....Death! that's pretty uhhhhh novel! how was it?? or is that insensitive? was it it just black? lobby room? did you meet your maker? your nightmare? ...can you share the details? or is this another aspect thing that i wouldn't understand@blood.... okay so i know i was poking fun with the whole blood bender thing. But do you think you can control blood that's still inside someone? can you control their movements? or would that...just goosh around like a shaken juice box? Also the scars that remain...how do you explain that to your family? or have they not seen that yet

@Time do you know how many future you's can come to a single spot of time before...its starts getting to wibbly wobblly timey whimey? or is that not a tested thing yet? ....Please don't shake the time line because of an ask.

@Hope HI! sorry for the lack of asks....but i don't really know much about you for now...GUNS! and yellow....any other weapons yer proficient in? also for the hope thing, is it like the pandora box? they keep you in reserve because that's what's important about hope? keeping it in reserve and available?

**@ActualAspects replies** Maaaaybe. You have no solid proof!

Dying was like falling asleep. First I was flying, next I was waking up with a crick in my neck and in front of a bunch of reporters. No dreams inbetween this time though...

No. I just said I don't control blood that's still inside someone. That is fucking terrifying so no. Fuck you for bringing that up.

It goes from infinite futures but only one Alpha Timeline. If things get shaky you'll find out when existence stops and a dead Time that somehow died without the clock of judgement ends up appearing somewhere.

Guns are quite the weapon! Pistols and bullets and whatnot! I like to think I'm quite good at fisticuffs, it's thrilling to just throw a punch bare fisted! And basically? It's complicated to explain, but should things ever go haywire and out of bounds, I will try my best to help

**@DanGavin asks** *Really, you read fanfiction? What are your most liked and most hated tropes?*

**@ActualAspects replies** Yeah!! There's like a ton of fanfiction to read, it's fun! I kinda both like and hate the whole, 'I have a John face', I totally do not. For all you know my name could be Harry! Or Anderson! Or Harry. Anderson!

I'm really jamming to the fantasy AUs and tropes you guys are cooking up. It's amazing!

The trope where I was emo was quite amusing.

I fucking hated the sunshine me trope. But I did like the one where I was this badass warrior from another dimension.

Reading the time travel shit that you guys think up is entertaining. Like,

seeing how you guys think time travel works is so interesting. Sure some of you are like off the trail but some of you are spot on.

**@DarlinHoes asks** *Since I normally don't like edgy stuff (But would totally love to learn more about you guys <3) What are your favorite Pet/Animals? I feel Breath the salamander type but i dunno why...?*

**@ActualAspects replies** I LOVE CATS :D  
Crows and crocodiles are goddamn cool.  
I do like salamanders! But I also love rabbits!  
I'm with Breath here, rabbits are quite lovely.  
Crabs.

**AspectTheories @Theoristalligator** *okay GUYS I JSUT THOUGHT OF A FEW THINGS, I'LL LINK IT TO A GOOGLE DOC:*

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1dGP9AIa2\\_A2GmKv3ij7eOGNR2PqVKnh-VM7eGNyEj8A/edit](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1dGP9AIa2_A2GmKv3ij7eOGNR2PqVKnh-VM7eGNyEj8A/edit)

**Time @ActualAspects** We did die for our powers. To unlock our full powers, we died and got magic clothing, powers and a full time stressful experience. Nice.

**Void @ActualAspects** Very fucking blunt but then again it's accurate.

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**Make a cocktail and we'll tell you whether you die Heroically or Justly -BUZZFEED**

DEATH AND RESURRECTION! ASPECT POSSIBLE GODS! -Wall Street Journal

Psychologists concerned for teen heroes' health -CNN

Government creates new Aspect Branch and seeks contacting teenage superheroes -BBC News

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**@ALL THE HOMO asks** *Oh my goodness!!! I ship time and breath so freakin much, you guys are adorable and precious babies!!*

**@ActualAspects replies** Aww that's so sweet.  
Gay. But nice gay.

Hehehehehehe.

**Pitty-pat @realkidicarushours** <https://youtu.be/ttl8cfssmvA>  
hey look at this

**Void @ActualAspects** W H E E Z E  
Hahahahahahaha!! XD

Who is this guy. I want to meet him. We can like, hang out and drink apple juice

**warnedyoubro @turntechGodhead** you, me and that guy in the apple juice video can hang out and drink apple juice. don't gotta go anywhere, got a ton of juice here, hmu @Time btw, the cape is fucking awesome

**Time @ActualAspects** Seriously? I'll think about it. And yeah, I fucking know. This cape is fucking awesome.

**@ZoneofTruth posts** *SO THE ASPECTS REBLOGGED MY POST AND REVEALED A LOT SO I'M GONNA MAKE ANOTHER THEORY POST.* Hope said there were actually >40 people in their group, before, and about 3 per aspect (with a little a). 12 aspects x 3 = 36 Aspects (big A for the people version). Currently, we have three names we haven't heard before: Space, Rage, and Maid; but "Maid" doesn't follow the pattern of the other aspects so I'm thinking it's actually talking about a specific Aspect. I also think that their costumes have something to do with it, like how chess pieces have the same models with different colors, maybe a "Maid" is like, a knight or rook and they belong in an aspect like a black rook vs a white rook. If that's true, Blood and Time are both knights but being different aspects, they have different coloration. Also if that's all true then I think that Hope would be the equivalent of a queen, since they mentioned that hope (the aspect) is strong already but that Hope himself is a real powerhouse. (Also someone please draw Hope as a queen, that sounds amazing, plus with him apparently being English it would fit.)

**@ActualAspects reblogged** Lmao, someone do please draw Hope as a queen! He would slay it!  
Erm, please don't. Not that I have anything against dresses but, me as a queen? I don't really think it would suit me.

Nonsense Hope! I think you'd look great!

You are fucking smart, but a bit off there using chess pieces for us. Chess is involved but not in the way you'd think.

Chess reminds me of the Battlefield. And of Derse and Prospit.

***@DanGavin asks** Okay, asking this for a friend, since I'm apparently asking "All the Wrong Things" but who are The Mayor and PM? Were they the ones that guided you during your trials? If not them, then who or even what?*

***@ActualAspects replies** The Mayor and PM are the most amazing people to exist. Period. The Mayor especially. He's fucking rad.*

***The Mayor is one of the most important people to exist. Wasn't he the Exile to guide Breath on his Quest?***

***@ActualAspects reblogged** He was??*

***@ActualAspects reblogged** Definitely. And PM was the one who guided your sister Space.*

***@ActualAspects reblogged** OOhh...*

---

And just like that, the internet exploded once again.

As if it ever stopped exploding.

One certain theorist and writer was quietly freaking out in his room, their fanfic was actually somewhat accurate! But also a bit off, dear god, how was Daniel suppose to fit this in his fic?

The revelation of many things about the Aspects certainly opened some doors that only lead to more mysterious figurative doors that no doubt were more questions about their resident group of superheroes.

First it was the fact that there had been more heroes before, just under forty, perhaps thirty-six just as the Tumblr Theorist Zone-Of-Truth had mentioned?

And then came the fact that there certain aspects had siblings as well- Breath had a sister who was an aspect of Space with two other possibilities?



There was also a theoretical possibility that the Aspects had further names slash titles! The clue being Time's namedrop of a person named 'Maid' who was apparently someone who had the aspect of Time as well.

It was slightly confusing but no less interesting.

"Well we have a clearer picture on what possibly happened to the Aspects and what granted them their powers." Wander told Eric as they sat together in the General's office. "It is a foggy and incomplete picture but one nonetheless. More information is slowly being pieced together by the clues and other tid bits the aspects are giving us." He said as he looked through the information that was written down on his device.

Eric's face was set in a serious look, fingers laced and set in front of him as he listened to Wander intently. "Continue, what do we have so far?"

"Well so far from what we know, and we're going to start from the beginning here so bear with me. The Aspects are five teenagers with supernatural powers who have made the decision of becoming superheroes after the rifts started. As far as we know, they've recently 'returned' to their homes, on Earth, after going through what seem to be trials that may have ended with them gaining their powers. It's still unclear but Breath, Time and Blood mention something about 'Quests' so those may be what the trials were called by them. Rewinding back slightly, it seems that under forty unknown children were possibly taken by these 'Exiles' who guided them on these 'Quests' for reasons unknown. These 'Exiles' may be extraterrestrials as the children have said and hinted of the possibility of 'aliens' existing so there's that. Of these Exiles the children are still in contact with two specific ones, designated as 'The Mayor' and 'PM', reasons for these designations are still unknown like a lot of things." Wander informed him, looking extremely thoughtful as he did. When the general motioned him to go on, he did so without much problem.

"From what we've gathered, the 'Aspects' are named by their literal powers and capabilities, dubbed as 'aspects' which became their heroic moniker afterwards. Perhaps their creativity is lacking slightly or maybe they wanted something simple and straightforward when they made themselves publics. We had known there were five of them in the beginning, Breath, Time,

Void, Blood and Hope. Though soon afterwards when they began their social media accounts, other aspects have been revealed as well as the fact that they came in opposing pairs, like Breath and Blood being opposite but also linked aspects. There seem to be twelve other aspects, the newly revealed ones are Rage, Space, Light, Heart and Mind. Space is Time's counterpart, I suspect Rage to be Hope's counterpart, Void has revealed that Light is her counterpart while both Heart and Mind are each other's counterpart. I find it quite fitting actually."

"From the possible forty- though thirty-six seems to be more likely since Hope had indeed said that there were almost three people per aspect- there seem to be another naming system or rather a different kind of system all in all as Time has dropped the name, moniker or title 'Maid' as to describe another 'Time' Aspect 'user'. And through another post, it seems that they received their powers and immortality through dying, something that might happens at the end of their Quests? Perhaps the other aspects hadn't managed to get to the end and died prematurely? More information needed."

Eric held his hand up, motioning the scientist to stop, something he did the instant he made the action. Eric groaned, rubbing his face. "This is a huge fucking disaster." He muttered, leaning into his chair as he looked at the ceiling. "How..."

Wander pursed his lips and sighed, he know how protective Eric was over children and teenagers, having a son of his own- well, Eric was at least glad that his own son *wasn't* part of the Aspects now that more information was revealed. Then, Wander had a thought.

"Sir, I have a hypothesis."

Eric glanced back to him with a frown, "Yes?"

"What if we're going at this at a wrong way?"

They had thought that *all thirty six* Aspects were children, but what if... They weren't?

---

**@Mercymed asks** as a doctor i am greatly concerned for your health! If something happens, something really, really bad, please dont be afraid to go to the hospital!!! You dont have to put your identity or take a blood test, you'll be labeled as a john or jane doe, so your secret's will be safe. Just as long as you get help, thats all i can ask!

**@ActualAspects replies** We're fine. We appreciate the concern but PM is an adept medic and we have our own methods for healing. But if we're in need of a check up or something we'll consider something. Trust us, we've got things covered when it comes to us.

**@ trapInsanity asks** Hey, I was wondering if you guys had any interesting stories about eachother, like something funny or amazing one of you have done!

**@ActualAspects replies** This one time, when I was still starting out with my powers, I was stranded somewhere and there was shit ton fire everywhere. I had no idea what to do and then suddenly I was putting the fire out with my windy powers! It was awesome! And it saved my butt.

**@ApocalypseInspector asks** How do you know aliens are a thing?

**@ActualAspects replies** Because it totally is a thing and that's all we're gonna say at the matter for now wink wink nudge nudge.

---

**w anderingFragment asks** @void Why thank you. I personally live for my research, it's a joy to find new things to study. Oh, and i believe you may be interested in the idea of quantum mechanics and biology. Biology in particular would be very useful, as if you could learn how to disconnect the neurons in the brains of the rift-monsters (do they HAVE brains? Perhaps the capture, containment, and study of an imp is in order... higher level monsters would be preferable, but difficult to keep contained...) via the summoning of small objects between the neurons, though at that point simple summoning objects into the beast itself would likely be more cost-effective. For that matter, can you summon things at range? In fac- wait. oh shit. You can summon almost anything, as show by you attempting to create a sonic screw-driver (Did it work? Was it functional?). I would have to

propose a slightly more mundane idea for summoning... anti-matter. You wouldn't need much, just enough to cause a cascade resulting in a large enough explosion to cause damage to your target. Probably best to do this at range only ... Actually, perhaps staying away from dangerous particles may be the safer option. Whilst i am all for the studying of powers and their uses, it is important to keep your safety in mind.

**@Actual Aspects replies** The more I interact with you the more I am terrified. Actually if you want quantum mechanics you could go to Time for that, Space would have loved you by the way and maybe Heart. Breath and I are more Biologists so to speak. Imps don't have brains. Not really. They're constructs that can bleed. Also the sonic screw driver was... a bust. I summoned a casing but since I didn't know the inner mechanics to it. it's just a very realistic casing of the Eleventh Doctor's Screwdriver. So it's not working at all, but still very cool! Somewhat for range? Thinking about summoning my things in a monster is... icky. And WOAHH. I need to test something out.

~Private Inbox~

~**@ActualAspects asks** Mr. Wandering sir. Please stop filling the heads of my friends with weird and complicated ideas, this is the second time Void has passed out and we actually had to use some of our more serious healing stuff because it was too much for her powers. Her body cannot take the strain of very powerful things. Like Anti-matter. Maybe it could with Hope's help but she tried to do it without Hope's help.

**@w anderingFragment-** @breath first of all; how much did she try to **MAKE?** Second of all, i believe i did mention the need to be careful with testing this. Please make certain to deliver my admonishments to void; whilst the quest for SCIENCE! is a long and fruitful one, it has it's pit-falls. Hence the need to be careful whilst attempting things we know might be dangerous... like summoning goddamn **antimatter!** That said... no promises. Whilst i will attempt to prevent a repeat of this incident, SCIENCE! stops for no man or woman!

**@ActualAspects-** She can't make anything. She steals and apparently trying to steal anti matter from the void or stealing the void from the anti-matter is

not something Void can handle all on her own, she was trying to get like, a small jar's worth of it? Matter all in all is not part of her aspect much less Anti-Matter. And yeah I can understand that SCIENCE! But still. Anyway she'll be fine, after some rest and more healing.

Googly moogly it certainly frightened us when she pulled off this stunt! It was almost as bad when she had to manually close a rift! She is definitely being admonished by Blood, Time and Breath. I decided to just give the poor lass some reprieve but mark my words should she try it again she's in for quite the tongue lashing!

**@ wanderingFragmen t-** @hope @breath @void ... a JAR? Jesus Christ, no wonder she blacked-out. i was expecting a few milligrams, not a fuckin JAR. Yeah, VETO on the anti-matter for a while. At least until void can reduce the power-costs.

**@ActualAspects-** To be fair I was trying to make a miligram jar thing size for it. I was trying to get a jar then have it appear in the jar for measuring. No more experiments!

Okey but good to know I can't do anti-matter stuff unless I had help. Space could probably do it with no prob. Matter and space is her jam.

**@wanderingFragment-** @void Hmm. Odd, it seems you talk about them as though they are still alive. This is interesting... Perhaps the 35 missing aspects just aren't aspects at all, and are regular people... Out of respect for your privacy, i will drop this chain of thought. In any case, i wish you luck recovering.~

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*A few hours before Roxy would wake up and reply to a certain scientist...*

“That was a terrible fucking idea Roxy, what the fuck were you thinking?!” John scolded out to the unconscious girl swimming in sopor slime. Her hands encased and stained with the overuse of her Aspect. He had left temporarily for a couple of hours. Finding Roxy passed out on the hospital bed, suffering from overuse was something he did *not* expect- and he wasn't the only one.

Dave, Karkat and Jake had come back with him, seeing Roxy in such a state had scared all of them. It was almost as bad as the time she had to manually close the rift back at the mall. Almost. Thankfully it wasn't that bad, it centered around her hands and stopped around her elbows, not reaching her shoulders and her aspect symbol hadn't appeared on her chest so that was good at the least.

"Nothing, that's fucking what." Karkat snapped as he watched the unconscious girl bob up and down in the healing coon. Breathing softly into the air mask as she did so. She'd probably be surprised and annoyed to wake up in a tube full of slime but serves her right for making them all worry when they found her.

Dave squinted, scowling faintly but it was mostly filled with worry as he glanced between Roxy and the holographic screen before him. "This dude is astute... What do we do about him?" He asked, a bit tense but despite the fact that he could blame whoever was behind 'wanderingFragment' for suggesting it... Roxy was obviously in the wrong since she didn't heed the guy's last words on personal safety. Probably too curious and excited in trying to steal some anti-matter.

Look how that went.

"I say we start speaking with Mr. Wandering on a more, ah, what was it? - Er, on a more, 'down, low'? Kind of thing. It seems that our previous posts and replies to him are gaining quite the attention, I erm, and I don't think it's the good kind." Jake said, looking through his own hologram of screen.

John made a complicated face before sighing and nodding. "Yeah, from now on we're going to communicate with Mr. Wandering a secret, private. I'll have Roxy delete the last posts and cover things up. *After* she gets better." He said, not only that, they also needed to do a background check on wanderingFragment.

What they would find out surprise them, and intrigue them.

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“She did *what?!* ” Wander had to rub his eyes underneath his glasses from Eric’s masculine shout of concern. Reporting the fact that Void had gotten injured in an apparent self-experiment from trying to create- no, Breath had said *steal* and wasn’t that interesting on itself?- fucking *Anti-matter*.

“An... *unfortunate* thing but it seems that they are able to treat her, if their words about their medical resources are correct then hopefully Void is able to make a full recovery with no problems.” Wander told him, his expression pinched as he said so. Out of everything that had happened, he really hadn’t expected for Void to do such a thing.

What in the world had she been thinking?

Eric was almost grasping at the straw from the information, his parental instincts making him very concerned over the state of Void, the urge to find them spiking from this one event. “We really need to find these kids, it’s clear that they can’t take care of themselves!”

The scientist before him barely repressed the action of rolling his eyes, “That may be but it is very clear that we won’t be able to find them without them *letting* us find them. I want to find them as much as you do Eric but at the moment we can only wait and see, I will be steadily building a connection and trust between myself and the Aspects. And from there, I can only hope to persuade them to let us help them.” He said, it was the logical thing to do but damn if Eric didn’t hate it.

These teenagers were out there, dealing with monsters and life, *recklessly experimenting* with their powers *on their own*- What the fuck were PM and Mayor doing? Weren’t they suppose to be their guides? Or was it restricted to one person only each Exile? Mayor had been Breath’s guide but now that Space was gone, who was PM’s? Dammit there were more and more questions everyday- and they couldn’t do *anything* about it.

Wander was right, the only thing they could do right now, was wait.

And Eric Valiant hated it so fucking much.

As a father, he was conflicted, as a general, he was conflicted.

The Aspects may be powerful but they were still teenagers that needed supervision. At the moment, they had little to none supervision. Mayor and PM were still unknowns to them and they had no idea what to think about them.

Also things weren't adding up with the Aspects. It was clear that they had families, they had firmly confirmed it various times- there was a chance that they were lying about that but then there was also a chance that they weren't. If they had families, how had those families dealt with their disappearance? Their reappearance?

The theory of the other Aspects being the *original Aspects*, aka, their predecessors, parents and siblings and such, what had happened them? And what about their other families? The ones that didn't have powers? What about them?

Again, more and more questions were being added into the huge list that was entirely pinned towards the Aspects. They could only take the small clues that the Aspects were leaving, piece things together as much as they could and hope they were hitting gold.

Hopefully Wander would be able to break through with the Aspects, or at least coax more and more information from them as time came by.

And hopefully, that time would be soon. Eric didn't know just how much of this he could take.

Hours later, Wander would note that his previous posts and asks that were made public were wiped cleanly from the accounts. But the private replies were kept. It looked like that the teenagers were finally taking some intuition. Wander had been annoyed and concerned over the fact that they were freely giving their information to the world without a thought but there might be just something else to it, something that he hadn't seen yet but and the moment, it seemed that his posts were wiped as if they never existed.

Checking more into it, anything else pertaining to it, like posts relating to them were also dealt with. The amount of hacking skills that were needed



for such a thing was terrifying. Void seemed to have recovered and had swiftly dealt with things with her superior hacking skills.

He wondered about that, where she had she learned such skills? Was she a genius? Were they all geniuses? They were all trained in combat, no matter how strange some of their combat skills were, hammers? Sickles? Swords? At least Void and Hope were more modern with their gun skills, and even then, *where* had their gotten their skills? Their supposed but also obviously superior technology? Their predecessors? The exiles? So many questions, so little answers.

If they had found Void's identity, even if she *didn't* have powers, no doubt the government would turn their eyes towards her hacking skills alone. In their current modern era, such skills were invaluable. Though it also made him wonder about the others, what skills did they have? Didn't Void mention that she and Breath were adept with biology? What did that entail?

The answer he would get later on would stun him and also intrigue him.

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***let the aspects say fuck karen @corvidcomedia hey hey hey***  
*@ActualAspects would it be weird if people cosplayed as y'all? asking for a friend (its me i'm the friend).*

***Time @ActualAspects Sure. We don't mind cosplays, in fact that'd be fucking amazing really.***

***@Anonymous asks Since it has been brought up a few times, what makes the green imps more dangerous than the others?***

***@ActualAspects This will probably cause some panic but those imps are actually Uranium Imps. They're a bit radioactive and more powerful than any other imp or monster type, if you find a green imp or a green monster in general...***

***Run the fuck away. Leave. Do your fucking best to get away.***

***Brash but yes, you have to flee the other direction. The radiation is small but we have no idea what will happen if you stay around them for long term. Also, please do not touch the green rocks they leave behind, those are***

uranium, and not the normal type. Only we can get rid of those so please, leave them alone.

***@GambleGork asks** i swear everyone being lgbtwhatever is kind of wierd. i mean just statistically speaking its suspicious. are you faking it for more attention or what*

***@ActualAspects** Not faking it, in fact Blood and I used to date before this happened, we broke it off long ago though.*

*I realized what a fucking idiot he was and that he only reminded me of someone I missed too much, he realized he had a passing infatuation with me so we broke off. Strange shit really, I used to bully Breath, Time, Space, got a crush on all three, ended up dating Time and then broke it off. Breath at the time thought he was straight and had no feelings for me so yeah. Fuck you for thinking we're using it for more attention. I could care less for whatever bullshit attention we get from you shitheads.*

*Blood please be less crass to the dear populace of the internet.*

*I make no fucking promises.*

***@Anonymous asks** Breath, your sister....she's gone? Do you ever miss her? And what about the others, were any of your siblings aspects, aspects that are now....not around anymore?*

***@ActualAspects replies** I do miss Space. I miss her and a lot of the other Aspects. She was amazing and powerful, it sucks she's not around anymore but at least I have Time and the others. And yes, she and our other siblings that were aspects aren't really around anymore. But we remember them fondly and make sure to protect our families now that they can't do it. We all lost someone, lots of someone.*

***@Ecto asks** Ok i understand how breath flies, he controls the wind, but how the heck do the rest of you fly.*

***@ActualAspects replies** Three words. Magic hero clothes. We can't fly without our hero clothing. Only Breath can do that. Like, the moment we get them on, we can fly wherever we want to! Though we can still use our powers to a lesser extent without them.*

**@realmtraveler asks** This may be a bit invasive but what is it like to be dead? What I mean is what happens to YOU during the time your body is dead Is it a calm time for reflection? A time of Terrible agony or do you get to meet the dead? you don't have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable

**@ActualAspects replies** Dying is simple, depending on how we die it's not much of a problem. We don't really feel any pain after we die, and most of the time we die quickly.

Yeah, like the last time where I broke my neck, it was quick so I barely felt anything!

Dying sucks but at least it isn't a pain, most of the time.

**@keplers-amnesty-lodge asks** okay so you said that some of you are related. if it's not too much trouble, could you share who's related to who? all the shipping is making me uncomfy with not knowing.

**@ActualAspects replies** Wink wink nudge nudge, double pistols and a wink ;].

Well, here's a little relieving tidbit, Blood is not blood related to us in any way whatsoever so ship away my dudes.

I'm going to kill Time for that, and the pun. Don't fucking ship away. I've got him! Don't worry everyone!

**@SweetFlipBro posted** ugh holy fucking shit are you guys believing this!?! These FREAKS AGAINST NATURE sure think they're hot shit don't they!?! I for one am not fucking fooled one bit, considering that these assholes know so much (suspiciously so!!) about all this physics breaking nonsense, obviously they're involved beyond "Fighting the good fight for the little people". Mark my words, nothing good will come from these bastards, no way they're going to listen to the law forever. The second their agenda diverges they'll do whatever the fuck they want, and who's gonna stop those super powered ass fucks then?

Here's a hint: we're all fucked till they're locked up.

#DownWithTheAspects #fuck these guys honestly #they're nothing but trouble waiting to happen #masquerading as innocent behind their accounts

**@Pizzakin reblogged** @SweetFlipBro OMG what are you talking about??? The aspects are doing GOOD DAMMIT!! I was there during that first rift, Time saved me!! Come one flip you can't honestly think this way D:> #The Aspects are heroes #and doing whatever they can #positive #god five years you know someone #then something like this happens and your like #did I ever know you? #I'm sad guys :( #flip was my first friend in such a long time #and now this

**@SweetFlipBro reblogged** @Pizzakin I do tho, and the fact that you seem to think otherwise is sending some unfortunate signs >:/ like come on pizza, we've been friends for years, I love you lots. But I'm not gonna let a fucking internet friend shame me into swallowing my opinion because "I'm causing a scene" #DownWithTheAspects #i see your emotional manipulation #you ain't slick asshole

**@YOLOSWAG reblogged** OMG I CANT BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING RIGHT NOW HONESTLY THIS PIZZA BITCH IS ON DRUGS RIGHT NOW. Anyway flip is right, nothing good is gonna come from a bunch of super powered freaks going around with no restraint. We can't locate them irl or online, and their powers mean that they do what they please and fighting against them is gonna end super not in our favor. Also pizza is obviously biased as shit #DownWithTheAspects #they're dangerous #fuck that pizza bitch too

@SweetFlipBro reblogged @YOLOSWAG Finally!! An actually thinking person in this conversation!! Thought I was the only one, thanks for the support bro!!!! #DownWithTheAspects #good to see fellow sane people

**@Pizzakin reblogged** OH WOW.

You know I expected this from you the least flip, does five years really not mean anything to you? Fine then, this hurts but I refuse to associate with someone that thinks this way about the Aspects. I'm sorry, please don't contact me anymore.

#The Aspects are heroes #and doing whatever they can #positive #also don't @ me to insult me #I don't want that #this is between me and flip

*[The post goes on quite a while, mainly against the the aspects but an uncomfortable amount of hate being thrown at user Pizzakin]*

**@Breath-x-Time reblogged** GUYS A FUCK TON OF THESE PEOPLE ARE STRAIGHT UP DOXXING AND HARASSING PIZZA!!! I'm a new friend of theirs and I've been in vain trying to distract them for hours from the god damn tsunami that's been hitting em and so many of the messages being left in their inbox are disgusting!!! You should all be straight up arrested leave them alone!!  
#guys send pizzakin some love #god help us from internet harassment #also fuck the asshole sending rape/death threats #you're all disgusting human beings

**@SweetFlipBro reblogged** Am I supposed to feel sorry for the little fuck? They got baby skin you could say their face looks kinda funny and you'll think they've been cussed out from the reaction. Can't take criticism? Then pizza should but the fuck out of these kind of conversations, simple  
#serves em right

**@Pizzakin reblogged** I'm done. God LEAVE ME ALONE DAMMIT I WANT OUT OF THIS FUCKING CONVERSATION JUST LEAVE ME BE ALRESDY!!?!?!  
#I'm leaving

**@ActualAspects reblogged** Oh wow.... This is bad :[[[  
Dude... Not cool. Really not cool.  
Poor Pizzakin, don't worry Pizzakin, don't listen to them, they're being a bunch of paranoid people. Humans fear what they don't understand... aand here comes Bloody boy for a rant.

**@ActualAspects reblogged** Usually I wouldn't let Blood rant like this but this time... I think I will allow it this time.  
What. The. FUCK. Look shithead or should I say SHITHEADS, I know you're fucking paranoid and hateful but fucking christ you're all being MORONS. Hate on us all you want but don't go hating on innocent bystanders, they've got nothing to do with this shit. You hate us. Who fucking gives a dog's single smelly shit. You're scared of us. Good. You should be. We're powerful, we can do shit YOU CAN'T DO. Be scared. Be

jealous. Be hateful AT US. Not at your damn own selves and others. At least this Pizzakin motherfucker can go against idiots like you, sure they lost but at least they tried. And don't call them babyskin, I'll show you fucking babyskin, they tried, they failed. Good for them. And for the record, if and ONLY IF we wanted to go against humanity. We would have already done so motherfucker. If you keep us down, we will not go peacefully. We will struggle, we will fight, we will do what we fucking have to. And also, 'fighting the fight for the little people'?? How stupid are you. The fact we're fighting, it's because of the goddamn rifts. We're not going around being heroes, that's not what we're trying to do. Breath, Void and Hope can be heroes, they're good for that but for me? For Time? If it weren't for the fact our family and friends are on this planet, if it weren't for the fact that those three soft hearted idiots actually care for this planet, Time and I wouldn't even fucking care. Being a hero is not our goal, it's not something we want, it's only a side effect in trying to deal with the bullshit that's happening to us. Call us whatever the fuck you want, heroes, villains, monsters, freaks of nature, abominations, faggots, attention seekers, things that shouldn't exist, aliens, WHATEVER THE FUCK. We. Don't. Care. We'll keep doing what we have to, because who the fuck can at this point? We didn't ask for these powers. We didn't ask to be born. We didn't want to die, to live, to survive past bullshit but here the fuck were are now. We earned so much, we loss so much, we gathered our powers and knowledge about the things that are coming out of the rifts back on in that hellish event just so we could end up here on this planet and for what? This? Rifts of our pasts? Internet bullshit over our lives? Hate on the internet? Motherfucking ha, ha, HA. Fucking think about this all, if we really were the instigators on this, what would be the point? Fame? Glory? WHO FUCKING CARES, I don't even know why I'm trying to rant, there will always be shits out there that'll think this is false, that everything we do has a secret bad motive against humanity. But at any rate. Fuck you guys. Just. Fuck you all.

**@Breath-x-Time reblogged** asfjfafjklgj?!?!? Oh wow you responded!!! Ahem, hey guys! Moxie here! Pizza has more or less abandoned their account :( they didn't delete it cuz they're attached to a whole bunch of the stuff on it but they won't be actually using it anymore. I told them about you tho!! And showed your response!!! They're crying all over again but it's happy tears now so hey silver lining, they want you to know that despite

*what happened they still support you all 100% :). You guys saved them and their family and help em feel a lot more comfortable about being pan. Thanks for your good work guys ^-^*

**@ActualAspects reblogged** It's nice to hear from them again! Hope they feel better about everything! Guys/Gals/Nonbinary Pals like them are all so awesome, thanks for the support! We don't really need it but it's appreciated!!

**~Private Inbox~**

**@wanderingFragment asks @breath**, Whilst you seem to mainly prefer close-ranged weaponry, further analysis of your fights point to you using your breath powers in battle, however not often. Is it perhaps because it takes a great deal of effort to do so, or perhaps it's less effective? That said; I've noticed you seem to use your powers as a blunt force tool, matching your hammer-shtick, but have you ever considered refining your control, to being able to make, say, sustained blades of wind? Hmm. I wonder what effect it would have? Could it cut through something, or simply splash off? In any case, i'm afraid i don't have much for your powers, relative to the others.

**@ActualAspects replies** I'm more comfortable with my hammers, it suits my fighting style but I could probably do that. My control over wind isn't the best so I should actually try to do that since bigger attacks do need my concentration. And yeah, wind is actually very powerful, before we came back, I made this huge tornado drill to get something that was buried deep into the ground, it was very effective so I should be able to make wind blades which sound very awesome!

Lmao Breath, you hypocrite.

What? I said he couldn't fill your head with ideas not mine! Besides, I'm not the one who overused their aspect trying to steal anti-matter!

**@wanderingFragment asks @void @breath** yeah, no... i'm with breath on this one.

*[John was snickering while Roxy pouted.]*

**@wanderingFragment asks @hope** Whelp. It's that time again, and I've my questions prepared. mostly. I need more data to procure a more accurate analysis of your powers, but this will do. I've noticed you've been said to having the power of a nuclear bomb. That takes care of the power bit, but what of the activation? @void said that you can 'help' the others with their powers, meaning you CAN access it, but only in a round about way, at the moment anyways. Now, as the other's names have had significant links to their powers (aside from @breath, but i suppose wind can count as the breath of the planet...), i can only assume hope is linked to the activation and nature of you power. I can safely assume the nature of this power is the empower those around you based on the comments i have read already, so i can skip that. That leaves activation. My current hypothesis is that the 'hope' aspect allows it's users to provide a variety of effects into existence. I would assume that others connected to the aspect would be capable of directly using the aspect to effect things directly, however you seem incapable of this.

This leads me to believe that there are two different 'types' of each aspect, which i will be naming passive and active for conveniences sake. You appear to be the passive type, whilst all the others of your group are the active types. This means one of two things; 1) Hope is a naturally passive aspect (unlikely) or 2) each of the aspects have secondary roles attached that dictate their use. I am currently leaning towards option two, as Time has referred to a 'Maid' and said she could do things he could not. I am uncertain the ... passiveness of each member's roles, but assume that most of them are active. Going back to hope, as he's been said to give energy to others i believe that is his main way of utilizing his aspect. Going off a hunch, i'd assume his ability to activate his powers lies in his belief (a rather obvious synonym for hope) in either himself, his powers, or others. The best way i can think of to increase his power output would be to simply increase his confidence in himself and others. @hope I'll be entirely honest, not much i can do here man, i'm honestly at a loss here.

**@ActualAspects replies** Egad. Well, you have a lot of things right there my friend, my powers aren't the most suited for straight on combat unfortunately, it's more suited for buffing and empowering my allies and friends. Though in a right pickle I can pack more than a punch. Understatement, he could overpower a two sun stars and come up on top



without trying.

That one didn't count technically.

Probably, it happened in another timeline and since he was still you the potential is really fucking there. Also, gotta say Wandering, you're a smart motherfucker. Can't wait to see what ya got for me.

***@wanderingFragment asks** @void @breath @hope @blood @time I've noticed you call the objects the monsters dropped 'Grist.' This gives me a hint to it's function, as 'Grist' is typically grain used to make flour. You've also said your weapons are unique, so i would assume 'Grist' is a key part of their creation. This implies that you have ways to shape the 'Grist' to a more usable form. If you don't mind my asking, what are the limits to this... lets go with alchemy, the art of turning one thing to another?*

***@ActualAspects replies** Haha man, we've been wondering more and more about you Wander man. For terms sake, we call it 'alchemizing', so yeah, alchemy ain't too far off the spot.*

*Yeah, you're scary smart. But anyway, the limits to alchemizing things with the grist is how much it costs, what tools to use and generally if it's possible to get it right on the first bat.*

*Yeah, we've had a couple of duds created from our tries in coming up with a new weapon.*

***@ wanderingFragment asks** @void i'm not listin you all out again, deal with it. Anyways, What are the limitations of the process? Anyfin you cant alchemize? More specifically, organic matter?*

***@ActualAspects replies** We definitely can't alchemize anything living, well, we can like, make and duplicate food but it's not really like actual food. It almost always tastes off so we don't do that often. Anything else that's not organic though is fair game. Depending on how much it'll cost of course.*

---

Over the time that Wander continued to ask the Aspects with their powers, getting answers and more questions- at this point it was somewhat normal now, an annoying normal but hopefully that could be resolved if he continued to establish a solid connection with the Aspects.

No doubt that they've decided to check on him using Void's computer skills, she could easily view his file no matter how encrypted it was- something that a many government officials recognized and feared, the fact that Void is an exceptional hacker was finally getting to his superior's minds and it would cloud them with fear and more interest.

They really needed to get the Aspects on 'their' side, is what they were probably thinking. Another thought was to detain the Aspects, try to control them directly and honestly that made Wander both laugh and cringe.

Looking back to the 'Pizzakin' incident on tumblr, he no doubt knew the outcome on what would happen if they would try to subdue and try to control the Aspects. Blood was certainly emotional and protective but he had many a point, and revealed certain things.

It seems that Blood and Time were the less moral two of their 'heroic' group while Void, Breath and Hope were the most moral. Which made sense but it was also a problem.

Should Breath, Void and Hope change their ways, or if their worldviews were shattered and twisted, it was no doubt that Time and Blood would follow them whatever path they would choose. It wasn't something that was likely but it was *possible* and boy was that uncomfortable.

These teenagers had the powers to destroy the world, and the idiots on the internet were lucky that three of the Aspects were morally sound. If not...

Wander had to suppress a shudder that threatened to go down his spine. With Breath's ability to control the air, the fact he admitted to making a *tornado drill*, the amount of power behind that... Not even that though, he could simply *withdraw* the air, chocking them all-

Blood's possible blood control, controlling their movements-

Void summoning or rather 'stealing' as Breath insists, Void stealing something particular dangerous from the void like a nuclear bomb-

Hope's potential to *being* that nuclear bomb-

Time's control over the timeline-

Humanity couldn't afford to let these teenagers do as they pleased, but they also couldn't afford to offend them whatsoever.

They were all lucky that they were teenagers, and also unlucky that they were teenagers. So hormonal, going through puberty and emotions and life...

Wander sighed, he was beginning to develop a habit of rubbing his eyelids from this whole ridiculous situation.

He went to check his personal phone, reading through the messages that were sent to it with bored eyes, pausing slightly at a certain number. He hadn't heard from his cousin in a while, if he remembered correctly he now had two sons to his name, remarkable really.

Maybe when things stabilize, and when he's made significant progress, he could go visit his cousin. He hasn't seen him in more than a decade, not to mention the others. He wondered on how they were all before shaking his head and pocketing his phone, though he took it out again to set himself a reminder to respond to the message.

Alpheus was certainly going to be pleasantly surprised to hear from his long distance cousin so soon after he had sent his message.

---

A certain loudmouth was cursing in surprise once Roxy had finally gotten the profile of 'wanderingFragment' up.

What. The. Fuck???

---

"So?"

"So wwhat?"

"What's the situation on your cousin dumbass."

“Ondine, I havven’t talked to Wander in years, I havve no idea wwhat’s he’s up to in his position in the govvernment.”

“Well get an idea, I’d like an insight on what the big fishes in the sea are doin’.”

“It is highly unlikely my cousin wwill be givving up information about the government to us.”

“Eh, we’ll deal with that trench when we get there.”

“You make less and less sense evveryday.”

“Fuck you Alphy.”

“Fuck you too Dine.”

---

## Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to both ApocalypseInspector for letting me use a bit of his fanfiction as well as to Roxas The Eldritch Chicken for letting me use Wander.

This has been more complicated than I thought it'd be jeez.

So, here we go! Back to the plot!

Also to let you guys know, I will OCCASIONALLY let a few social posts into the chapter, whenever it seems necessary or when I feel like it. There won't be another social focused chapter for a bit! Maybe in like, three chapters? Four or five? It'll all depend on the progress of the story!

But then again this story had a lot of plot into it, kind of.

ANYWAY! Next up, we focus a bit more on Dirk since I actually neglected to make a major scene on him in this chapter. Sorry Dirk :[

But next chapter we get to the DirkJake JakeKarkat KarkatSollux drama! I think. Who knows. I'll try.

See you all next time!

OH WAIT THERE'S MORE

I'VE GOT A SERVER! An actual server! Come join us!

[Pyros Hydros Stories](#)

Come join the server to talk or do more! Make headcanons, fanart, prompts, the whole shebang! It's been pretty fun -a bit insane from time to time- in there I'm not going to lie! See you all either in the next chapter or in the server :D

# Forming Connections (1)

## Chapter Notes

Just realized something.

I'm at 30 Chapters. *30 CHAPTERS* and about 176000+ words here.

I am in shock and awe from how far I've come for this fic. And I'm nowhere near finished to this just yet.

Welp, here's to the future and for the ending of this fic and any other story I was stupid enough to make while making this fic!!

Also not much action in this, more filler ish but it gives more light to General Eric Valiant and Wander a bit! Next chapter there will be more action though! And yeah, noticed the whole To Live Series did you? More on that in the end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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"This Wander fuck is *Eridan's cousin?!?*" Karkat shrieked as he looked up at the files that Roxy had dug up on the person that was behind the 'wanderingFragment' account that they had been frequently talking to. "How the fuck is that possible?!"

They were all gathered in the main meeting room of their base, each sitting in their respective chairs, though Karkat had slammed his hands on the table and stood up in the light of the information that Roxy managed to get over the scientist that had recently taken to contacting them. Inciting their curiosity and now, their disbelief, mostly Karkat's though since it impacted him much more than the others.

Eridan didn't have cousins! Neither did any of the other Amporas! At least, that was back when they were trolls, cousins simply weren't a thing between

trolls. But then again, this was a new universe and they were all humans now...

Still, it made no sense!

John had been frowning over the newest information they had, "I don't know but what do we do now? He's the cousin of your friend Eridan and he's connected to the government, what should we do about that?" He asked, looking at his teammates and friends. This was an unprecedented situation that they were in, they didn't think that they'd have *other* relatives here, they didn't right?

...

They'd have to get Roxy to do a familial search. But that was for later, for now they had to focus on 'Wander Ampora' that was Eridan's uncle and cousin. Supposedly he was Alpheus' cousin, but later on after Karkat prodded Eridan for some information he'd find out that Wander was really close to Alpheus back in their childhoods, close enough to be called brothers, they even looked oddly alike- though he looked like more than Eridan than Alpheus strangely enough. Only, more mature and pretty smart since he became a government-supported scientist.

He was also the reason that they had discovered the government's newest branch group, a group that was supposed to be connected to them. The Aspects. Either as glorified babysitters or something, but either way, this Government Aspect Branch *had* to talk to them, contact them and so far their tries were mostly failure since they had never stayed after a fight and their attempts to hack into their servers failed... Yeah, Wander was the only successful contact so far.

Well, as successful as to asking questions about their powers can be. At least he wasn't a heartless scientist, he seemed actually concerned when Roxy overdid it with her powers, granted it was by his question but she had really fucked up in not listening to him in the end and trying to experiment on her own.

At any rate though... The question still stood, what should they do about him?

"We should keep talking to him." Dave suddenly piped up, blankly reading through Wander's information that was shown on the holographic screen in front of them.

Karkat scowled at him, eyes squinting, "And why the fuck should we do that? He's with the stupid human government!" He pointed out, they were all wary over the human government, paranoid as fuck over their situation. They had been from the start when they found out they retained their powers from the game, they know how dangerous they were to the normal humans of this Earth and to the governments of it. That paranoia didn't exactly die down when Roxy had died on *public television*. Their immortality was out in the limelight along with their powers, what kind of scientist wouldn't want their grubby mitts on them? They definitely didn't want any bad experiments used on them thank you very much.

"I know that, but he doesn't seem like the type of Frankenstein scientist or whatever. Plus, the guy's an anomaly, we have no idea where he came from and as far as we know he's the only anomaly like this. We should be keeping an eye on him." Dave persuaded, motioning back to the stoic-faced picture of Wander Ampora on the file. The resemblance between Eridan and him was uncanny.

Karkat pursed his lips with a sour look, he had a point. They had no idea where this guy came from, whether or not he was a byproduct of this new universe- they had no idea. They couldn't really ignore him, not with how he was asking questions about them and the fact he was *Eridan's 'cousin'*, they had to come across him at some point.

"... Fine."

---

Dirk was *not* sulking.

He wasn't.



No matter what his brothers were saying or anyone else said. He *wasn't sulking*.

So what if Jake is bisexual.

So what if Jake had a boyfriend.

So what if Jake was bisexual and had a boyfriend and hadn't told them anything about his boyfriend.

So what.

It didn't concern Dirk in the slightest.

Nope.

Not one bi-

"Face it Dirky, you're sulking." Dave deadpanned to him bluntly one day as he hung out in his little brother's room, laid down on his bed while Dirk diligently and silently worked on his computer. Dirk twitched as Dave's voice made him mistype the line of programming that he had been working on, "And you're sulking about Jake." He said bluntly, causing Dirk to mess up a bit more.

"I am *not*-"

"You haven't talked to Jake ever since he announced Karkat's existence. You've pretty much been avoiding him." Dave interrupted him and pointed out with a straight and serious face. "Face the facts Dirk, you're sulking about Jake and his new boyfriend Karkat."

Dirk whirled on his spinny-chair to face his brother, a scowl on his face. "I am *not*, I don't even like Jake that way!" He replied with a petulant tone that had Dave snorting. He ultimately falters underneath the deadpanned stare that he gets from his older brother, he didn't! He really didn't, he wasn't *gay*, he...

Dave both mentally and physically counted off with his fingers, '*Five, four, three, two... one.*' He snapped his fingers and pointed at Dirk who let out a miserable groan, "There we go." He said with a small sense of satisfaction. Was this how Rose felt when she finally got it through his head he wasn't as straight as he thought he was? Sure he had thought Karkat was attractive, the guy was both cute as a troll and a human but it didn't compare to his own boyfriend John but still. The gay was really genetic in their family, and Dave was calm and stable enough to somewhat confidently bet that Bro himself was gay as well. Or at least bi and leaning more to the side of males like the rest of them.

"Oh god I am gay for Jake." Dirk groaned into his arms, his line of code pretty much messed up as he had folded his arms on his keyboard and mashed random letters, symbols and numbers into the code line he had been so focused on earlier. Or at least, attempted to focus on to distract himself from the fact *he was gay*, he was *gay for Jake*, and he was gay for Jake *who has a boyfriend*.

The Knight of Time lounged back on his little brother's soft bed, "Took you long enough to realize." He said aloud, unperturbed by Dirk's great revelation of his own sexuality and romantic circumstances.

Dirk only groaned before he paused and slowly looked at Dave, "What the fuck did you say." He said with a blank face even though his mind was racing, did... Did his brother just imply he *knew* Dirk was gay? And for *Jake*? ***Had he really been that obvious???***

Dave saw his blank look and smirked, "I said 'took you long enough to realize'." He repeated himself, sitting up to look at Dirk dead in the eye through their shades, "What? Think your older brother couldn't see how hooked you are to Jade's little bro bro? Dude, you are an open book- well, to me at least. Other people probably don't know. Probably." He told him, amused as he saw Dirk's pale face.

"I uh- but...."

Dave pursed his lips and sighed, his face softening slightly from his amusement and seriousness, "Nothing's wrong with liking dudes dude,

especially if *you're* liking dudes. Any guy would be lucky as fuck to have you after him." He said smoothly, grinning at Dirk and encouraging him.

This Dirk didn't have years of solitude to think about his sexuality, he actually grew up in a somewhat normal society and was influenced by that society, and even though it had exceeded the original end of the world date of John's birthday April 13th 2009, it was still somewhat in a way where being gay was complicated but at least it was more accepted than it did from years earlier.

Dirk wasn't in a society where that society was destroyed and no one cared about sexuality anymore, and he didn't even remember shit so it wasn't strange to see Dirk being a bit uncomfortable with the fact he was gay was known and acknowledged.

At least he wasn't thinking of doing anything about Karkat. Yet.

The younger Strider hesitated, "You really don't mind?" He asked, a strange look on his face as he glanced at Dave who just continued to leisurely hang out on his bed. "That I'm apparently gay?" He still wasn't sure but he never really had any actual interest in the female body, something he noticed and noted from time to time but never took seriously. Now that he was thinking about it, he paid more attention to boys *and* to Jake more often than not.

Oh god.

He *was* gay.

Dave apparently didn't care and was even kind of supportive, "Nah." He said, shaking his head as he went to look over at the ceiling, "Like I said, being gay ain't bad dude, s'long as you don't be an asshole." He then snickered, "Just take it in the asshole dude, not be one."

Dirk groaned and threw a balled up paper ball at his brother, face colored slightly as he did so, "Dude! Gross! No!" He complained while Dave laughed.

From outside Dirk's room, Bro smirked, leaning against the wall as he listened to both his brothers converse within Dirk's room. He had been about to go in to tell them something but then he heard the topic of their conversation and couldn't help but eavesdrop to learn what was going on. The topic had been Jake and his new boyfriend Karkat, old man Jacob had told them all about the news, Roxanne was both delighted and disappointed, secretly 'shipping' both Dirk and Jake and honestly Bro had expected them both to hook up in the end after Dirk realized his sexual preference.

It was clear to the adults that Dirk had held a certain infatuation with Jake before everything happened, the boy couldn't even realize his own pining and honestly it was both cute and hilarious, cute to Roxanne, Jacob and Jack but hilarious to Bro. Bro didn't mind Dirk having an interest in another person that was the same gender- hell, *he* was gay. He hadn't told his brothers about that, yet, a bit nervous on how they would react but it looks like he had nothing to worry about.

Which should have been obvious since they were *his* brothers, of course they'd be cool with homosexuality and everything. Bro had raised them right after all, and they had grown up open-minded.

Though he was a bit surprised that Dave had pointed out to Dirk being gay so early, which kind of made sense but what if the kid was bi-curious? Or bi? Not gay? Also that made him question whether or not his little brother was bi or something, Dave had dated girls before, he had seen him make out with one one time...

Hm, that was something for another time he supposes, it didn't really matter right now.

"Okay, so apparently I'm gay and I'm gay for Jake. Now what? He has *Karkat* now." Dirk grumbled, arms cross and leaning back on his chair, he ground out Karkat's name roughly, a sour taste in his mouth at just acknowledging the fact the guy he just realized he was crushing on was now taken.

Dave snorted then shrugged, "Dunno dude, but acknowledging the fact you like Jake is healthy or something, denying shit like that isn't good. I have no

idea what to do about Jake and Karkat being together, almost unbelievably enough." He added underneath his breath even though he knew full well that they were only moirails. Though Dirk wouldn't understand that at the moment. "They're pretty close, but not as close as you and Jake." He added.

Dirk sat up in attention, "You know Karkat?" Dave seemed to imply it, "You *knew* about Karkat??" He asked, annoyed.

"Do I know Karkat? Yeah, did I know he and Jake were dating? Nope. It pretty much surprised me as much as you guys were when Jake let down that bomb on us, my mind was blown, didn't think they'd be together." In terms of being moirails, Karkat had a rough exterior and Jake was a British-like dork like John, who wasn't British-like but he was a dork. Though it seemed that they were pretty good moirails, Jake could calm Karkat down pretty well and Karkat could encourage and take care of Jake as well as Jake took care of him.

It was surprising at first but now it was cool, good for them for using each other as a stable foundation for each other. If they didn't have each other, it would definitely be harder in living in this life. It was hard enough for Karkat to deal with the fact he was alone in this situation but thanks to Jake, he could deal with it fairly well.

"Tell me about him, now." Dirk demanded, scooting close to his bed where Dave continued to lay and relax on, seemingly uncaring to Dirk's turmoil- his little brother was crushing on his best friend who had a boyfriend, what big brother *wouldn't* help their little brother with their problems?

Bro was also curious as to what Dave knew about Karkat and stayed to listen, the master of eavesdropping and silentness, he was a goddamn ninja,

Dave snorted, "Fine, why not." Might as well indulge his Dirk some information on Karkat.

Maybe emphasize that Karkat and Jake weren't as close as Dirk and everyone else thought they were, it'd be hell later on but hey, he was Dirk's big brother and he had to be a good big brother. Like Bro, *this universe's* Bro, not the one that... not the one that originally raised Dave.

Who knows, maybe this Bro was supposed to be *his* Bro but then that dumb fucking and terrifying puppet Cal ruined everything.

Speaking of said puppet, Dave should burn the empty thing.

Just in case.

---

~~The puppet was long gone before he realized it though.~~

---

Eric Valiant was stressed and tense beyond measure, the fact that the government was bearing down on him to make contact with the Aspects was *not* helping, *neither* was the theories that were popping up here and there, just everywhere around him.

Wander is at least helping him, making a more solid connection with the teens, hopefully they'd be able to *finally* help the teens or at least supervise them when the time came. God he was so glad his friend had accepted his request into becoming the head researcher of their branch, transferring from the weapons branch wasn't easy for the both of them but it was so worth it. Maybe.

They had a few solid theories so far about the Aspects, some may be more valid than the other but at times they would have to rewrite either parts of it or *all* of it whenever the Aspects released new information about themselves. Not a lot of those theories sat well with Eric, the theory of the other aspects being parents and were inherently wiped out by some third party or by each other.... Eric was having a hard time quelling his parental side whenever he thought about the darker theories that they thought of for the Aspects.

"You definitely need a vacation Eric, all this stress and worrying is not healthy for you, I think I can see some grey hairs there." Wander said one day, glancing over to his friend who was taking a break from the dreaded form of paperwork that plagued his desk for the past few days. "Or at least a break from the overbearing superiors that are our bosses."

Eric groaned, "Maybe, but you know I won't be able to do that until I have progress." Yeah he really wouldn't be able to take a vacation until he got *something* for the government and his superiors.

Wander hummed, nodding in agreement as he continued to tap into his tablet, "Good point."

The general sighed before glancing over to the scientist, "What are you asking this time?" He couldn't help but question. Without answering himself, Wander stood up and handed over his tablet to show him, looking thoughtful.

---

**wanderingFragment** asks @time OK. Been a minute, but i have a few queries for you, mate. First; Extent of time powers, is it localized on yourself, or can you affect other beings/objects. If this is the case, there are a few uses that spring to mind, first and foremost are the combat capabilities, both active and passive. Actively, shooting object/being forward/backwards in time. This has depends on how far you can send somefin along the time-line; small jumps will allow for some crowd control, while long jumps will allow for complete annihilation of said object/being as you send it far enough back/forward to where the earth doesn't exist/is consumed by the sun. Passively capabilities include sending versions of yourself/whoever comes along/objects back in time for short hops, allowing for multiple versions of time to occupy the same time-period at once, allowing for one man to become an army. The issue with this is if one version dies, as it would screw up the time-line and likely cause a paradox where the versions after him could not appear as the person was too dead to do so.

Now, non-combat capabilities involve sending objects back in time, so they can be recovered after so long. Sending a phone back in time about a day to be charged in seconds comes to mind.

I'll likely have more later, but for now i have to finish another experiment. It shows particular promise...

**ActualAspects replies** Is it my turn now, it's my turn now. Nice. Okay, so let's see here... So I can see where you're going here dude but it's not really like that. Yeah my powers are mostly centered around myself, though I can use it on other people on a limited way. I can't really send people back in time, not on their own, and not unless the timeline allows it, I have to make a centralized time loop which is fucking annoying to do at times but it's also risky since if I do it there's a chance where I and the person I'm traveling with end up dead because we did it in the first place. Timelines are finicky and trying to keep them in check and stable is hard work. If I time travel back to an event which was *not* suppose to happen then that version of me that went back ends up dead and creates a branch which is not really good sometimes for the Alpha timeline, aka, the main timeline where we're all in. Also I can't time travel that far back into the past where the Earth didn't exist and stuff like that, I can only time travel back to when I existed within the timeline, any further back and I risk that timeline but maybe there'll be an event where I *have to* go back to a time where I didn't exist, who knows, not currently me. Paradoxical events are swiftly dealt with in the form of, if the me of the future went back in time to where I wasn't supposed to time travel too, that me dies almost immediately and will not revive despite the fact they haven't done anything good or bad. I can't stay much in the past and traveling to the future isn't really good. But yeah, I can also do that one man army thing, in either way, I can make a time loop where I help myself out in the past or purposefully screw up the timeline and become a 'Doomed Time' where I always end up dying from. I remember Maid doing something like that, gathering Doomed versions of herself back then during her and Blood's final Trials.

Yeah, turns out there were a lot of timelines where me and my teammates fucked up and she ended up surviving so she went back in time to help us as an army of herself during the last battle we had during our main trial. I on the otherhand don't really do that, gathering Doomed versions of myself, too much of a hassle. Sides, Dead Time is the enemy here. Yeah! Dead Time is the enemy, if something happens and Time ends up dead for no reason whatsoever and without the sound of the Clock of Judgment, then it's a Doomed Time who came from a doomed timeline and died because he has no purpose and the timeline wants to prevent paradoxical events or wants to prevent its own ending existence. You won't believe on how much that happened before, but thankfully we



haven't seen any Dead Times anywhere so that's good!  
Doomed Timelines always make us confounded and confused.

---

Eric sucked in a deep breath, Wander accepted the offered tablet from Eric.

"... *Doomed timelines and Dead Times...*" Eric repeated with a dull tone. Wander could only nod with a blank smile, his exact feeling to the new information that was presented to them.

The fact that there were '*doomed*' timelines- well, it confirmed Wander's theory of multiple timelines but the fact that some of those timelines, or maybe the *rest* of them were doomed... not really a good one, were *they* in a doomed timeline? Or in a future doomed timeline? It was something that normal people didn't like to think.

Still, Wander's mind was going a hundred miles per minute, nitpicking every detail from the answer he was given from the message. But he wasn't lost to the repercussions of his questions to his friends and to the Aspects, the giant question of '*What the fuck happened to them*' was growing even larger now.

Wander had to take a moment to take his glasses off, to pinch the bridge of his nose as he tried to calm his thoughts. More questions, less answers, the possibility of an actual *linear* storyline to the Aspect's background- He was beginning to feel just as stressed as his friend here which was not a good thing. Wander liked to think himself as a laid back but also hardworking kind of individual, one that could relax and not worry too much and usually doesn't stress over things so seriously, being so stressed after all could affect his work ethic and the result of an experiment so the trope of 'being overworked to the point of exhaustion' didn't stick to him, not often anyway, he made sure to manage his time and properly deal with whatever strife and stress that might plague him during work whenever he could.

However, this was not something he could deal with on his own, not until they got into personal contact with the Aspects.

Wander's attention was soon taken by Eric who straightened in his seat and looked at him with a very serious look, "How long do you think is it until you can ask them to meet us and that they'll actually agree to it?" He asked bluntly, the urgency of making a connection grew more and more, Wander was kind of worried that this was the tipping point for his friend but he knew Eric Valiant better than that. Oh no, this was only the beginning.

"It'll depend entirely on them on the matter, whether or not they find me continuously interesting as well as friendly enough to talk to on a regular basis. They've answered my questions in a timely manner so they've definitely labelled me as something of their interest and attention. If not, they would have ignored me and refused to answer my questions long ago." Wander answered patiently, "Though I will do my best into gaining more and more of their opinion, I won't promise that it will be a swift process." He warned, making General Valiant nod grimly.

Between a general and a father, Eric Valiant was good as both, his own son was growing quite well and even though his father was often at work Eric made sure to let him know that he cared and loved his son. Being a parent himself affected his views on the Aspect and he was starting to unwittingly see them as his own children despite the fact that they had never personally met before, he couldn't help it, seeing the five teens on their own and being in charge of the branch that was supposed to look out for them- At least it was *him* and not any other General that would see them in another light. But nonetheless, despite that General Eric Valiant knew where the line ended and could perfectly function like a responsible adult and as a general of the military government, he just preferred to see the Aspects as empowered children in need rather than weapons, sure they were dangerous but every human was dangerous in their own way.

Wander was honestly glad that he was in charge of this branch and preferred Eric Valiant over any other general that *could've* been in charge. Call him biased but his friend was perfect for the job and really, despite the building stress, Wander found himself enjoying being part of the branch.

It was a laid back military group, the people were familiar with each other and were courteous and polite, friendly even but when the time came they

would all become professionals just like Eric and provided to the best of their abilities.

Plus the fact Wander could get along with the scientific group of the branch was a good bonus, there were good people in this branch, mostly picked by Eric himself so that things could go efficiently.

Eric sighed and nodded, "It's better than nothing. I'll try to hold the superiors off for as long as I can but we still have to make progress with the Aspects here. Do what you can Wander." He said, eyes stern and back stiff, worthy of his rightfully earned job.

Wander smirked, "What do you take me for old friend? If I say I can do it then I'll do it, just give me enough time and I'll give you progress." He replied, nodding.

They've been friends since college, went to the military around the same time but in different branch, and despite the brief separation, they had stayed in touch and stayed as close as they were back in college when Eric drank himself silly due to his girlfriend breaking up with him and his late sexual realization and Wander had to tough him up and drag him back to their dorm room for some comfort.

Though, for some reason, the thought of separation and staying in touch made him think about his cousin. Alpheus Ampora. They had been close when they were younger but Wander couldn't remember why they had drifted apart before he went to college, didn't Alpheus go to the military as well? Into the marines if he remembered correctly?

Yeah, he should really reconnect with his family, he's been so out of touch with his cousin he had missed the births of his nephews/little cousins!

...

Actually, *when* were they born?

And who was their mother?

...

..

.

"Wander?"

Violet eyes blinked, snapping out their daze, "Huh? Yes?" He asked, feeling a strange headache settled over his head. He found Eric looking at him with questioning and slightly concerned eyes. "What is it Eric?"

Eric frowned, "Are you alright? You've been quiet for a few minutes now." He said and Wander checked the time, looked like he blanked out for almost five minutes. Strange but not exactly uncommon, he got lost in his thoughts again. Probably. He can't really remember. Maybe he should take a break.

"Yes, take a break, you've been blanking out quite a bit now a days." Eric encouraged startling Wander a bit, "You were muttering out loud again." Ah, then he was more tired than he thought.

Wander slipped his glasses back on and nodded, "Yes, I think I'll go take a break. Maybe nap for a little, excuse me then General." He said, giving him a slight wave goodbye before walking out of the General's office, Eric's faint words of farewell as well as words of concern and support came from behind as he closed the office door. A nap sounded good to him at the moment, maybe take a few tablets for his headache.

He can't remember what it was that made him blank out and get lost in his thoughts though. Strange.

---

## Chapter End Notes

When it comes to self control it is clear mine is not that good since I now have two To Live AU fics at the side. It's not that bad but still. Bear with me, I'm going to see this through! Go check them out though if you're interested, they're linked in the To Live series now with this

fic as the first, How Impossible as the second and How Challenging as the third!

At any rate, mysterious circumstances are floating around Wander, just who is he?? Again, credit to Roxas the Eldritch Chicken on the discord server for letting me use his character! There's a lot in store for this story, as well as the others! Hope you enjoyed!

Next chapter will involve more troll time with Dammek and the others as well as a few other things. See you next time!

## Forming Connections (2)

### Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait, and I lied a bit on the focusing on the trolls bit-

I tried, I faced some writer's block for this. Well, 'some' was an understatement but I managed to get this out! Which certainly took a bit but hey! We're hopefully back on track!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

A week passed by for everyone.

While John and the others were living somewhat normal but also complicated lives, the pressure from the government began to bear down on Eric Valiant and the branch that he was in charge of.

They really couldn't afford to wait any longer, not with the paranoia that brewed among the superiors who were getting more and more impatient without contacting the Aspects. They viewed the Aspects as potential threats and they had every right to view them as such. The fact they were teenagers seemed to make it worse as well.

Eric wanted to curse the impatient fools but doing so would get him in trouble and with how things were, he couldn't do that. Wander wanted to do so as well but held his tongue for the same reason- they couldn't risk being booted off the group, not everyone was as sympathetic to the Aspects as they were.

So with the pressure bearing down on them all, and finally on Wander himself- he had no choice but to send a certain message to the Aspects.

---

***wanderingFragment@divineJourney.org*** @breath @blood as the two of you seem to be co-leaders, I decided to tag both of you for this. As I'm

certain your friend @void has made clear via the hackin of my accounts, kudos to you by the way, I work for the government. More specifically, I work for the joint government aspect task-force. We've been told to make contact with you all however we see fit. The others decided to go about attemptin to track you down via various ways, whilst I immediately logged onto Tumblr. Bein able to ask you questions and get satisfyin answers is simply a wonderful side-effect. Where was I? Ah, yes, task-force. Essentially, my superiors are gettin pissy. We'd like it if you would agree to a meetin or call of some kind. Our task force was designed solely to assist you in anyway you see fit, and to find new ways to prevent damage to the surroundin areas of the rifts.

Sincerely, Wander Ampora Mad Scientist

---

Though, *that* was on the more serious side of the week, one involved the Earth government.

On the less serious side, or at least, on one of the other less serious sides on the other hand...

---

timeausTestified joined the memo [ASPECTS: EXILES??]

AG: And I keep telling you guys, this Mayor guy could 8e a total fucking 8adass!!!!!!!!!!

PH: but he could also be this squishy lil guy that likes to, idk, stack things???

AI: Probably but AG has a point there

AI: We have no idea how what or who mayor and pm are

AI: But i do kinda lean on mayor being a badass

AI: He was the one to lead breath on his trials!!

PP: Quests

AI: Trials, quests same thing

AI: Man i had to change a few things from my fic to accommodate it

PH: hows that going by the way dan?

AI: It's going great!!

AI: Im kinda nervous though, bc i'm pretty sure one of the aspects is reading it

TT: Don't be nervous AI, you're doing great.

TT: Last chapter was really cool, the whole thing with the Guardians of the Aspects was amazing.

PH: ikr??

PH: also \*\*\*dramatic gasp\*\*\* one of the aspects is reading your fic??

PH: honestly i wouldn't be surprised

PP: Agreed

CB: Yep! I can't wait to read more about Time's awesome momma!

AI: Shhhh

AI: I'm doing okay, in all honesty i'd rather read more of Timeaus' fics

AI: And Ca

AI: Where is CA btw??

TT: Thanks dude, I think I can get the next snippet chapter thing out this week.

TT: Maybe.

TT: Also I think CA's dealing with romance problems?

TT: Last time I talked with him, he was dealing with his friend's romance problem thing.

AG: Yeeeeeeeep!

AG: CA and I are pretty much dealing with one of our friend's attitude to this whole thing.

AG: Apparently his crush now has a boyfriend and he's being a brat about it.



AG: A fucking sulking 8rat that won't stop glowering whenever we mention our friend's 8oyfriend.

AG: It was soooooooooo stupid!

AG: Our friend, CG, he didn't even tell us he had a 8oyfriend until recently!

AG: TA pretty much hates CG's new 8oyfriend.

PH: oof

PH: romance troubles

PP: oof, that's rough

CB: oof

AI: Yikes

TT: Oof

gardenGnostic [GG] is no longer idle!

GG: i'm baack! :D

GG: what's with oofs?

AG: Scroll up GG

GG: ooh

GG: oof :/

TT: Though I'd get pretty sulky too if my crush suddenly got a boyfriend out of nowhere.

TT: Reminds me that my best friend did just that.

TT: Boyfriend out of nowhere.

TT: We don't even know the guy, haven't met him yet.

AG: Oh god you too???????

GG: yep!

GG: my brother got himself a boyfriend and didn't tell us until like a while ago >:((

GG: it was sooo sudden!

PH: huh what a coincidence

eldritchChicken [EC] is no longer idle!

EC: Mates, gotta remind you that this section of the memo is for mentioning the exiles only?

EC: Take your romance troubles to one of the #generals

EC: Still though, oof.

eldritchChicken [EC] is idle!

CB: The chicken has spoken

CB: Move it guys

AG: Awwwwwwww

AI: Well he had a point, we should probably stop talking romance in here

AI: Unless we should talk about the possible romance between Mayor and PM??

GG: yes!!

---

Jade grinned, leaning back into her chair as the chat began to ramble on the possibility of Mayor and PM being romantically involved- or really, about any hypothetical relationship between the two very mysterious figures that were occasionally mentioned by her favorite heroes to ever exist.

Well- the only heroes to exist ever *in reality*.

And wasn't *that* a doozy? Kind of, it's been a while but the prospect of *actual* superpowered people existing in real life and not in comics, shows, and novels, Jade doesn't think that it'll ever get old for her.

But, with the Aspects in the spotlight, Jade wondered on what lied behind them, beyond them within the shadows? What had forged them into the people that they were today? Their origin stories? Everyone had one but the

Aspects one was very obscure, though with each little fact that the Aspects slipped and told, it slowly built up the scenario of what happened to them.

Jade wondered on why they were doing that, maybe Rose was right on her psycho-analysis on it being a small way of venting? Or whatever it was she said the last time they talked about the Aspects which had ended with her going on a small tangent on what state the minds of their heroes were in.

And so far, it was very concerning.

The Aspects had underwent a trial of their lives, a 'Quest' which included an 'Exile' which was what PM and Mayor were- there were thousands of speculations on who and *what* these two were, and how exactly they had managed to help the Aspects during their Quest. It exploded among the internet, especially the forums that were specifically theorizing on the Aspects.

There were a lot of questions for Mayor and PM on the Aspects main accounts of every platform, there were answers but still very vague and nothing really confirming so far. The other hot topic and main question for the Aspects were about the other Aspects, the other seven aspects that were... no longer with them.

Jade felt a small pang in her heart as she thought more about it, temporarily distracted by it entirely. She felt pity and empathy for what the Aspects must feel about their dead friends, there was something else there but she didn't really pay it any mind.

~~Goddammit, we're not dead! Well, we kinda died? In other timelines? But, we're still alive! AGH! DAMMIT JO#N!~~

Though unlike Mayor and PM's questions, the Aspects indulged the questions about the other Aspects. Kind of. They were still vague but they had a good grasp on what the other aspects were like. However it tended to be a bit confusing since there were more than one Aspect user?

But they definitely knew a bit more about their mysterious heroes.

Breath has- *had* a sister, a Space Aspect user. One of the three others. And the aspect of Space was the opposite of Time.

Time had a sister as well, a Light Aspect user, which was the opposite for Void.

Hope hadn't confirmed to having a sister yet, but his opposite was Rage.

Blood's opposite was Breath.

The terms of Aspects were all so interesting, she could get Time and Void being the opposites of Space and Light, it made sense, kind of- she would've thought 'Dark' was the opposite but then again that might've been a bit cliché... Void was so much more interesting. Hope and Rage? It made sense if she thought of Hope being comprised of positive emotions and Rage being comprised of negative emotions.

It was the Breath and Blood opposition that confused her slightly, how was Breath and Blood opposites to one another?

She's have to ask that next time.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock on her door.

"Hm? Come in!" She called out, clicking out the tab of pesterchum which was on the memo about the Aspects of PM and the Mayor- it was instinctual to do that for some reason, or maybe she was just a bit embarrassed by the contents of the chat now since it diverged into something a bit too salacious for her tastes- EC would no doubt step in soon to scold them and haul it into the memo section dubbed as the 'Red-Light-District', a place where the more NSFW discussions, art and other things were held in.

Her door knob turned and the door opened.

She smiled brightly as she found her grandfather standing at her doorway, "Grandpa!" She greeted happily with a small little wave, "What is it?"

Grandpa Jacob chuckled lowly, amused by his granddaughter's little wave, willing to nod and wave back in greeting. "Jade." He paused before looking at her with a slightly more serious look, "Have you seen your brother Jake? I've called him a few times within the house, he hasn't answered, I've checked his room and he wasn't there. Did he tell you where he's gone?" Jacob asked, waiting patiently even though worry tinted his face slightly behind his old glasses.

Jade blinked incredulously at the question, Jake wasn't in the house? Then- ooh wait...

"I think Jake snuck out to meet with Karkat." That was the only logical explanation that Jade could think of at the moment.

Jacob's face pinched when Jade said that aloud.

Now, he had no qualms with his grandson's sexuality- far from it, Jake probably got it from *him*, he had been quite the man back in his prime, judging no gender and courting whoever he wished and whoever was willing but he *was* slightly disappointed in Jake not telling him about Karkat.

Jake had his rights to keep information about himself *to* himself and all but it still stung a bit.

"Ah. Could you be a dear and confirm it with Jake pumpkin pie?" He asked Jade, soothing his nerves as he thought more on the reason of Jake's disappearance. Jake probably *did* sneak out to meet with his mysterious boyfriend- he should really be more adamant into meeting with the fellow who had managed to capture his grandson's attention sooner rather than later.

Jade was all too willing to do that, briefly smiling at the fond familial nickname her grandfather gave her before opening a pesterlog chat with her younger brother.

Who was seen to be idle.

It didn't take long however to show that he was now online, he answered her messaged and pretty much confirmed it with her.

"Yep! Jake's with Karkat! They're having a date!" Jade chirped, pausing as she reread her brother's message, "Well, he call it *hanging out* but- oh hey! He sent a picture! Grandpa look, we can finally find out what Karkat looks like!" She said excitedly, waving her grandfather over to her computer.

Jacob rose a brow and came closer, curious and eager to see the face of the boy who was Jake's boyfriend.

Jade clicked on the link and both Harley's saw the sent picture.

It was a selfie with Jake smiling softly at the camera and another boy who scowled into the camera, though his eyes were soft and he was giving Jake a hug on in the picture. The boy looked to be around Jake's age- or maybe he was older, you never know but at least he wasn't someone too old or too young for Jake. That would've been disastrous.

Jade burst out into giggles, "Oh wow! *That's* Jake's boyfriend? Karkat? He looks so grumpy!" She said through her giggling fit, for some reason finding it hilarious that someone who looked so grumpy ended up as Jake's boyfriend. Though it made her all the more curious as to who Karkat was exactly, maybe he wasn't actually as grumpy as he was in the picture? Yeah, she should really pester her brother into a personal meeting with Karkat sooner.

Her grandfather snorted, "Now now Jade, that's a bit of a rude thing to say- though I will admit, he certainly looks like a lad that doesn't smile that often." Or sleep, telling by the bags underneath Karkat's eyes. Perhaps the boy has some sort of insomnia, or a bad habit of not sleeping properly like a few certain other people that he knew of. He was totally not thinking about his dearest blond friends and their tendency to overwork and forego their schedules of rest and slumber.

Jade nodded, still giggling as she saved the picture, "I am so sending this to everyone else- they deserve to know what Karkat looks like too!" She said, telling both her grandpa and brother. Especially her brother. Naturally her

brother protested but gave up when Jade told him she had already sent the picture to the group memo that they were all in.

Though, it was last minute that she remembered that Dirk was in the chat and she winced a bit.

Maybe that wasn't a smart move she made but it was too late to take it back since Dirk had already seen it by now since he was online.

Whoops.

---

Jake let out a self-suffering sigh as he exited pesterchum despite the constant pinging that was coming from the group memo he shared with his friends and sister.

"Jade sent the picture?" Karkat said with a bemused look, moving his face away from Jake's shoulder to look at Jake's face as he kept clinging on to his moirail.

He got a nod in return as Jake threw his phone into his sylladex, "Jade sent the picture." Jake confirmed and laid back on their pile.

"I fucking told you not to send the picture you idiot."

"I *know* but we were so relaxed and it was on a whim-" Jake started but was interrupted by Karkat hitting his face with a balled-up sweater.

"Doesn't matter now shithead, too late to do anything about it." Karkat told him before letting go of him so he could stretch, he and Jake had been relaxing on the pile in Karkat's closet for an hour now, it was one of the laziest hours that Karkat ever had and it helped calm him greatly. Karkat had been worked up earlier, he had been making attempts to gradually be 'normal' around his now human friends. Ranging from hanging out and or talking to them more often on Pesterchum.

Mostly talking to them on Pesterchum. It was easier for him to be on Pesterchum because it required no social interaction other than to type

sentences into a keyboard and send it through a screen.

He'd been doing fine, the few hang outs were weird for him and probably for the others but he had been making progress, he couldn't really continue on with trying to avoid the others, especially his family and *Sollux* strangely enough. The ex-psionic boy was making so much effort in trying to spend some time with Karkat he actually felt a bit guilty in trying to avoid him and the others so often. Preferring to spend time with Jake, John, Dave and Roxy.

They were the ones that understood him the most, they were the ones who remembered just like him but he couldn't afford to keep ignoring the other side of his new life- not really, not unless *something* was done.

Though the semi-jokingly proposed idea of faking their deaths was swiftly shot down by John so Karkat couldn't really ignore his new human life as much anymore. John was even encouraging him to do be more 'social' and shamelessly guilt-tripping Karkat into interacting more with his friends and family, which pretty much worked much to his chagrin.

At least Jake was there helping with him.

Which was the main reason why Jake was here.

Karkat had been conversing with the others in Pesterchum within one of the memos they all shared, it had been going fine until nostalgia seemed to swept through the memo and they were all recalling memories of their childhood. Of bright moments that they all seemed to have shared-

Only, Karkat couldn't seem to remember them.

Not clearly.

Not as clear as before.

He couldn't-

All he could remember of *his* childhood, his *wrigglinghood*- was blood and fear.



Sure there were good highlights within his wrigglinghood but during the moment then he couldn't really remember those memories as clearly either, a sudden wave of bad memories came to mind, something that hasn't happened in a while.

Blood and fear.

While Sollux was remembering him and Karkat getting into all sorts of trouble; Karkat remembered hiding in his respitblock as one of his neighbors were killed in their very own lawnring.

While Nepeta was reminiscing on how they accidentally walked in to their parents that one time when they were too young to understand what sex was; Karkat was remembering the utter fear at the sight of the bucket-carrying drones that descended from above, thanking the skies and seas that he was still underage and not required to fulfill his quadrants.

While the others were laughing at their old little scrapes and injuries from when they were little kids; Karkat remembers the burning hot fear the moment he made a small cut on his skin and making sure that no one saw the vile cherry red liquid that pumped through his veins.

The very same cherry liquid he was now using and regularly bleeding over.

It worked him into a panic attack- or nearly if he hadn't been able to contact Jake in time.

Jake, his dearest moirail wasted no time into sneaking out of his house and sneaking into Karkat's.

And thanks to that, Karkat had managed to calm down and had spent the last hour being lazy on the pile, subsequently ignoring any other pesterchum attempts by his other friends who were confused as to why Karkat had left so abruptly in the middle of the memo. Though Karkat made sure to point out that he was fine, just that he had a headache and wanted to nap for a bit.

But, had Karkat stayed longer, had he been not as affected by his own troll-oriented memories- maybe he would've been able to find out about the small holes and inconsistent moments in everyone's reminiscence. He'd notice the small blank spots within his minds when he looked back at his human-oriented memories, and maybe then, he would've been more wary when the adults began to act a bit weirder.

However, none of that happened and everyone was none the wiser to their mental problems.

For the most part anyway.

---

Griselda Megido was a strange woman.

Ask anyone that knew her.

*Especially* her friends, they would complain and joke, jab and shout- Griselda Megido was a strange and complicated woman, graceful and beautiful but crude and blunt when she felt like it.

But just as she was blunt, she was also secretive.

The asian-looking woman smiled benignly as she watched her daughters leave the house, Damara going off to spend time with her friends and Aradia doing the same. She bade them a nice day, to be careful and to have fun. She, in turn, stayed at home, humming lightly as she prepared tea.

She would have a guest soon and she had to host them appropriately.

Griselda was a secretive woman, it showed when she unlocked the window to her living room, leaving it open and pinning a note underneath the window sill. It showed as she prepared tea, preparing the table with snacks as the tea boiled and sitting at the kitchen table, patiently waiting for her guest to arrive.

As she waited, she thought back to her youth.

When she had been so headstrong and more outspoken, aggressive and hungry for rebellion- something she found in her friends. In Kelvin. Kelvin and the others will never know how grateful she was for them, or at least, they won't remember it nor the cause of her gratitude.

Nor will they remember everything else.

She had forgotten it herself after all, but, she had regained certain memories, a slow process but as far as she could tell, no one else had remembered.

A sad thing but it was for the best, how else would they be so complacent in raising their children? In being so tight-knit? In not-so subtly displaying certain symbols that were tied with them from the beginning?

Whether they'd forgive her or not didn't matter, not anymore. A lot of pieces were in place, in play, and she needed to make sure they'd be fine in the end. She was still unsure on her own connection, but if the others, if *her children* could end up just fine by the end of it...

Well, she'd be willing to do anything.

Griselda smiled an inscrutable smile as she thought to herself some more. Her name was Griselda Megido. It was such a strange name, Germanic in origin...

It meant 'Grey Maiden Warrior'.

Her warrior days were over, however temporarily it *could* be, she wouldn't fight out front anymore.

The burgundy-eyed woman's smile widened as she heard soft sounds in the background, of faint footsteps coming from her living room. She stood and took the now hot teapot off of the stove, moving back to the table and pouring its contents into the tea cups on the table just as someone stood in her doorway.

A figure wrapped in bandages and glaring at her warily with sharp olive eyes, bandaged hand clutching the note she had pinned earlier.

Griselda nodded at her in greeting, "Welcome to my house, please, sit down." She said, taking her seat and looking at them expectantly. "I've just brewed a good pot, let us enjoy it as we converse?"

Hesitantly, the figure moved and sat opposite to her, taking in the cup and sniffing cautiously.

"I have done nothing suspicious to the tea, that would sully it and honestly offend me. Tea is not to be used in such a way in my personal opinion." Griselda told her with amusement as she lifted her cup and took a small sip. "Now, may I know the name of the one who's been keeping an eye on our house for so long? You already know my name, it's only fair."

Olive eyes watched her sharply before narrowing and a terse but unmistakably feminine voice answered gruffly, ".... Polypa Goezee."

Griselda's smile turned into a smirk.

Griselda Megido was a strange woman.

But she was not to be underestimated whatsoever.

---

When Wander wanted to meet the Aspects, he wanted to meet cordially, formally, make a good impression and gain a good impression over the five teens that were superhuman and had controls over things that shouldn't really be possible in their reality.

They were teenagers, not even adults and yet they had been chosen to be capable of their powers.

Wander wanted to study them- humanely of course. He wasn't immoral, he wasn't *that* mad of a scientist. He cared for human life, especially if they were younger than him. Which made it all the more serious for him to meet the heroes who haven't even finished puberty yet. They needed a guardian

or two, he and Eric were planning to be those guardians or at least the two *human* adult figures of their lives.

It was something that was a work in progress and had yet to be implemented but Eric was certainly adamant and determined for that goal. Such a father he is.

But he was digressing, Wander had wanted to meet the Aspects in a safe and stable environment.

A *safe* and *stable* environment.

And for all purposes, it *had* been such a thing.

Unfortunately...

**BANG**

Things always seemed to be trying to work against them.

Wander held the limp, *dead* body of Blood, around him, chaos happened as Hope *lost it*.

When the Aspects revealed the fact that Hope was very powerful- Wander had to admit, he doubted it a bit, but now?

Wreathed in white and gold, enraged and screaming?

All of his doubts were erased.

Wander could only hope that the kill didn't count as 'Heroic' and that Blood would revive soon because honestly he thinks that he's the only one that can make an effort to stabilize things- not even Breath was making the effort, he and the other two aspects seemed just as angry!

In the sidelines, Eric didn't look any better either.

This was not how he wanted things to go when he finally met the Aspects.

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## Chapter End Notes

### END OF THE CHAPTER

Okay so the chapter didn't focus on Dammek and the others but I promise that the next chapter will have SOME Dammek and the Beforus trolls in it! Polypa already made an appearance anyway.

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter, things getting quite heated here :]

## Forming Connections (3)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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When people thought of *hope*, it varied from plenty of things.

The *belief* of tomorrow. Of Change. Of Happiness, of pain, of love and affection to even hate and desperation.

There were many types of hope and belief that came and went from person to person, not a lot of people really knew the significance of it. Some even take it for granted despite the fact they were always hoping for *something*, believing *in* something, no matter how big or small it was, of how obvious or subtle.

Hope was everywhere.

And if used correctly, hope was powerful.

Not that a lot of people seemed to realize.

So when a hero bearing the moniker of 'Hope', of claiming to use it's power, it's *aspect*- people are naturally curious and yet also quite dismissive over the yellow hero. Oh sure he was charming, he was helpful, he toted around double pistols and tried his best- but unlike his teammates who bore and used the powers of *Time*, *Void*, *Breath*, and even ***Blood***. Hope did not seem to be as impressive.

He didn't really seem to care though, and maybe that didn't help. He seemed content to give back-up even though he seemed to enjoy the thrill of action, he was content to give out 'buffs' and heal as much as he could. Give support and stay in the background when he could, though when the spotlight was on him he was normal and gave a show until the light was off

of him and was one someone else, content to be in the back and keeping Blood company.

Hope and Blood were very close, it showed in their interactions, the way they kept together, even when one was on camera or seen on their own, the other was not too far away and would be by their side in no time. That was noticed and it was why there was so much '**Bloody Hope**' fics and fans out there.

But even half of the fans of Hope didn't seem to think he was all too powerful, even with the four heroes saying he is.

It was hard to believe something they hadn't seen after all.

Seeing is believing.

And what Wander was seeing...

*He was certainly believing.*

"**WHO DID THAT?!**" Hope *screamed*, fury and anger incarnate wreathed in gold, white and yellow. A white aura encompassing the usually reserved and chippy hero that stood in the background. Forcefully taking the spotlight as Hope was overtaken with righteous rage. There was something *primal* underneath the white glow, something utterly out of this world and preternatural that sounded all the dangerous alarms from Wander's head.

It almost felt familiar.

Not that he'd notice through his haze of slight pain while holding on to the currently dead body of Blood- the bullet had passed right through Blood and lodged itself into his side. Wander could only briefly theorize that whoever wanted to kill Blood attempted to fake a 'heroic' attempt, Blood had been right in front of him, he'd approached the young hero and had him distracted before the shot was taken.



Wander dearly hoped it wasn't considered 'Heroic' by whatever ethereal judgment system that shackled the heroes to mortality and the afterlife. Not only because he didn't want Blood to die- to *stay* dead- but because he was fairly sure Blood was the only one that could completely calm the raging Hope that was *still* glowing, brighter and brighter by the minute.

A ticking time bomb.

Was it the ensuing bloodloss or was Wander hearing some kind of unnatural hissing?

Dammit, he wanted this meeting to be safe!

They had finally gotten the Aspects to meet them and now one of them had been attacked and *potentially* dead, the other four were feeling threatened to whatever enemy was out there, Wander was injured and Hope was a ticking bomb!

***Tick***

Oh *Christ*.

***Tock***

Moment of truth...

---

"And what kind of inane fucking buffoonery do you think you're doing Dave?" One very alive Karkat Vantas deadpanned to the dirt and dust-covered Strider that was standing in the middle of a destroyed floor with a few versions of himself working in the background, destroying the ground and leaving dirt in their wake. Karkat could even see PM, Mayor, John and Roxy helping out in the background, PM and Roxy were both hoeing the dirt and John was hammering the ground as gently as he could without creating craters from a casual blow. Mayor was standing off to the side with what looked like a blueprint in his hands.

The Knight of Blood stood in the doorway with his arms crossed as he watched his fellow Knight do... what the fuck was he even doing?

Dave, smug and yet casual, smirked at him, leaning against the pickaxe as support, "'Sup Karkles. Oh nothing much, just, making an indoor garden is all. Maybe a farm. Who knows, it's a work in progress. Also I think you've been piling with Jake too much, you're saying words like 'buffoonery' and shit." The blond told him with a growing grin. The Knight of Time dodged the piece of tile that Karkat threw at him for his words.

"Fuck off, I used that word before. Also why the fuck are you making an indoor garden or farm?" Karkat asked with a slightly irritated tone. He had been taking a nap when he heard the sound of concrete breaking but no sounds of fighting, it had been alarming and confusing to wake up to- especially when he had awoken alone in his room. Jake apparently had to leave, but he had tucked Karkat into their bed-pile and left a very pity and sappy note that Karkat couldn't find it in himself to be annoyed by his absence.

After that though, he went to find the source of noise that was coming from somewhere within their base.

And lo and behold, he found Dave at the source of the noise. He wasn't surprised, though he was surprised to find everyone else sans Jake taking part to whatever was happening in the room.

Dave shrugged at him in reply and answered, "Well, The Mayor wanted a garden and or a farm in the place, John and everyone else thought it was a good idea and here we are." He said, motioning to what was happening in the room. Karkat paused and blinked at that.

"Really?"

"Mhmm."

"And none of you shitheads thought to tell me about it? I was sleeping when you fucks woke me the fuck up."

"Well, we would've told you but you and Jake were doing the whole pile thing, Mayor was really excited about the whole thing and I just wanted to wake you up with the sound afterwards."

The middle Strider laughed as he dodged another piece of floor tile that was left that was thrown at his general direction from an irate youngest Vantas. Dave tilted his head to Karkat who huffed and looked around the room, the Mayor caught his eye and waved at him with joyful white eyes, despite his black chitin shell, Karkat was sure the dersite carapacian was practically glowing with happiness and excitement.

Karkat's eye twitched before he stomped into the ruined room, "Give me a fucking hoe Dave."

Dave didn't hide the smug smirk as he chuckled a hoe at Karkat from his sylladex.

"Oh hey, Karkat's awake." John said to Roxy when he hears the familiar line of cursing from the entrance of the room. Karkat was now chasing Dave and trying to wack his head with a hoe, John was pretty sure that the Dave he was chasing was his current-timeline boyfriend Dave and not one from the nearby future. "Dave, play nice with Karkat!" John called out when one of the Daves non-too subtly tripped Karkat.

Roxy snickered as Karkat switched targets, "It's nice to see our Knights having fun." She commented, wiping a line of sweat and dirt from her forehead. She was so glad that the plumbing of their base still worked and that there was a shower room or two in the facility. They really were transforming this old scientific facility to their personal base, almost half of it was fully personalized, if under construction like the one they were in right now.

Having a garden within the base didn't sound like a bad idea, having a source of organic food was a good thing, plus it made The Mayor happy so it was a win-win for everyone.

Also, it was nice to do something else for a change- nearly all of them together like this. It was a shame that Jake had to leave early, he was

missing out.

Meanwhile, a message arrived in their personal inbox.

They'd check it out later on after they finished and when Jake was with them.

---

Alpheus hadn't thought about Wander in a very long time.

Wander Ampora was his close cousin, someone who he had grown besides in his childhood, something he could hardly remember at the moment. But he was sure he and Wander had been rather close until Wander went to a different highschool than him and his friends, becoming distant right up till college. Alpheus had contacted him a few times, they stayed in touch- somewhat, the both of them seemed to have been so busy years ago but they stayed in touch.

The others hadn't thought about Wander as well. It was hard to think of anyone else that wasn't within their tight-knit little circle of friends and family. From young, it always felt like the twelve adults had been connected somehow. Sure, Wander had been there but he had seemed to be the odd one out, they hadn't noticed it at the start nor had they minded.

Then Wander left and seemed to be a bit more right somehow if that made sense. Probably not but there was just no describing it otherwise.

Though, they still hadn't realize that. Not yet.

Ondine had only remembered him as she was thinking for a way to get more information about everything that had been happening, looking through her contacts, the ones that she had built up over the years in her work and life- they weren't as important or as eye-catching as her own friends but the contacts were useful for the future. She had stumbled to remembering Wander as she looked for people she knew that were in the military, Wander was now a military-hired scientist now right? Might as well ask him for information- he was Alpheus cousin, surely he could give

away *some* information right? Even something vague would be *slightly* useful, infuriating but useful.

With that in mind, she immediately pestered Alpheus to send his wayward cousin a message.

Alpheus, wanting her to stop, quickly caved and sent his cousin a text. At first, he hadn't expected much, maybe a short message after a few weeks? Wander was surely busy and had no business to respond even if they were family, Alpheus was an ex-marine and he knew how busy the government could be, scientists were valued and put to work just as hard as soldiers.

What he didn't expect though was for Wander to respond in such a short notice, when the day was over Alpheus noticed he managed to get a reply from his cousin at some point. Which shocked him, and elated him, he and Wander hadn't talked in such a long time.

Of course, Ondine was also elated and wanted Alpheus to dig something up for them- of course she understood as well that they couldn't be blunt about it, she didn't like it but she understood unfortunately, and Alpheus was reconnecting with his cousin while subtly looking out for anything that his cousin might slip and let by. It started that way, Alpheus contacting Wander in the pretense of 'reconnecting', but it quickly turned genuine as Alpheus was reminded on how close he and Wander had been when they were younger.

In the beginning it was slow as they had different schedules, Wander was clearly busy with his own things and despite Ondine's assigned 'task' on him, Alpheus had his own life and job to get to. Nevermind the fact that Ondine was technically his boss but even Ondine couldn't ignore the other facets of their jobs for the sake of personal curiosity of some superpowered teenage group that were admittedly very curious, intriguing and more.

Life moved on and Alpheus found himself talking more and more with Wander. And *about* Wander.

Naturally the others heard that he was contacting his cousin. Which lead to everyone talking about Wander.

It was kind of nostalgic.

None of the eleven adults seemed to have noticed the fact their memory often blurred at the edges when they thought back on Wander, on the past and more. ~~Not yet not yet not yet~~

Though Griselda was rather unusually reserved about it- not that anyone noticed at first. There *was* some drama behind and between her and Wander, but they couldn't really remember what. Perhaps a relationship spat? Who knows. Probably Griselda and Wander themselves but Griselda was stubborn and wouldn't tell them unless she wanted to and it was clear that she didn't want to. They'd only have to wait for Wander to reveal the juicy details of what happened between the both of them.

Griselda merely smiled mysteriously at that, though if they had bothered to look closer, they would've seen the grim look that she hid behind the mystery.

---

*Rust eyes met violet, a complicated but understanding look shared between them.*

*"I won't remember this."*

*"Neither will I."*

*"But at least I will remember eventually on my own. You cannot."*

*"That's fine, I trust you with them- I wasn't even supposed to be here."*

*"... We'll miss you."*

*Violet eyes crinkled, laughter spilled and shared.*

*"I'll miss you all too 'Selda."*

---

Wander's lips quirked as he read the latest message from his dearest cousin- oh could he forget how dramatic Alpheus could be when he was dealing

with Ondine? Or how demanding Ondine could be when it came to things she wanted? He'd forgotten how motherly Corinna could be. How Leonor was so interested in the love lives of *everyone* as she asked Alpheus to ask him about who he was currently seeing, which was no one much to her disappointment. Dexter's obnoxious passive-aggressiveness and ability to hold long grudges, he'd forgotten that their little rivalry from before was in his favor much to the Captor's dismay. Kelvin's ability to appeal to everyone and calm them down while also lecturing them at the same time. Cosima's nosiness on his track record, wanting to know if he abide the laws and regulations and offering to be his lawyer should something happen. Moira's obnoxious but subtle bragging and the trouble that followed. Jasper's charming and easy-going personality, not to mention the fact he was quite 'whipped' whenever it came to Moira herself. Keiran's rather intimidating personality and ability to scare the wits out of almost everyone, it almost never worked on Wander much to his astonishment. Griselda's capability of being both crude but also elegant and proper. ~~something niggled at the back of his mind what else did he forget?~~

He couldn't believe he'd forgotten most of how things went in the past. Important events shifted and shook within his head.

He'd missed so much, they were parents now and had children that they were looking after. Though he couldn't remember when they had been born, they told him right? It wasn't just Alpheus that told him that he had gotten Eridan and Cronus.

The memories had escaped him, which was fairly strange since he had an impeccably memory, he prided himself on it actually so the fact he couldn't *fully* remember those memories was rather alarming actually. The edges seemed to fade and blur in between, all of it seemed- **susp...**

...

..

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"Wander? Wander, come on back my friend, you're spacing out again." Eric told him softly, snapping him out of his dazed state. Wander tiredly blink, a slight pressure behind his eyes and on his mind. Another headache? Migraine? "You okay?"

Wander waved him off, rubbing his eyes underneath his glasses as he tried to will the pressure away. "I am, I merely didn't have enough rest lately- and don't you dare say I should now. We have work to do, you know that." He scolded lightly when he saw the general's mouth open to say just that. They couldn't really afford to rest right now and they both knew that.

Why?

Well, because the Aspects had *finally* responded to Wander's previous message towards them. It had taken longer than what the upper authorities would have liked, just a few days after Wander had sent the message and offer, but both Eric and Wander were glad that they had accepted. Things would have gotten very ugly and out of hand if they hadn't, they just knew it. ~~and they were right~~

So now, Eric, Wander and a few others were planning the upcoming meeting with the heroes. Somewhere secure and private. Somewhere safe for both parties and proper enough to discuss- well, maybe not *everything*, not yet. It all depended on how this meeting would turn out. Should the heroes find them trustworthy and accept them as allies then it would be great, magnificent even, but if not...

Both main adults in charge were determined to make that not the case, they wanted to help the teen heroes in this. It wouldn't be easy, they knew that but they were trying to think optimistically for everyone involved.

Wander was very much looking forward to it, half of it because he could finally afford to relax a little-not much but a little would be a lot of help in the long run- and the other half was because he could finally consult the heroes and meet them in the flesh. Think of plans that would involve them or *be* involved in whatever plans that they had thought of themselves, tweak them and accommodate things accordingly if need be.



They would be working *with* each other rather than *against* each other and that was the most ideal situation for everyone.

Eric would finally be able to *probably* feel better when he's prepared and capable of supervising the teens- Wander was really glad that the government made optimal and right choice within his friend, he doubted he'd even join this operation on his own without him despite the admittedly very interesting powers and prowess of the teenage superheroes. He would have probably investigated and gone on his own path for that, but now he had the help and support of both the government and his friend to do his job- which was something he wanted for the heroes as well.

To be able to act and help people with their powers, and while they were already doing so for the attacks themselves, they had the potential to do *more* if they set their minds to it and the proper support for it. Without the government impending and interfering with them, or attempt to anyway. And though that might happen anyway, at least they would have Wander, Eric and the government group to look out for them and support them in their own way.

So really, Wander was looking forward to this meeting and personal encounter with the heroes very much.

He plans with Eric, to make sure nothing goes wrong.

Of course, Murphy's Law was shortly put into effect anyway.

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Reading Mr. Wander Ampora's message had given the group of five mixed reactions and of course mixed opinions and suggestions.

The government was something that the group were both not-really and really concerned about.

Karkat naturally didn't trust the government, human or otherwise, he didn't trust authorities and with good reason to. Even with the fact that Alternian and Human governments were vastly different, he still didn't see the government in a good light. Being the paranoid teen he was, he was fearful

of what the government would *actually* do if they accepted, that this offer may just be bait to be captured, trapped and more.

John wasn't too sure about the human government, it was different from what he remembered Pre-Game but he couldn't really remember those kinds of stuff anyway since it's been so long but he wanted to give the benefit of the doubt, being as optimistic as he could and that was *very* optimistic since of course he was John Egbert, one of the most optimistic people there were. He didn't agree with Karkat's paranoia.

It was obvious that they would clash against each other because of that, co-leaders on different sides with different opinions.

At the start, Dave, Roxy and Jake had taken a firmly neutral take on it. They all knew the ups and downs to the Wander's offer.

Still, they had vaguely known from the beginning that this would have happened regardless, coming into contact with the government. Since they stepped into the spotlight of attention, it was no doubt that they'd attract many gazes, the government would be a big one of them.

But the question still stood, should they accept the offer of a self-proclaimed madman that seemed to want to help them alongside with an actual task force that was actually made for and because of them?

It took a while, a few days at most, with John and Karkat continuously clashing against each other.

"We should give them a chance! Wander admitted that their task force was supposed to help us! Designed to help us and whatever collateral damage we did during the fights! It's be good for both of us to accept their help!"

"Oh yeah?! And what if it's just a hoax- who fucking knows with these guys John! And don't go fucking pointing out that Wander is Eridan's uncle and whatever kind of bullshit you might think but it doesn't change the fact that I-we don't know actual shit about these guys!"

"Roxy would've known- she made a thorough check up on Wander, hell she made a thorough check up on all of them!"

"She could've missed something! And my fucking apologies Lalond but you can't fucking deny that that's a possibility in itself!"

Of course the argument was abruptly put into an end in an unexpected way...

---

John and Karkat stared wide-eyed as Dave cleaned up the mess with a grimace, a somber silence shared between the five ex-players and two exiled carapacians.

PM rubbed the Mayor's smooth black head in comfort as the dersite hid his head in her taller torso, Jake offered a comforting hand on Roxy's shoulder while the blond girl trembled slightly.

Dave sported a blank and stoic face, his mouth in a firm thin line that John *hated*- just as he hated seeing the cause of their somber silence in the first place.

"... Fine, we'll accept the offer..." Karkat whispered to John, the Heir of Breath snapping to look at him as the Knight of Blood stared down at the spilled blood that was on their meeting table.

John's shock and helplessness showed on his face, "But-" He breathed, for once looking uncertain and faltering from his previous determination.

Karkat shook his head and looked at John with narrowed eyes, "You fucking heard *him* you shithead-" He back tracks his aggressive start, pausing to take in a deep breath and calm slightly, this wasn't the time to get angry at John. Especially not after *that*. "You heard him John. We should accept."

John falters, eyes watering as he glances back to Dave who was now mopping up the blood, PM helping him out while Jake ushered both Roxy and the Mayor out of their meeting room. "... Okay..." He says, Karkat

stiffly nods before going over to help Dave clean the table. He should help. He really should. *Dave* had been cleaning from the start and *Karkat* was helping but...

It was unfair, he should help at the least! He should-

"Hey, don't worry about it." Dave told him later on when he and Karkat finished cleaning things up, face still blank, it cracks a bit when John and Roxy tugged him into a hug. He's sad, but not about himself- not really, he was used to it. The others however...

John sniffed, tightening his hug around his boyfriend, "B-but, you... You shouldn't have had to clean up your own body..." He pointed out quietly, he, Roxy and Dave going silent for a bit.

Dave shook his head and replied succinctly and gently. "It's okay, I'm used in dealing with dead Daves."

Roxy and John weren't really comforted by that but they understood unfortunately.

They could do nothing else but make sure that whatever happened to the doomed dead Dave that had appeared in their meeting table, would *never* happen- Dead Daves were the enemy after all.

And that first step was to accept Wander's offer of the meeting.

The other steps? Unclear, since Doomed Dave had died before he could say anything but it was a start.

Things would look up for them after they went to meet with Wander right?

*Wrong.*

---

A few days passed and during it, plans were made and dates were confirmed and met.

Wander and the Aspects exchanged a few messages, the meeting time and place were decided and agreed on.

They would meet in an abandoned factory area- somewhere far away from the city and prying eyes. The meeting itself would be held within an empty warehouse within the area, Eric had the area scoped and thoroughly explored. Wanting to make sure it was safe for them and the incoming heroes. He didn't really set anything up beforehand without telling the Aspects on what to expect, like the lights and the meeting area- he also had to draw up a protective patrol of the area just in case, stressing the importance of their meeting and safety.

He wanted to earn the trust of these teens so he tried his best to be upfront with what was to be expected to the Aspects, he had Wander relay that to them during the days where they exchanged a few more messages to each other.

No doubt they would be suspicious and wary but Eric reassured them that they would be safe from their harm and such.

It was supposed to be a safe and stable environment, something arranged by both Eric and Wander.

But what Eric and Wander never suspected was the fact that there might be a traitor *in* their task force- someone paid handsomely to actually aim and *shoot* one of the teenage superheroes.

***BANG***

A gambled shot that would be *possibly* deemed '*heroic*', 'saving' a person from a possibly fatal shot, that was quite heroic was it not?

***TICK***

It had to be, right?

***TOCK***

The weird but *useful* Death System the heroes were stuck with should be able to identify the death as heroic right?

***TICK***

It would have been worth it if it did, even with the consequence of angering the other heroes.

***TOCK***

Unfortunately, whoever hired the shot didn't have a deeper understanding on the system.

***Undetermined***

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Chapter End Notes

WHOO!

Finally!

This one was another doozy- sorry, another case of procrastination, writer's block and having a rough time in finding inspiration at first. I hope you enjoyed it! I did my best and I really do hope you enjoy it and continue enjoying my work :]

Also, KARKAT'S NOT DEAD! Of course he's not- do you really think I'd let him die like this? Nope! Definitely not! But hey, that was a good scare and a good way to show Wander and the others on how pissed and powerful Hope was and is! Next chapter we'll be going more into the meeting and more! Maybe see some of the trolls. Who knows! I just hope my procrastination and writer's block won't end up coming up again, and for my inspiration to not die down haha.

Ah who am I kidding, it kind of is right now- I'm having a bit of trouble for my other stories but don't worry! I'll deal with it! I dealt

with this chapter just fine! ~~hahahahelpandkillmesomeone~~ Totally fine!  
As usual, sorry for the long wait but there we go! Till next chapter!

## Forming Connections (4)

### Chapter Notes

WHOOO HERE WE ARE!!!  
WE ARE NEARING THE END OF THIS  
And wow it is long! About 11,000+ words!  
Hope you guys enjoyed!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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It was a brisk and windy day when a group of men and women met with five superpowered teenage heroes.

The wind wasn't provided by Breath despite his powers over it, or it seemed to be normal wind. Hopefully it was just that, normal wind and nothing else.

The building they chose was a simple and empty warehouse, with two big open floors that showed off most of the room. The windows were lightly tinted and broken enough to let the natural light outside in, meaning it wasn't as dim as it would be otherwise. Of course, it didn't really matter since Eric and Wander had set up a few lights here and there to illuminate the inner warehouse properly.

They'd prepared a little area for the meeting, a big stage in the middle of the warehouse with free space around it. In the middle of the stage was a table, well, tables shoved together to make a large table with enough chairs for all of them to sit down during the meeting. Though it was obvious that the chairs weren't evenly spaced or placed since one side had more chairs than the other- it was also very obvious that the five chairs of the other side were meant for the superheroes. The rest were for Wander, Eric and their crew.

"They are coming today, right?" Someone asks aloud, a hint of doubt in his voice. Eric vaguely recognizes him, Moe, he seems doubtful but his station shouldn't be down here. He was supposed to be on the second floor. Eric



sends him a stern look, the soldier bows his head and goes to take his position on the second floor. But his words do spark a bit of doubt in the others.

Wander nodded in confirmation, "While nothing can be certain, I would believe so. They're smart kids; I'm sure they can figure out the importance behind this meeting. They'll be here." He said, confident in their guest's appearance. Despite their subordinate's doubts and suspicions, Wander and Eric perked and smiled slightly when their soldiers outside radioed in.

*"General sir, incoming, I see them descending from the sky towards here. Counting in, all five seem to be present sir, over. "*

General Eric Valiant smiled, glad that they had come and that Wander was right. "Copy that, open the doors and let them in." He replied as he and the others got ready. In the shadows another person waited for the right moment to do what they were paid to do.

The front of the warehouse opened, the old doors creaked and moaned as they opened even though they had oiled the entrance so it wouldn't be that much of a hassle to open. They probably should've done a better job but too late to do anything else about it.

There at the entrance were the familiar figures of the infamous heroes. Breath took the lead with both Void and Blood flanking his sides, Time and Hope were by either side. It was clear that Breath was the main leader, with Blood as his co-leader, Void was possibly their third leader as well as support while Time and Hope were their teammates and possibly bodyguards.

Their dynamic always interested Wander, the bond they shared and the relationship between them factored into many, many things. They seemed quite close, very close, if the way they grouped together. Time and Hope hovered protectively behind the leading trio, figuratively speaking. They walked in, even Breath despite intelligence's information suggesting he preferred to float lazily. It seemed they understood the significance, alright.

Eric sees the way Time subtly checked their surroundings while simultaneously keeping a wary eye on each adults, Blood did the same, his scowl of distrust twitched on his face at each soldier and adult he saw. Eric was glad that he managed to convince their superiors to let them bring less weaponry, he was sure things would've gone south had his soldiers toted around visible guns. They were still armed, of course but they weren't carrying any rifles or weaponry that could be visually seen at first glance.

Even with the fact that the Aspects were always armed, it wouldn't do well to show hostile intent during this *peaceful* meeting.

"Aspects." General Eric Valiant greeted with a serious voice and tone- for all the concern that he held for them, this was still a professional peace meeting between them. He could worry more later on afterwards when they were on more friendly terms with the heroes. His job, unfortunately, still had to come first and he had to regard these teenagers as powerful people.

Breath paused before Void whispered privately to him, "**General Valiant.**" He greeted back with a nod afterwards, voice indistinguishable. Was it a device that hid their voices or their own powers? He recalled Breath's voice sounding differently when he first spoke to the public, theoretically he could use a mix of elements in the air to mask his own voice, or so Wander enthusiastically proposed.

Right now, tensions were clear and they had business to attend to.

"Please, sit down, we should get this meeting started." General Eric said courteously, motioning to the five chairs that were arranged on the other side of the table. The chairs were put under scrutinous gazes, mostly wary and paranoid-filled but Breath comes forward and sat first, right in the middle, and the others followed suit closely. Of course, the adults sat down at their designated chairs as well.

"I am General Eric Valiant, it is an honor to finally meet and speak with you Aspects like this." Eric introduces with a polite, but slightly warm smile aimed at the teens. The introduction was for formality's sake. It was clear that they already knew who he was, possibly everyone on the team as well since Void had hacked into their servers and pulled up information on them.

Well, mostly on Wander but the likelihood that they checked up on everyone on the team was a possibility.

Their superiors did not like that at all, but unfortunately they couldn't do much about it. Arrest Void? Hah! Eric was sure that they couldn't contain *any* of them in a cell of any kind much less contain Void of all people. Not to mention the outrage from not only the heroes, but also the public that oh so coveted the powered teenagers. There were definitely a lot of people that sided with the Aspects, so having them arrested would really cause an absolute mess that the government wouldn't be willing to clean up unless it actually happened.

And hopefully it won't have to happen, not with this meeting that was starting right now.

Breath nodded back, sitting straight and serious- and though that was the case, the fact he was still a teenager was very apparent, the height difference between them did not go unnoticed but went unmentioned. "**And it's an honor to meet you too General Valiant, very nice too. I'm Breath, though you already know that I guess.**" Breath replied, trying to stay professional. He did it with some success however it still came out somewhat awkward. That went unmentioned as well.

**"Yeah they do, if not then they're seriously fucking horrible at their jobs."** Blood muttered snidely underneath his breath but it was well-heard by those around the table, Time snorted as Breath hissed at Blood indignantly while Hope gently nudged Blood with a frown of disapproval. **"What? You know I'm fucking right."**

"Well, you're not wrong. If we were that incompetent, I'd surely resign on the spot." Wander replied with amusement; Blood's temper and attitude was rather refreshing compared to the bland mannerisms of most of his coworkers. "Wander Ampora, It's wonderful to meet you all here. As wonderful as instant messaging is, you just don't get the same feeling you do with a face-to-face chat, yeah?" He greeted, though there was really no need, other than for formality's sake.

Wander kept up his smile as he sees the Aspects look at him with observant eyes underneath their masks. He wondered if he could identify them given enough time. While it would be interesting to puzzle out, he had bigger fish to fry. Perhaps later, he thought, after all, it would be a nice break from the truth-forsaken *paperwork* he had to deal with almost constantly as a cog in the bureaucracy.

Wander was intrigued; Working with the aspects should be rather illuminating, at the very least.

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Karkat didn't trust this. Not one bit.

Sitting at the table with multiple human adults, he gave them each and every one of them a wary observant look to go along the scowl on his face. Taking note of their sizes, their genders, their supposed roles, their weapons both seen and unseen. Well he wasn't too sure on the unseen part, he wasn't that skilled to know what hidden weapon every human in the room had, that was more on Dave's skillset. But he knew enough to spot a few here and there from the soldiers that surrounded them.

It made him paranoid as fuck, being surrounded by this many armed adults.

It was one thing to get used to the adults of his normal life, but his current situation of sitting down in a chair in a room with other adults that were visibly and non-visibly armed? It made his teeth ache with how hard he was gnashing them. His troll instincts snarling at him to keep guard, to keep wary- he thought he sufficiently buried them during his time with the adult non-ancestors.

Fuck. He meant the parents.

Not even one hour into this shit and he was already falling back on his troll upbringing.

Still he wouldn't back down for anything, not with the others in here with him. Which was good because if things go south, what with the admittedly

stupid little plan he had for himself going on, then it would be better if he had his team backing him up.

He felt a hand on his own hand which was tightly gripping his pant leg, he briefly glanced down and saw Jake's hand over his hand and he relaxed. Not completely, he didn't think he could relax completely right now but it was enough to let him take a deep breath.

Karkat takes a quick look at Jake, he's looking ahead with an amiable smile and when the green-eyed human catches his look he gives Karkat a brief grin that has him internally scoffing. The bastard must be so smug in being able to calm him like this with just a hand- fuck him.

And fuck himself for being both proud and happy at that aspect.

He's gone soft for this stupid human and he wouldn't have it any other way.

At least he had Jake by his side, and that they weren't alone in this. John, Roxy and Dave were in this too and they had each other's backs.

John and that human general speak, General Valiant, one of the people that Roxy said not to be too worried about but still be worried about because this man was a goddamn General and a damn good one at that. She told them that General Valiant seemed to have good morals, that he was a good father and a good human but Karkat still didn't trust him.

Seemed was an ambiguous word and not everything is what it seems to be.

That and Karkat didn't trust most adults in general.

It was hard enough to trust the 'parents', and even then he was pretty sure he didn't really trust them at all because he was hiding all this shit from them anyway.

**"Yeah they do, if not then they're seriously fucking horrible at their jobs."** He muttered snidely underneath his breath, not really caring to speak quiet enough so the other adults could react to it. He ignored Dave's snort,

John's hiss of indignance and his own moirail's nudge and frown of disapproval to observe the adults reaction.

Half of them seem bewildered, a good portion was indignant and offended, some were amused and among those amused was that one asshole Wander Ampora.

"Well, you're not wrong. If we were that incompetent, I'd surely resign on the spot." The Eridan-looking motherfucker said with clear amusement, and wasn't it *shocking* to see this guy here? He looked like a grown-up version of Eridan! He even had that dumb tuft of purple hair and a number of colored highlights in his hair, like a fucked up rainbow. Karkat swore he saw traces of purple, green, blond and red mixed in there. "Wander Ampora, It's wonderful to meet you all here. As wonderful as instant messaging is, you just don't get the same feeling you do with a face-to-face chat, yeah?"

Wonderful his ex-troll ass. This man was a statistical anomaly as far as Karkat was concerned, he had no idea where this guy came from and what he was doing here. As far as he knew, none of the other families with his included had any other 'extended family members'. Only the Amporas had an 'extra' family member that didn't include the ancestor, the dancestor and the descendant.

Briefly Karkat touched on the iffy and mysterious subject of the *Beforan* ancestors, the ones that the dancestors had on Beforus before scrapping it because it *didn't make any damn sense*. Beforus was already a thing here.

Getting sidetracked and distracted from drama and more in their life, Karkat had almost forgotten about the Beforan trolls.

The Beforan trolls were on Earth somewhere and were very much a thing. That was still a subject that they needed to discuss, *especially* after this because now that the government contacted them, who was to say that the trolls wouldn't at some point?

But yeah, his Beforan theory was kind of scrapped for this Wander Ampora, because it really didn't make sense. Why would Beforus Eridan be this

Wander person? Why was he *human* ? A thorough check by Roxy confirmed the fact that Wander was completely 100% human, so the ‘Wander is secretly a disguised troll’ theory was out.

Meanwhile, Her *Benevolence* , was supposedly Beforus Feferi? Why was that? What about the other Beforus Ancestors? A split between trolls and humans? Or something more? Karkat wasn’t even sure if the Beforus Troll Empress was even Beforus Feferi!

Thinking more on the subject was going to give him a headache so he shoved those thoughts aside and focused on the meeting. He didn’t have time to despair over his crumbling theories right now, maybe later on a session with Jake but right now he had to be on constant vigilance.

Who knows what could happen in this meeting.

Introductions came and went, his reluctant part with it was a terse and blunt, **“I’m Blood, you fucking know me, let’s get this shit over with.”** It ticked John off along with several adults but Karkat could care less.

The only reason they were even doing this meeting was because of the Doomed Dave’s last words.

During their own little meeting *about* this meeting a Doomed Dave came out of nowhere, crashing on their table and telling them to accept the offer and go to the meeting. Doomed Dave had looked like shit, gunshot wounds, burnt skin, torn clothing- whatever timeline he came from, he obviously didn’t want it happening to them.

So naturally Karkat had to concede and go through with this, even though he wanted to make it clear he still disapproved. But to avoid the timeline from where Doomed Dave came from, he’d suck it up and go with it because Doomed Daves were the enemy weren’t they?

Plus, as much as an asshole as he was, he didn’t like how John and Roxy cried over the Doomed Dave. How Dave had become an emotionally numb robot *again* , reminiscent of the early days of the meteors. Their romantic history aside and *very much* over with, he still cared for the dumb Strider

and really didn't like the way he shut off his emotions like that. Especially in the face of his matesprit and moirail.

Thankfully it took two days for John and Roxy to get him back to his usual annoying self. Through a lot of hugs and kisses he's heard and seen a bit, yuck. But good for them.

Jake had been quite upset over it too so Karkat really couldn't protest against the meeting, seeing the dead Dave... Karkat knew that Jake had feared that timeline from where Doomed Dave came from, on what happened to them all, what happened to *Karkat* and *Dirk* and really to *everyone* .

All five of them feared for doomed timelines, ones bad enough to send a Doomed Dave back to warn them against the treachery that may happen and *has* happened to that Dave's timeline.

***Game Over*** hung heavily over their heads like an ominous noose ready to strangle them the moment they fucked up.

So here they were.

General Valiant cleared his throat once introductions were truly over, "Now," He began, face stern and serious contrasting John's slight awkwardness and nervousness and Karkat's wariness and paranoia, "To repeat from Wander's message," In a more formal and proper way anyway, "We are a government group that was made to assist and cooperate with you in light of recent events."

"These mysterious attacks have left the government virtually useless to respond to whereas you five have reacted to this situation from the very start. Since the beginning, you have dealt with these otherworldly creatures and personally I want to thank you for that, you have done a lot for us." General Valiant said with a tone and look of sincerity, breaking away from his serious face to say that. He was genuinely thanking them for what they've done, his superiors be damned at the moment. These five teenagers managed to protect so many people and get rid of the threat that spilled from the unnatural tears, they deserved his and everyone else's respect.



Both Wander and the others nodded in agreement with him.

They were surprised, well, John, Roxy and Jake were. Karkat was as well but he hid it better alongside Dave, both Knights stoically accepting the gratitude with looks of indifference, or well a scowling look for Karkat.

John, Roxy and Jake however were smiling at the thanks, accepting it with small nods and bright grins. It was always nice to be thanked for their regular strifes with the game creatures that came from the dimensional tears. To be thanked in person, it was a pleasant feeling.

But that didn't change the fact that this was still a very serious meeting right now and thankfully John and the others remembered that as General Valiant's grateful sincerity turned back to sobering indifference.

"Unfortunately, even with your work and what you've done with us being apparent. The fact of the matter that my superiors are worried about is the fact you five are so young and yet you posses near-incomprehensible powers that have the potential to not only protect the people. But also harm it." Valiant admitted causing them to stiffen. "They don't exactly trust you completely on protecting us with that on basis."

**"But we would never hurt anyone!"** John immediately protested, Jake nodding furiously with him.

Karkat's chortle was loud even to his ears, **"It's not that dumbass. Obviously we would never hurt anyone, especially you and Hope."** Karkat would laugh in anyone's face that would suggest otherwise. There wasn't a malicious bone in either Egbert or English's body.

**"But to them, they can't be sure about that."** Roxy continued softly, lips pursed, **"We're dangerous to them Breathy. We've got these neat powers, rockin' the costumes, awesome weaponry- but we're still dangerous as fuck. Potentially, we could go against the government and fuck with the masses on a major level."** She pointed out.

Karkat and Dave solemnly nod in agreement, they see the surprise in some adults, like they didn't expect them to actually catch that- they were *teenagers*, they weren't fucking idiots. Wander, Valiant and a few other

adults nod along, not really surprised but had some grim faces. Though Wander seemed like he was approving of their apparent intellect, pleased with it in fact. Dare he say it, the fucker looked impressed.

**“B-But! We wouldn’t though! We aren’t! We’re heroes!”** Jake weakly replied, Karkat wants to pat his face for his moirail’s shaky voice. **“ We’ve helped a lot of people-”**

**“Yeah but the fact that we’re still *potentially* dangerous doesn’t really change shit for the upper assholes of their government.”** Dave interrupted in a deadpan, **“They don’t have a handle on us, a leash. We don’t work for them and we don’t have to. They can’t control us and that scares the fuck out of them.”** He concluded bluntly, looking straight at General Valiant. Daring him to say otherwise.

He doesn’t.

An indignant adult does though, “ *You-* ” Thankfully Valiant interrupts him, silencing him with a stern look as he does so.

“I will admit that our superiors are certainly *nervous* when it comes to your situation. But that’s why they made my group, my taskforce. We’re here to be your allies in the face of this unnatural phenomenon.”

**“Allies? Sounds fancy for a bunch of glorified babysitters, narcissistic handlers and tight-assed observers.”** Karkat sneered, he once again ignored John and Jake’s reaction to his words, another hiss of his ‘hero’ name and another nudge to the ribs. He watches their reactions carefully, more than half of them are miffed, even Valiant seems off at his sneering insult.

Wander through? The anomalistic-asshole was observing him carefully, a stoic look on his familiar face- it was buffer than Eridan’s Karkat idly noted. He looked similarly to Eridan’s, almost eerily but no doubt there were some differences here and there, his facial bone-structure was subtly different, not to mention his eyes- this was getting off topic.

Wander's stoic look cracks and he gives a low, snarky grin "Very fancy indeed. I don't much agree, but then again the brass never quite listens to the grunts, do they?" He seemed to agree with Karkat's blunt observation, though not of the decision to act as handlers rather than assistance. It throws everyone else off, though it puts Karkat on edge. Did this motherfucker really figure him out? "That said, I would like to assist you with whatever you may require, in so far as 'hero-ing' is involved.. While I can't speak for all the men and women on the team, I assure you the general and I have providing you assistance at the top of our priority list. And yes, I can tell that you're only here because your team felt it was important."

Karkat's eye twitched from underneath his mask. Maybe it was from his lingering grudge on past Eridan and for all that he's done that makes him want to punch in Wander's glasses, yes it was definitely that and not the fact that this Ampora motherfucker managed to figure out his intentions.

If these adults couldn't handle a few *abrasive* words from a 'human teenager' like him then they can all go fuck off. If they couldn't handle Karkat then they definitely couldn't handle the others. He wouldn't let them.

Karkat aimed a persistent scowl at Wander who seemed to be repressing the urge to bust out an even larger grin..

"That being said, what Wander says is true. Though our superiors *are* aiming for us to be your supposed handlers," General said with a grimaced, "I would rather that not be the case. Our original and main goal is to be your allies, a trusted group that you can rely on before, during and after the attacks. We've already made good work, making sure to evacuate the area while you five deal with the threats."

Jake frowned then perked, "**The safe zones.**" He concluded correctly.

Right, the safe zones that the government had set up during the attacks. Karkat remembered them, how could he not when he and Jake had to sneak into one to reunite with his friends and family? Okay, he had to admit that those were useful and good but that still didn't mean he trusted them. That was their fucking duty to make sure that human life was protected after all.

Valiant nodded, “The safe zones. We try not to interfere much into your battles unless it is to protect any civilians that you cannot or are too busy to protect yourselves.” He confirmed, “We perform first aid, a perimeter check, a civilian check, and we take care of the aftermath of your battles.”

“We also endeavour to gather as much of the left-over grist you leave behind. While we can’t quite seem to figure out what to do with them, they are rather interesting to study. As far as we can tell, they function as a cache of random materials. It’s been quite fun investigating them.” Wander informed them with a light, half lidded smile. They were... a puzzle with damn near half the pieces missing. And he *hated* leaving a puzzle unfinished. The damn things were scatter-shots of various minerals and proteins and truth knows what else.. He had actually ended up taking one of the damn things into his office, after checking to ensure it wouldn’t explode or irradiate his office in some manner of course, where it still sits on a particularly dreadful pile of paperwork, mocking him day in and day out.

Karkat clicked his tongue in annoyance. They knew that they missed a few grist drops even though they tried to get them all, Karkat knew that Ondine and a few of the other adult parents had a few in their possession and he had been thinking about stealing them back. Half-terrified that one day they’d hand it over to him and they’d see the way it would disappear the instance he touched it.

Yeah, he should steal those drops before that happens. It was for the best.

But for now...

**“Say we do decide to work with you, what exactly would that entail for us?”** Dave asks with a drawl, the Knight of Time feigning disinterest. **“Not to mention what it would entail for you guys in return?”**

Roxy nodded alongside him, propping her head on the table with an expectant look. **“Yeah, nice as you seem to be Mr. Eric Valiant- your name’s fucking Valiant for fuck’s sake- you can’t really expect us to just think you’re doing this out of the goodness of your heart? Sure that could be the case for you but probably not the same for some of**

your ‘superiors’.” He was still bound by his oath to his country, to his government and to his job. He had a kid to look out for.

General Valiant grimaced, “I will admit that my superiors *are* expecting something out of this. But having the alliance and assistance of the Aspects *at first* will likely satiate them for the time being. Working on other things may come at another time. Our group just wants to help, Time, Void. You, your team, the people. Anything else will come second hand and will be discussed *with* you at further notice.”

“And of course, experiments can wait until a later date. And they will be one hundred percent compulsory, I’m not Suchong after all.” Wander chimed with some cheer, though he appeared to freeze for a moment, confusion drifting across his face. “I may be less... conventional than many of my peers, but I do have a perfectly functional set of morals. You could call me a mad-scientist even,” Wander said with a slightly twisted grin, a strange look flashing through his eyes as he did so.

Karkat deadpanned, and Dave joined soon after. Roxy was trying to smother her snort while John and Jake eyed the self-proclaimed ‘mad-scientist’ with wide and somewhat wary eyes.

Even General Valiant took a small moment to take in Wander’s words with some, *some* regret and a tiny look of fond exasperation. Karkat mentally gave this human general his sympathies for clearly dealing with this Ampora most of the time. Just this once though. He still didn’t like him but he could sympathize with the man just this once in light of this Eridan-looking motherfucker.

Karkat shared a look with John after a moment, the decision laid primarily between them. They were the leaders of this whole thing after all. If they made a decision, the others would follow. But they had to be on the same page, they couldn’t go against each other like before. Not now, not in front of these government strangers.

They had a silent conversation, conveyed by sheer will despite their eyes covered by their masks.

*‘ This was insane. To team up with actual adults? ’*

*‘ They seem good, they can help us. We can help them. ’*

*‘ They could stab us in the back. We could be in danger. ’*

*‘ They won’t do that. If they do they’d be fucked. ’*

*‘ Not before one of us gets fucked. ’*

*‘ We don’t have to trust them completely right now. Give them a chance. ’*

**“... Gogdammit... fucking... fine.”** Karkat reluctantly conceded with a growl, animalistic and emotional but he *concedes* . Jake pats his arm, he takes comfort from that and calms down a touch. John beams, Dave’s silent but there’s a small smirk on his lips and Roxy grins.

He’d give it a shot. If only to make sure that they’d be safe in the end, not having the government on their asses for the shit they pull would be nice.

Stay optimistic, Jake had told him. He’ll try it out.

The adults look briefly confused with a few exceptions that include Wander himself who looks pleased at the decision that was made between him and John.

This could also be a good opportunity to learn more about this man. Figure things out about him, why he was here, why he existed, what he was doing.

Looks like the Aspects were officially allying themselves with the government.

From there it goes somewhat smoothly.

“In the face of another attack we’ll continue to do what we usually do- that is evacuate civilians, set up safe zones and such.”

**“And we’ll continue to take care of those dastardly monsters and the rifts. If anything happens we’ll contact you.”**

“And how will you do that?”

**“We’ll make something for you guys, something like our masks I think? It will totally be easy to do that.”**

“For all of us? Would acquiring weapons for ourselves that will work against the creatures be possible?”

**“Maybe, but you’ll need a lot more than our trust for that. There’s a reason we’ve got these awesome weapons and shit, we can handle them. We’re not too sure if you can handle the usual shit that we carry around. Plus, it looks badass and compliments our outfits and powers.”**

**“We’ll think of something, if you guys encounter a harder enemy than an imp and we’re not around to take care of it then that would be bad. But Time has a point, a lot of our weapons have some restrictions, like my hammers. I don’t think you guys can even lift some of them or properly use them.”**

“Hm, I see. Understandable I suppose. What about information? Would you be willing to part and share information with us?”

**“Take is easy there shithead. We’re doing a tentative trial thing for this. We’re not going to trust you right off the fucking bat and tell you all of our gogdamned secrets and info.”**

**“I’m with Blood on this, kind of. We can give you some information first I guess, but not all of it. Obviously our identities are off the table.”**

**“Very much off the table. Though we are willing to ally with you Mr. Valiant General sir, we are still very cautious as to personal information so please don’t expect anything of the like any time soon or ever.”**

It goes on for a couple more hours, discussions, some debates. There’s too much to cover over one meeting so they decide to meet up again at another point of time. General Valiant asks the possibility to access their base, they

stay silent on that one and deflect it. It's obvious, though Valiant lets it slide.

It's far too early to actually consider the government group to actually step foot into their base. Far too early for a lot of things but they're willing to officially work together now.

Karkat stretches as he and the others *finally* stand up from their chairs. They've been sitting for *hours* and Karkat is glad that it's finally over. Somewhat. They're going to linger for a bit and finalize a few more things before they all leave for their respective bases.

The ex-SBURB players are still on stage with the other adults, though some have stepped off stage, Karkat can't find himself to care why but he takes note of where they are. He doesn't take note of the second floor since nothing's moved from that area for hours on end. He deems it safe at the very least. His guard is still up though.

Until Wander just walks up to him and starts talking to him.

"Blood." Wander greeted with a small, half-lidded smile. "I was hoping to talk to you for a moment."

Karkat squints at him from behind his mask, him? Why him? Why not John? Or Dave? Or Roxy? Or even *Jake* ?

Speaking of the four, John and Roxy were preoccupied with talking with General Valiant it seems, while his moirail was with Dave, talking to each other and some other adult whose name he's already forgotten. He just didn't really care much for the other adults okay, rude of him he knows but that was it.

But back to it; Wander wanted to talk with him.

"**Yeah?**" Karkat says with his usual frown, "**What the fuck do you want?**"



“Just wanted to ask a few questions pertaining your ‘Aspect’ as you call it.” Wander said, keeping his strange half-lidded smile, but there was clear interest in those eyes behind those glasses of his. “Many theories and possible applications your power holds over, I believe you remember my previous suggestions and questions over our messages?” He inquires and Karkat grimaced at that.

At the time of answering the question, he’d been both disturbed and intrigued, and now- well, it wasn’t any different aside from the fact he regarded the messenger as a suspicious man that couldn’t, *shouldn’t* really be connected to the family of former violet sea-dwellers.

**“Yeah I remember those.”** He replied warily with a slight tone of suspicion, whether Wander catches it or not he doesn’t let it show and just stares at the Blood player with an expectant look. **“Still gotta say that the shit you suggested is mildly fucking disturbing. Haven’t gotten to testing that shit out, not really anyway.”**

Wander lets out a small hum at the answer, contemplative. “Perhaps that’s for the best. Blood has power in control, however difficult it can be to even accept the concept of it’s more esoteric sides. I feel that the main limit behind your powers are your reluctance to use them in ways that are morally acceptable to you.. Still though... It might be a good thing you didn’t test them out. Not only does it display just what morals you subscribe to, it’s also more than likely wise not to open yourself to the possibilities of an incident like Void’s.” He says, glancing over to Roxy, Karkat glances with him with another grimace.

Yeah that had been bad. He honestly didn’t know what the fuck she was thinking, trying to summon dangerous shit on her own? She was lucky all she had was a minor case of Aspect overexposure. Or at least, that’s what they were calling it. The times that the skin turned into the exact hue of their aspect, their powers used beyond what they’re supposed to do. Or maybe beyond what they could handle. It was still a thing that they were recently experiencing and were hesitant to research about, for many obvious reasons.

Roxy had gotten it twice, once at the mall incident alongside Dave and her little self-experimentation moment. Thankfully though, the end results weren't as extreme as the mall incident, she had been extremely exhausted and her hands were saturated with voidy-blue-near-black. A small nap in the healing coons fixed that.

Karkat looked back to Wander when Roxy glanced at her, sensing and seeing the way both Wander and Karkat had been looking at her. “**No fucking kidding.**” He replied with a tone drier than one of the deserts on Earth- Sahara maybe. He wasn't exactly familiar with places on Earth, okay?

Wander's glance lingered and he offered Roxy a greeting smile before locking eyes with Karkat once more, it was unnerving, but Karkat held his ground and determinedly kept his gaze steady and holding it firm. No backing down. No showing weakness.

...

He just noticed how freaky Wander's eyes kind of were, the different splotches of color on those mostly violet eyes. Was *he im agining the slivers of madness, to say nothing of what else hid behi -*

*It slips* his mind completely as Wander speaks, “At any rate, I look forward to working with you and your colleagues.. Should our relationship grow satisfactorily, I would love to do a few experiments on growing the control behind your powers; Should you agree, of course.. Nothing remotely lethal, just basic control exercises and techniques. Strength is all well and good, but a man can die of a thousand little cuts just as well as a bisection. As it is, I have my standards. I'm no Suchong, I require complete consent for my experiments.”” He tells him, seemingly trying to reassure Karkat. It does not work whatsoever.

Karkat however takes note of the strange look in Wander's eyes, distant and unfocused. Like he was trying to remember something but it wasn't coming to mind. It passes quickly though, and his eyes refocuse quickly. And who the hell was Suchong? This was the second time that name had come up. It was like the Eridan-look alike didn't even realize what he was saying.

**“Sure, whatever the fuck. But just because we’re fucking allies now doesn’t mean shit. Don’t expect us to be all buddy-buddy in a few days or something.”** Karkat sneers at him, mostly to cover up at his discomfort at the mention of ‘experiments’. With permission or not, he wasn’t looking forward at the possibility of that.

Wander must have picked it up though since he’s sporting a frown now, “Blood, trust me on this. If you don’t wish to do the experiments, simply say so. The general and I can see the bigger picture here; we’re here to help you in dealing with whatever causes the rifts and the aftermath besides. Granted, I can be rather enthusiastic about your abilities, but that’s more due to me wanting to compile as much information as possible.. I don’t know the cause behind the rifts, but I get the feeling it isn’t as simple case of ET phoning home. If we work together, we can find out what the hells causing it, and hopefully how to shut them down. Permanently. The key trait to any hero is that they seek to help others, always.” He says softly, and gogdammit Karkat pauses for a moment.

Karkat pauses. His form falters slightly. His *guard* falters slightly.

Big mistake, and one he pays for ten-fold.

**BANG**

It comes out of nowhere, but the sound is deafening within the warehouse, especially with the way Karkat’s body jolts shortly afterwards. Karkat wasn’t a time player, that was Dave’s shtick, but it almost feels like time slowed down considerably for him.

There’s a hole in his cape now, and his godhood shirt. Oh, and apparently a hole in his back, heart and chest now.

Immediately, his brain is going overdrive while also trying to shut down from the fact his *heart was fucking shot* . Maybe that’s why everything seemed to slow down as his vision dims. Vaguely he recalls the feeling of the bullet leaving his chest, in the direction it was going Wander was going to get shot as well.

However, that's not exactly his problem because his current problem was that he was *dying* .

His blood is pumping furiously but his brain shuts down from the shock of the shot to his heart.

Karkat Vantas dies in a warehouse on a brisk and windy day.

...

### ***Something felt off.***

---

Jake English by far was not a master of troll romance, he's pretty sure he mentioned that and confirmed that before. Karkat was the master of troll romance obviously and Jake liked to think he was doing good as Karkat's moirail. He even managed to pronounce every relationship without botching it completely, *especially* moirallegiance since, you know, he was in one with Karkat.

It was kind of strange, the whole thing but Jake didn't mind one bit.

Not with how caring Karkat was, managing to calm him down with just a touch to the face and a few 'shooshes' that *still* seem a bit bizarre to him, how the hell did it work? *And how the hell did it work on him?* He had thought that humans couldn't do troll romance and Karkat had thought it as well but they had been proven wrong because there they were, moirails despite being different species and having different tastes and romantic systems that at first didn't make sense to each other since it was so bizarrely alien to each other but that was at first.

Now, Jake kindof knew he had a good grasp on moirallegiance and he was determined to be the best moirail for Karkat. He wasn't perfect but he liked to think he was good enough for Karkat, he'd certainly try his best. Listening to his woes, problems, complaints, rant and more, coaxing him into a calm state or to sleep because this ex-troll was the most sleep deprived out of the lot of them. His nightmares had thankfully lessened with the sopor but Jake was proud to know that he was helping the poor lad, it

filled him with that strange feeling and emotion that he now recognized as pity. Trollish pity. The kind that a normal human probably shouldn't have but when had Jake been normal? Hell, when had *any* of them been normal?

Dave, John and Roxy were in a polyamorous relationship where the three of them were pale despite Dave and John being brightly red for each other -so Karkat's troll terminology was rubbing off on him, he couldn't say or admit that he minded though- but it worked. They kept each other grounded just like how Jake and Karkat kept each other grounded in the same-ish way. Only without the red love that Dave and John were experiencing between them.

He had only ever admitted to Karkat about this, but seeing Dave and John together... It hurt him ever so slightly.

Dave was a Strider and was similar to Dirk. Only different for very obvious reasons but he was *still* related to Dirk and shared his distinctive features. If Dave had kept or even worn those triangular glasses that Dirk and Bro favored over he was very sure he wouldn't be able to stomach watching him and John interact so intimately. But thankfully John's gift of Ben Stiller's glasses - *Ben Stiller* , golly gee!- helped immensely.

What didn't help was how John was so similar to him.

He wasn't as blind and oblivious as people would have thought.

At least, not anymore. Karkat made sure of that, tearing down his defense and exposed his inner thoughts and layers that even he hadn't realized existed at the start. Well, *tearing* was a very harsh word to describe it and actually wasn't what happened. He coaxed it out of him. Slipping past the goofy exterior that Jake often pulled up to fool everyone. Including himself.

John was so similar to him for, again with very obvious reasons, just as obvious on how somewhat different they were. Their love for movies, their 'goofy dorkiness' they shared. The buckteeth. Their eyes and accents weren't the same but if you switched their eye colors you'd find it a bit tough to distinguish them apart unless that person really knew them. If not for the

slight age difference of this new universe and a few other factors, they could've been twins.

So could Jade and Jane- a quadruple set of identical twins of two sets of genders. But in this new universe Jake and Jane were younger than the others alongside Dirk and Roxy.

Anyway, John was so much like him and it made *sense* knowing he was a combination of him and Jane.

Another thing that bothered him from time to time.

Ectobiology, paradox DNA slime that made their family tree a bit more complicated than the others. John had been a mixed slime baby clone of him and Jane, but he leaned towards Jake than Jane in not only gender.

Jake hated it at times.

Seeing John. And Dave. Being together. It reminded him of...

A Strider and an Egbert.

A Strider and an English.

He wondered if SBURB loved mucking about in the relationships category of the session, of how things were to be.

Dave and John were parallels of him and Dirk, or even Dirk and *Jane* for all he knew but it mostly came to him as himself and Dirk.

Seeing them together reminded of the times he had been together with Dirk, the lovely start, the rough middle and the awkwardly broken end.

But unlike how *Jake* had fucked up his relationship with Dirk, his relationships with nearly *everyone* really, *John was **succeeding*** .

John was doing such a better job at being a boyfriend than Jake could ever be. A better friend. He had the confidence and natural ability to *not fuck up* while Jake was...

Jake was...

...

Karkat had been shocked at this admittance and kept it secret, Jake had a feeling that even if they hadn't been moirails, Karkat would have kept it secret nonetheless and tried to help him with his feelings. He was *still* helping Jake with those feelings and it was appreciated. Dearly so. He loved Karkat. No- he *pitied* Karkat so much, as much as a human could ever could and try.

Though the process of Jake dealing with his lingering feelings with Dirk was... *slow* to say the least. Which was fine by Jake, and realistic in retrospect. He couldn't exactly expect it to be instantaneously fixed the moment he spilled his thoughts to his moirail who wrangled them together and tried to make sense, tried to help and give back advice. It helped though, even if it was slow.

Karkat had even tried to change Jake's mind on his stance on Dirk's feelings for him in this universe, he tried to convince him that he could do better, be less shitty -though Karkat was adamant and made it clear to Jake that he thought Jake wasn't as shitty as a boyfriend he had been to Dirk and a friend to Jane and Roxy as he thought himself out to be- and try for another chance. Jake naturally declined and was quite firm in his decision.

Dirk could find someone better than him, he wasn't the only other male on Earth anymore and had been brought up normally in a society that wasn't drowned by an evil waterbitch batterwitch tyrant! A-And Jane was thankfully not enamored with him and was a close family figure and would surely set her sights on someone who really deserved her, though of course they'd have to go through not only him but the others too. If they managed to pass then she'd be so happy with whoever got her.

Same with Dirk!

They were better off without him.

He wasn't a good romantic partner whatsoever!

With the exception of being a pale romantic partner though or as Karkat insisted and Jake eventually accepted. He was still stubborn on the shitty boyfriend part for Dirk and anyone else though.

That had been a bit before the whole 'becoming Karkat's boyfriend' part.

They had panicked and it all whirled into a complicated situation that they were now stuck with.

Jake was now boyfriends with Karkat, while they *technically* already were it was surprising on how both accepting and reluctant they had both taken to it. They were comfortable together but certainly not in the way that the others thought they were- they were moirails! Not matesprits! Of course they couldn't call themselves that. The others wouldn't be able to really understand their intimate actions that would very much be mistaken as normal human love already, and it had already been established that they were boyfriends now so they went with it.

Plus, Jake would admit later on in the privacy and safety of their room on their pile, that he kind of wanted to be a good boyfriend for Karkat. A good boyfriend in general, a way to maybe redeem himself for his past mistakes? It sounded stupid and it *was*, Karkat would agree but he didn't object and let Jake try his best to be a good boyfriend to Karkat- in a pale way of course and nothing else even if those outside their circle saw it as something else.

Jake adored him for that, Karkat went with his whims and tolerated them to an extent, helping him and- it was hard to put it into words anymore but Jake was head over heels for this ex-troll.

Karkat was someone that Jake was determined to keep close, to help, to keep safe, to pity and *so much more*, as he deserved. He did his best and was proud whenever he managed to do something right with him, the first few times they had piled had been so awkward. Especially the first time when he had managed to break Karkat's nose and managed to get them into the whole boyfriend mess in the first place.

That had been so harrowing.



And then the attack afterwards at the park?

Karkat had pretty much collapses into the pile and needed Jake to calm him down, to reassure him that all the drones were gone. His facade of 'everything being fucking fine as shit' had collapsed in private. It was surprising on how he could act like nothing was wrong one moment but then collapse the next- thankfully Jake was there by his side, faithfully helping him, it was what he had to do, what he was meant to do as the ex-mutant's moirail. Listening in silence as Karkat spewed fear and paranoia at him, recalling his wriggling- er, childhood as a troll on Alternia. Being a troll. Being a human. Everything.

He had tried not to breakdown and cry like their first messy pile date but had failed miserably, but like the first pile, Jake was there to support him. Listening, papping, shooshing, coaxing him into admitting more and calming him to the point he felt like absolute jelly on the pile, on Jake. It was bizarre and thankfully not interrupted by Karkat's family since they had spent the night in the base after sneaking out at Karkat's 'selfish' request.

It was then that Jake reaffirmed his determination to be a good moirail for Karkat.

He pitied-loved him so much.

So naturally when his moirail gets *shot* ...

**BANG**

Karkat, his beloved diamond star, gets shot through the *chest* ...

" **WHO DID THAT?!** " Jake *screamed* , an anguished rage overtaking him as he sees his palemate fall over to someone he recognized as Mr. Wander Ampora- he should be by Karkat's side, tend to him but he was suddenly so *angry* because someone had the utter *gall* to shoot at **his** moirail!

They would **pay**.

Jake ignores the slight white spots within his vision, how his sight gets brighter and the shadows of the warehouse disappear as he looks for the *source* of the bullet- there's a man on the second floor. Previously hidden by the shadows that didn't exist now as *white hot energy* pulsed underneath his skin and bled into reality in the form of flames. The man has a *rifle* and was *laughing-*

“*Y O U .*”

*He would pay.*

---

Look.

Moe B. Faith was a good man. He really was.

He had a good family, a good job, a good life.

It was all pretty normal- as normal as a man like him could be, he was a soldier. He was a good soldier, he followed his orders and got paid for it as he should be. He sent most of the money to his family, his beloved wife and their handsome teenage son. Hell, his wife was pregnant again! She definitely needed the money.

Moe B. Faith had a good life.

Had.

His teenage son gets into gambling, unfortunately losing a lot of money. That was bad, but no matter, Moe would do his best to support their family- after *firmly* disciplining his son and making him see the error of his ways. He does, and thankfully doesn't go into gambling again, which is good and Moe is thankful for that.

Still, their money situation is more than a bit tight, what with how much his son lost and the fact his wife's pregnancy required money. But they were doing alright. They were doing good. It was fine, they could get through it until the baby was born.

Moe was steadily fulfilling their debt and supporting his family, it was kind of a stressful thing but that was fine. His job as a soldier was good enough for that.

Then shit hits the fan and suddenly there's *monsters* popping up here and there from dimensional tears of time and space or whatever the scientists were calling it. That was *not* normal whatsoever. What closely follows are five *teenage* fucking superheroes- that had been a goddamn shock to learn when things calmed down to relatively peaceful levels.

Moe regards them warily, as he should because they were teenagers with unnatural powers. Teenagers who could control the wind, control time, control *blood* , go invisible and summon things from out of fucking nowhere and apparently give boosts or something- he has no idea what's Hope's deal, seemed like the weak link of the team.

But he has to admit that they were doing good work since they could actually fight off the monsters that come through the tears in the sky. Normal weapons can work on those weaker and smaller ones, the 'imps' as the Aspects called them but the bigger ones? The 'ogres', 'basilisks' and other weirdly named monsters?

Moe had seen one of those fuckers take on a *tank* . And not just any old tank, a prototype M1A3, successor to one of the best tanks the US of A has ever fielded, the M1 Abrams.

Even then, the imps were occasionally not bested by normal guns. The green ones that could teleport. Those were especially dangerous as the heroes warned.

Moe doesn't think much of it at first, he had merely been a normal soldier that was temporarily transferred from his original squadron, transferred to a group that was led by a man named Eric Valiant. It was like any other group at first.

But then his temporary transfer became permanent.

And then his new-permanent group was assigned to a new branch that *fully involved* the *Aspects* .

He'd been pulled into the thick of it then. Assigned abruptly, *permanently* , to a new group that involved superpowered teenagers? Moe thought he could deal with it. He really could.

The branch was nice, tight-knit and close. Most of the people in it obviously knew each other for a long while, Moe and a few others felt kind of out of place of it but they integrated and settled in the best they could. Moe tried. He really did.

But he found himself uncomfortable with it. His views on the Aspects weren't exactly the most positive. He wouldn't admit them though, he'd rather not garner attention to himself from that. He's witnessed a soldier being chastised for speaking negatively on the Aspects.

They still acknowledged that the Aspects were extremely dangerous of course, which was a relief but it shifted more positively than he'd like on their behalf. They were *teenagers* , reckless shits who had no business *playing hero* . They shouldn't have those powers in the first place.

Who knows, maybe them getting powers was the reason why the tears were happening in the first place.

Still, Moe kept quiet on his views and did his job. He followed orders and did what he could within the group.

It goes fairly smoothly, the pay is a bit higher for obvious reasons and Moe dutifully sends it to his family as he works.

However it falls apart during one attack.

The same attack that revealed the teenage heroes apparent *immortality* - something that shocks the whole freaking world *again* . But Moe isn't paying that much attention- not when his *son* goes into a coma. Not when their house is *destroyed* . His wife's *near-miscarrage*.

It hits their finances *hard* - the hospital bill, the collateral damage, their *insurance* - everything falls apart and Moe has no idea what to do. He hasn't even fully paid off their debt!

Moe needed money. He *needed* it- his wife, his son, his *baby*- he needed money to pay for everything.

He works frantically and begs for an advance payment, he gets it because *damn* his situation is goddamn sympathetic but it *isn't enough* . It's not enough, not with everything adding up. He can't beg again, oh he tries but it doesn't work.

He doesn't really notice the building resentment as time goes by, he's struggling to keep his family afloat as it is but he's working with people that want to contact and work with the *Aspects* .

The same so called 'heroes' that caused his family's situation!

It was bad enough that they were fucking unnatural as it was!

Their powers, their weapons, their *immortality*- his son, his *family* should have that, they should, they should even with it's fucky 'Judgement System' or whatever that the *Aspects* have.

But he can't lash out, not if he wants to lose his position or maybe even his job. He has to work, he has to focus on his family even if he had to focus on the *Aspects* in the process. He has to work for his family and *do something* .

Then orders from their superiors come, *make contact with the Aspects* , they ordered, *finally do your job* , they commanded and Moe has to grit his teeth in silence at that. They were *trying* dammit! But that *scientist* - Wander Ampora, a subtly arrogant asshole but General Valiant's *best friend* - had been taking it slow.

Painfully slow.

Weeks pass by as Wander Ampora messages the Aspects and Moe is probably getting just as impatient as their superiors.

But during those weeks, a private order comes from one of the superiors *just for him* .

*Shoot one of the Aspects* , the order says, *have it seem like a 'Heroic' death*. He hesitates...

Then he sees the paycheck that's attached to it and he *accepts* with a wide smile. It's a touch frantic, desperate and menacing but he's the only one around to know about it.

That was more than enough to get his family smoothly floating once again. He could finally, *finally* , support his family. And it's *glorious* to know that.

His son even wakes up shortly after he accepts! Further sign that he made the right choice- he just needs to think on *how* to make this shot, how to make this *work* . He has to plan, something had to happen so that this could entirely work. It had to be a *heroic* death for one of the Aspects after all.

That something *happens* , it happens in the form of Wander finally getting his shit together and gives the Aspect an offer to attend a meeting between them. Immediately Moe plans around that, not even considering the fact that there was a chance that the Aspects could decline it- mostly because he's *sure* they'll accept.

They were supposed to be ' *heroes* ' .

They had to listen to them, or at least give it a shot.

Which was what Moe was counting on, and he counts *right* . They do accept. And Moe *plans* .

He plots alongside his colleagues, even as they plan to help the fuckers. He even adjusted for General Valiant and that arrogant jackass Wander's plans and goes around that.

They plan to meet in a warehouse within an abandoned factory area off into the forest near the city where they're stationed. It's an old and shitty place but it's perfect for both plans, his and theirs. He's part of the scouting group, scoping out the place before the meeting, making sure it was safe and setting up a perimeter while planning for their future stations for the meeting.

He manages to smuggle in a sniper rifle during the scouting, hiding it somewhere on the second floor of the warehouse. Moe was a good soldier, he was a crack shot with a rifle, and the fact it was just on the second floor of the warehouse meant that his shot would hit dead-on.

The rifle is already prepared and assembled when the meeting happens. And Moe is stationed in the perfect spot, which is where the rifle was hidden and stashed. It was a good spot, one mostly in the shadows and difficult to see properly on the first floor at all angles. It was perfect for him.

He had volunteered for that spot the moment he pointed it out to General Valiant.

The second floor isn't as guarded as the first floor, fewer soldiers, the stations of the other soldiers are far enough that Moe can subtly ready his rifle and wait for the perfect moment to come. Not *during* the meeting though, it obviously wouldn't be a heroic death.

Right before the meeting, he has a few of his doubts, speaking them aloud only to get glared at by the General for it. He bows his head and goes to his station, feeling irritated as he hears Ampora's reply. What a fucking jackass. An utterly arrogant jackass.

Moe reaches his station and *waits* .

He nearly grabs his rifle when the Aspects arrive. All five of them, walking in- *Why not just fly or float you fucking brats?* He thinks to himself with irritation as he watches them approach the set up stage. His view and vision is good enough to see the teenagers in all their fucking glory.

And he instantly hones in on Blood, the brat with the displeased scowl on his face. It's as if this whole thing was just a waste of their time, *his* time. Moe dislikes him *immensely* for that. This teen was just as arrogant as that Ampora fucker!

He twitches for his rifle but stays firm, not now. Not before *or* during the meeting.

When it actually starts, Moe's decision on shooting which Aspect is made.

Blood was a little fucking *shit* .

A disrespecting, arrogant little twit- an admittedly *dangerous* little twit but that just added into the reason why Moe should absolutely shoot him. Originally, he might've gone for Time, he was very dangerous or maybe Void or Breath, the three of them were very fucking dangerous. Hope never even crossed his mind to take down.

Blood could control *blood* for fuck's sake, that was just a sign of some voodoo bullshit right there.

At any rate, his decision was made- Moe was going to shoot Blood. And he was going to make sure it was going to be *heroic* . He had to remember that bullshit system that these brats had on them. Who even thought of that? *Heroic* or *Just* ?

Oh well, at least it gave him a chance to make sure the little shit stayed dead. He had to be precise on this. He'd surely get a chance to do that.

He had to.

He had already spent the check, he had given it all to his family, they needed him to do this. The superior that ordered him to do this was going to send even more money afterwards- it would pay for his son's future college, his wife and baby's needs. Sure, he might not be there to enjoy it... but so be it. He'd do what it takes to provide for his family.

He had to do this.



And he did.

Moe had waited patiently for *hours* for the chance to take his shot. It slowly grated on his nerves but he stayed strong. For his family. For himself.

The chance came after the meeting.

And it was a *perfect* chance.

That jackass scientist actually went to talk with Blood! They were even in a position that gave him the perfect shot that would hit *both* of them! This was perfect! The universe was *on his side*!

As the two arrogant shits talked, Moe took careful aim, taking a tense breath- why was he tense? This should be easy. It was going to be so easy, he'd be able to take two people down- he knows that Ampora had inevitably pissed a few people off, maybe he'd get some more money if he managed to take him down too.

First off Blood which *should* off Ampora.

It was his winning situation.

Moe smiled slightly, then cleared his face of emotion. He let out a breath... and pulled the trigger.

The other soldiers on the second floor seemed to finally take notice of the weapon in his hands but it was too late.

***BANG***

...

*He killed Blood.*

His slight smile went grew into a full blown one, teeth showing as he laughed, to him it sounded righteous and bright but to others it sounded manic and insane- he did it! *He did it!*

His family was saved- they'd get the money, they'd-

" **WHO DID THAT?!** "

Then things went to shit when the one unnatural fuck he'd discounted exploded in a brightly lit ball of rage. The darkness that hid him seemed to disappear as Hope spotted him in his hiding place, rifle in hand. Hope *snarls* , pointing a bright, flaming finger at him.

" **Y O U .** "

Oh *shit* .

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## Chapter End Notes

Normally I don't write very long chapters but hey! I managed! But that's thanks to the betas that I took on- That's right, I have officially gotten BETAS and by GOD is it kind of easier to write now. I've got four of them and I am grateful to each one, thank you very much.

At any rate yeah, next chapter is the conclusion for Forming Connections!

Yep, it looks like things are really getting hot in here!

Next chapter's gonna be big- and not just in plot, but in chapter!

And hopefully it'll come on time.

At any rate, I hope you enjoyed!

## Forming Connections (5)

### Chapter Notes

WOOF!

Finally got this chapter out!

And also!

Final chapter in the arc!

Also also!

11k WORDS! Are you guys proud of me or what?!

...

I'm hearing or whats so uh, ahem.

Anyway, here's the next and final chapter to the Connections Arc. I hope you enjoy it and that you'll have a spooey Halloween month everybody! Whoo!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

The meeting had been going so well.

Wander had finally gotten to meet and converse with the Aspects face-to-face alongside Eric and they were on their way on a hopefully favorable alliance. Things should have gotten better from there.

It didn't. It took a fucking dive off the cliff-face of good things into the sea of very deep shit.

Not when a soldier from *their* branch fucking *shoots* one of the heroes they were trying to ally with. It actually *kills* the hero as well, considering the hole in front of where Blood's heart should be. Blood's open mouth shaped into a surprised look that he can't quite make out with the mask in the way as the bullet passed through him and *into Wander's Side* .

Despite the waves of fucking pain flowing from the hole, Wander still manages to catch Blood's body as his own crumples because truthdammit it

was *still* painful to get shot at the side and he wasn't exactly ready to catch Blood's limp body. He lets out an expletive, and Wander didn't know if it was because of the pain or the fact Blood was *dying* -

Red starts to drip from Blood's mouth, his namesake is soaking Wander's previously clean shirt which was also soaking up his *own* blood. '*Dammit, I liked that shirt,*' Wander thought. '*I've been shot and I'm worried about my shirt. Shock, huh? Such fun... not.*'

It doesn't take long for everyone to fully react to the fact Blood was *shot* - *shit he was actually **dead***-

Hope's the one that breaks nearly everyone out of their stupor, a white flame quickly forming over his body as he *screamed*.

**"WHO DID THAT?!"**

In an instance, Breath, Time and Void have their weapons out, wary and aiming it at the soldiers which in turn made them quickly get their own out but Eric interrupts, "*No! No one draw their weapons! Hands up, no one move!*" He orders. His men give him looks of disbelief, were they supposed to just *let* them be held at gunpoint? Or, well, hammer-sword-gunpoint?

Wander actually thought that Eric had made the right choice, the four living heroes were right on the very edge- one of their own had just *died* in what was supposed to be a *peaceful truth-damned meeting!* They had only *just* started to trust Eric and their group, this reeked of sabotage.

The self-proclaimed mad scientist internally reassess his entire profile on Hope who seemed to be a ticking time bomb of rage and white hissing flame. He also internally hoped and urged for Blood to revive soon because things weren't looking up whatsoever.

"Who took the shot?!" Eric hissed, enraged and absolutely *horrified* over what happened- Wander was the same and he was still cradling Blood's limp body, still getting his shirt and coat soaked in mixed blood from both himself and the downed superhero. Wander kept himself steady, just by feeling the bullet which was no doubt lodged into his side, it wasn't that

bad- oh he'd definitely need to get that bullet surgically removed but it didn't hit anything vital.

However he wasn't that concerned over his own injuries.

Breath aimed his hammer at Eric, his mouth forming a firm line- no doubt underneath his mask he had a mixed expression of betrayal and anger and that made Eric feel even more horrified, enraged and *guilty*. ***This was not supposed to happen.*** How could they ever hope to form an alliance when this happened? Who dared to attack and kill one of the coveted heroes that they were trying to ally with?!

Eric's question was answered soon enough, both by the slightly echoing sound of what seemed to be unhinged laughter along with the enraged and frankly now terrifying yellow-clad hero that spoke.

**"YOU."**

White hot fury injected into a simple word of three letters, it wasn't just Wander that shivered at the furious snarl that came from the usually chipper and pleasant hero. There was a whispery sound of something utterly *unnatural* that was behind that snarl, something both familiar and not to Wander but he didn't take much note of it as he along with everyone else looked at where Hope was angrily pointing at.

A soldier previously unseen on the second floor for the angle and the shadows of the warehouse. The damned man *still* had the rifle somewhat aimed at him and Blood, his laughter dying down as he finally realized the situation he was in right now.

Hope balled his fist, gaze firmly locked on the soldier- no, the *traitor* on the second floor.

***Tick***

Wander nearly held his breath as he heard the timely and ethereal sounding tick that came from Blood's limp body. *Judgement time* . However, it seemed that this was overlooked as Hope gave another sound of rage and he

quickly tried to remember if he recognized the renegade soldier, it took longer than he liked as Hope jumped into the air.

Moe Faith.

An enlisted infantry soldier, ex-coast guard before he was transferred to Eric's branch. Wander didn't know him that much, he never cared for the more blasé soldiers that kept to the background. It was Eric's job to look after his soldiers after all but he tended to check over the profiles of the ones that get assigned to their branch. Had to make sure they weren't connected to anything shady and Moe B. Faith had seemed to be a good soldier.

***Tock***

Seemed being the unfortunate keyword- but Wander had been sure that the man hadn't been involved in anything, unless-

Well, he could think of that later because Blood's potential revival was overshadowed with *Hope right in front of Moe-*

Breath and Void however had managed to hear and notice Blood's ticking, they abandoned their original defensive positions and came to Blood and Wander's side, Time kept his position but his attention was halved between the enraged Hope and his other heroic teammates.

**"C'mon Ka-Blood, c'mon. It's not a heroic death, right? Can't be- "**

Breath muttered desperately as he and Void glanced between Blood's body and the glowing and furious Hope. Void holds Breath's hand in comfort but she notices the bleeding wound on the scientist, they locked eyes. Wander's face was paling, he was losing quite an amount of blood but he ignored it in favor of giving Void a sincere look of regret and reassurance. Blood would revive, he had to.

***Tick***

**"You killed my diamond."** The usually passive hero aggressively growled, diamond? A nickname perhaps? Were he and Blood romantically involved?

Fuck, save it for later Wander.

Wander tried not to move as much when Breath and Void took Blood's body away from him, hissing as it jostled his injured side. Breath gives him a shocked and panicked look when he also notices the injury. Wander gives him the same look of regret and reassurance, he'd be fine. They had other things to focus on.

**"You will pay."**

The turncoat soldier cursed and aimed his rifle at Hope-

***Tick***  
***BANG***

He took another shot. It temporarily drowned out the sound of Blood's clock, the dark red and brown hero's body now laid down between Breath and Void.

The white flames stopped the bullet, acting as a shield- the small metallic projectile hissed and *disintegrated* underneath the scalding rage-fueled energy that Hope was exuding. Hope gave another snarl, touching down on the second floor- the floor *cracked* and *crumbled* underneath his yellow boots. A small hole was made underneath Hope but he stayed standing in the air in front of the now terrified traitor.

"Sir *orders* -" One of Eric's soldiers begins, pale in the face not from blood loss but from terror as the whispering flame around Hope grew in size minutely. Moe the traitor was trapped between a concrete wall and a furiously terrifying superpowered teenager.

Eric made a complicated face, on the one hand there was a traitor in his group- something he *abhorred* - and that same traitor had went and shot, *killed* one of the heroes they had just allied with. Heroes that he had seen in a concerned, somewhat paternal view. By god, he attempted to shoot another hero! And though it failed, it was something to take note of.

But on the other, he was still a general. He was still bound to his duty to protect citizens, civilians and people. And that included his soldiers, traitor they may be- plus, he needed to take that soldier, Moe oh what have you done and *why*, into custody. He did not want to burden Hope with the blood of a human life, no matter the fact that human wasn't innocent.

***Tock***

Moe tried to escape. *Tried* but ultimately failed, his attempted scramble to the side was blocked by a torrent of white, and his other side was blocked another wall of white. He really was trapped between a hard concrete wall and his potential killer.

He quickly turned to the nearest hero, Time, "Please," He pleaded, "I know that we've erred on this but please stop Hope from killing or hurting that soldier- he needs to be in custody. We need information from him and to arrest him." He's already mentioned he didn't want Hope's hands to be bloodied by human life, the others would surely understand right? This wasn't right, vengeance was called for but not like this. Not right now.

***Tick***

Time paused, his face blank and unreadable before he disappeared in a burst of speed.

**"Hope."**

Time had appeared behind Hope, laying a hand on his shoulder, flinching at the harsh flames but had a firm red glow around his hand that seemed to protect his own hand from getting burnt or disintegrated. "**Dude, you can't kill the guy.**" He tells him bluntly. Moe looks a bit relieved but also very much terrified, but there's a sense of hope in his face.

Hope whips his head to look at him with a frustrated sneer on his lips, "**And why the bloody fuck not? He bloody well deserves to die for what he's done!**" He demands, whirling to look back at the renegade soldier, "**He has to fucking pay! He killed my star!**" His voice cracks and something wet



drips down his cheek from underneath his mask, seemingly unaffected by the white flame.

**“He will pay. But he needs to be alive to do that.”** Time replied blandly, **“Fucker owes us an explanation as to why the fuck he tried to-”** Hope snarls at the time-powered hero, he corrects himself with a grimace, **“Why he killed Blood.”**

***Tock***

Something seemed to snap in Moe, the soldier laughing despairingly, hysterically. “Pay?! Owe?!” He started, gripping the rifle in his grip, “I don’t owe shit to you *freaks!* You’ve been a pain in the ass since the beginning- you destroyed my house, my son was in a *coma* because of you and your damned monster attacks!” He cried out, “My wife had a near miscarriage, the hospital bill between her and my son is fucking gigantic! I had to work more and send all of my money to them while you unnatural brats lounged in your fucking immortality and *powers* doing god knows what when you’re not destroying everything!” He raged, apparently forgetting the fact he was in front of two *dangerous* heroes. “That blood-using freak had it coming- that’s fucking voodoo shit! He was a little bastard who disrespected the government and he’s supposed to be a *hero*?! He and that arrogant jackass of a scientist deserved to be shot ten times over!”

**“Dude...”** Time breathed, looking at Moe in disbelief. **“You are a gogdamned idiot.”**

Moe looked furious, opening his mouth to retort at the red-clothed hero only to yelp as the tip of his rifle was grabbed by Hope. The rifle was quickly covered and encompassed by white fire, Moe howled in pain as his hands were burnt from the scorching yet *freezing* light- he quickly lets go of the rifle but the pain is still on his hands as he stares at the source.

The whispers were more prominent, louder and were no longer whispers but hisses of guttural sound. A language unknown to man.

***Tick***

If Hope had been terrifying then, he was even more so *now*.

There was something swirling around Hope, within the white flames that seemed brighter than ever. Something unnatural and otherworldly. Ghostly figures were birthed and killed within the flames, something that wanted to take form but couldn't for some reason.

### ***Undetermined***

Time backed away considerably from Hope as it was too much *even for him* .

There was something drowned out as Hope's voice rang out into the warehouse, loud, calm and downright ***livid*** .

**“Don't you DARE call him that. Don't you DARE insult him like that. Don't you FUCKING DARE! I DON'T CARE ANYMORE- HE. MUST. P A Y!!”** Hope had started calm but it was lost into mindless fury at the end, he *shrieked* at Moe, a supernatural tone to his voice, it grated on the ears and gave the mind a headache. The ghostly figures shrieked with him, intangible but were a bit more clear- they had *wings* , a wispy tail and a circular and feathery head with wide sharp teeth. They couldn't go far from Hope without disappearing once more but they were *there* and Moe ***screamed*** when one managed to get close enough to snap at his face before fading.

Hope *reached out* , hands aflame and horrible creatures near-forming at the tip coming closer to Moe-

**“Oh for FUCK'S SAKE-”**

Red chains suddenly latched on to Hope's wrists, bubbling from the flame but keeping *strong* . Hope was tugged back as a familiar-caped hero floated behind him with a scowl on his face.

---

...

*Something felt off.*

*...*

*Okaaay.*

*Where the fuck was he?*

*Karkat blinked and squinted at his surroundings. Nothing. He could see nor feel nothing. There was just an endless abyss of black surrounding him.*

*What the fuck.*

*Karkat looked around, wary and paranoid while keeping his guard up. He tried to access his sylladex, his strife specibus, take a pair of his sickles into hands just in case.*

*Nothing.*

*Panic crept underneath his skin before he firmly held it down- he still had his blood, it was easy enough to spill it even without his sickles. He was fine, he could protect himself- only... he didn't.*

*His memory came back in a flash, he falters even though he tries not to, he had died because of that for fuck's sake.*

*"Okay, okay. I fucking died, so now what the fuck's going on here?" He mutters to himself as he looks around the black abyssal void that surrounded him. It creeps him out, reminding him far too much of the void of the furthest ring, the realm where the horrorterrors stayed.*

*However, thankfully, it didn't seem like that. There was just an eerie emptiness to the blackness around him. It unnerved him but he preferred it over the overwhelming presence of the eldritch tentaclebeasts that were the horroterrors.*

*But at the same time, the emptiness was also very creepy for him. Not to mention lonely. He had no idea where he was and he was sure that this*

*wherever this was, it wasn't a dream bubble. Was this a new afterlife in this damned universe? The dreambubbles didn't exist anymore, or shouldn't rather- the one time John fell asleep and entered something akin to dreambubbles alongside Dirk didn't seem to count and seemed like a one-off thing.*

*It didn't still didn't make any sense and bewildered them when that happened but they couldn't exactly do anything about.*

*So the only thing that Karkat could conclude from this place was that this was a fucked up new afterlife. Great. An endless black void. Speaking of void though...*

*Why hadn't Roxy tell them about this? Or John for the most part? John had died first and Roxy had died before them, they should've mentioned this little tid-bit to them all if this happened. Especially to him since he had... died.*

*He took in a deep breath, the panic of death settling in as he remembers it in perfect detail. Fuck, that had been out of nowhere and surprising. Karkat could only hope that he'd revive soon because like fuck that was a Just or Heroic death. All he had been doing was talking to that Ampora scientist- but then again he had inadvertently saved Wander's life by standing in front of him like that.*

*However that was unintentional so the Clock of Judgment shouldn't be counting that right? Right? He hadn't meant to save his life. It wasn't intentional and he would bite off his own hand into a fucking stump if that counted as a heroic fucking death.*

*He couldn't afford to be dead right now, not when Jake, John, Dave and Roxy were stuck in an adult-riddled warehouse in what could've possibly been an ambush. Why else had he died? Had the adults betrayed them last minute? Or had it been the plan all along? String them along before cutting them off-*

*No. That didn't seem right somehow.*

*He had been observing the meeting intently from the very fucking start. And as much as he'd dislike to admit it, it seemed like a genuine gogdamned peace meeting. That General, while professional and proper, had clearly meant the words he had said. That Wander fuck too.*

*The last memory of Wander speaking to him rang in him, even the paranoid part of him had been quiet during that aside from the hesitant doubt that lingered at his sincerity and genuine intent. Of course that hesitance had probably cost him his life.*

*Karkat shook his head and crossed his arms, scowling as he tried not to think about his death. He and the others never really lingered on the fact they had died. They had died, end of story. That was it.*

*Still, he would've appreciated a little heads up to this blank black emptiness he was in from John and Roxy.*

*Unless...*

*They didn't remember it? They would've talked about it with them if they did wouldn't they? Damn, so he was going to forget about this when he revived? Well, that'd be unexpected but he wouldn't be disappointed if he forgot about this place.*

*It was an unnerving dark abyss with an unknown purpose that he'd rather not think about.*

*The dead Knight of Blood pursed his lips and look around once more, it was a useless action but it was a little thing he could aside from delving deep into his thoughts. He didn't want to do that. He'd really rather not.*

*He wonders how long he has to wait before he can revive.*

*He wasn't going to stay here permanently.*

*He would revive.*

*He would revive.*

*He had to.*

*For the others.*

*For Jake.*

*Karkat doesn't realize how his breath quickens, the panic and fear of not being able to revive getting to him- he wouldn't be confined here in the emptiness forever right? He'd be back with the others in the world of the living soon. Jake was waiting for him. John, Dave and Roxy were waiting for him. His family was waiting for him. His friends were waiting for him.*

*He couldn't just die permanently in this shit whole. Not now. No, no nonononon-*

*...jeguth fuck KK... calm the fuck down...*

*...*

*"What?"*

*...*

*Karkat blinks, stunned mid-panic attack at the familiar voice that came from out of absolutely nowhere. "... Sollux?" He hesitantly asked aloud, frowning as he took another look around the abyss that surrounded him.*

*No one there.*

*Had he imagined it? "Oh great, I'm going insane. Good going Vantas, you're dead and you're going insane." He complained to himself but the shock had helped him considerably. He wasn't panicking as much as he was earlier on. He was still pretty freaked out but at least he wasn't hyperventilating.*

*"Okay, okay. Gotta keep calm." Karkat muttered, trying hard not to panic again. It would do no good to panic right now. Gog, he wouldn't be panicking as much if he had someone here, maybe Jake. Scratch that, definitely Jake. He'd help him keep calm, he was getting good at that.*

*Still, he wished someone was there with him, or that he was in a better place than this empty void. He hated being alone like this. “Come on, come on, what am I still doing here? I can’t fucking stay here, they need me- Jake needs m- ”*

~~*... Jake really all you ta.... KK? ...thpending too much time... I can’t...he’th your moirai...*~~

*Karkat blinked in disbelief, having definitely heard the familiar nasally and lispy voice of a certain Captor coming from nowhere , “What the fuck?! Sollux?” He calls out again, incredulous and confused.*

*Nothing again.*

*This time Karkat doesn’t dismiss it as a trick of his mind, that was definitely Sollux. So many questions came into his head but the silence grated him even more since he’d heard Sollux’s voice. “No! No, do not go fucking silent on me asshole! You spoke to me twice- what the globe-shitting fuck Sollux?!” He screeched into the abyss, wanting a response.*

*Still nothing.*

*“Come on Captor- fucking say something again you bifurcating asshole! Say something!” He shouts, it shows how much the silence is getting to him as his voice cracks mid-demand. He hates the silence and he doesn’t realize how much he’s missed Sollux’s nasally voice.*

*But then he’s heard Sollux’s voice before, just yesterday the glasses-wearing nerd had been harping him on to playing some new video game with him. He wasn’t in the mood for games and went to hang out with Jake instead.*

~~*...hard to thay....ucking dammit!.... Trying to... thhut up!*~~

*There’s a strange sense of relief that falls on Karkat at the familiar voice of the Captor, though the fact he could only hear bits and pieces of whatever Sollux was trying to say bothered him quite a bit. However, confusion starts to kick in when he thinks over what was happening.*

*How the fuck was Sollux talking to him in wherever the fuck he was? Also, it seemed like Sollux remembered- it was partially cut off but Karkat firmly heard this Sollux say 'moirail' earlier on.*

*"Sollux how the fuck are you talking here?! Where are you?!" He questions aloud, uselessly glancing around the abyss to see a familiar face that would match the voice he heard. "Do you remember everything?! Wait, is this the new version of the gogdamned dreambubbles- fucking shitty if it was!" He declared, arms crossed. He really hoped that this wasn't the new version of the dream bubbles.*

*He fidgeted slightly as he listened for an answer.*

*...ot bubbleth.... idea where you are... fucking blocked uth.... yeth I remember but....ow can you hear me?...*

*Karkat struggled to fill in the frustrating blank spaces of what Sollux said, concluding that it really wasn't a new bubble-after life that he was in, something about blocking us? He remembered here, but probably not in the new universe somehow?*

*"'Blocked uth'? Fuck I mean, blocking us? Us who?" Karkat questions, "I don't fucking know how I can hear you, I don't even know how the hell you can hear me! Shit, what the fuck is happening here." He muttered, palming and massaging his face before he perked. "Hold the fucking husk- did John and Roxy come here? Did they get to talk to you too?"*

*..th, no? Kind of?...ember it... KK you... idiot! Wake... help!*

*"Don't call me a fucking idiot you lisping asshole!" Karkat snapped back, mostly on instinct- damn. He missed this with Sollux. It seemed right. But it had been a long time since he'd been able to banter with Sollux, ever since the meteor...*

*He ignored the slight pang and glared petulantly at the abyss, hoping that Sollux would be able to see it from wherever he was.*



*“Wake what? Help who?” He asks, but soon there’s a strange sensation taking over his body. He squirms uncomfortably as a small light began to emit from his body. “Alright, what the fuck is happening now?”*

~~Thhit!... of time... KK! TRUTH WEIRD AMPO...him help!~~  
~~He’th....wild card... good with Eric Val....~~

*“Weird Ampora? You mean fucking Wander Ampora, the weird extra Ampora here?!” He shrieks, wondering why the hell he should even trust the guy, why Sollux of all people was telling him to trust the guy. It would be a miracle to let the guy and his group be trusted ever again after this stunt! “What the fuck do you mean by wild card?!”*

~~...utht do it... ang out with me... Human me and no....ucking~~  
~~Englithh....ake uth up....okay!~~

*The light grew brighter and a strange feeling grew stronger in him- shit, was he actually reviving now? It was both relieving and a bit irritating, he had finally talked with Sollux again but now he was going to revive and leave so soon-*

*“WAIT! Roxy and John died before me, they fucking revived but didn’t say a fucking thing! Did they forget or something?! Doesn’t that mean I’ll forget?!” It was an unfortunate possibility but he really didn’t want to forget this at all. Not when Sollux’s familiar lisp and capability of remembering everything was here, somehow and somewhere.*

~~...didn’t remember thhi....ry to remem... TZ, LT! Hel.... KK pleathe!...~~

*His vision was growing foggy, but he struggled to keep awake as the light grew even brighter, flashing colors. “Sollux! Sollux where are you?!” He asked desperately- he wanted to see his old best friend for one last time. It had been years.*

*Sollux had left him on the goddamn meteor, he’d hardly seen the fucker in so long he just had to see-*

~~KK! Karkat! I...rry...n’t jutht keep uth away....e careful, wake me....~~

*Karkat blindly reached out as light engulfed him whole, and for a moment. A small sweet moment- he thought he could see Sollux.*

*Tall and grey, he was still a troll, horns and all. The goldblooded troll was reaching back at him, looking alarmed, shocked and relieved before the looks transformed into dismay and a sad kind of anger. There were other figures behind him, but he couldn't make out their faces.*

*Sollux disappeared from his vision as the light drowned him and an echoing voice sounded in his voice alongside the grand sound of a grandfather clock.*

**UNDETERMINED**

*He revives.*

And he can barely remember what happened as shaky, tight hands clutched at his clothing. He gasps for air, the first he would take in his first revived life. He, John and Roxy have died and revived once in this dimension now.

**"BLOOD!"** Multiple relieved voices shouted as he stopped floating, the flames of revival dissipating into thin air and his memory comes back. Mostly. He remembered dying, darkness and then revival. He thinks he's forgetting something but that's shoved aside as John and Roxy grab at him and start babbling about Jake- *Hope* about to go nuts and-

He sees Jake standing in the air on the second floor, wreathed in angry white flames with ghosts of gogdamned *angels* swirling around him, not-exactly willed into existence yet. Karkat's befuddled for a moment before he shakes his head.

He sees *Wander* at the corner of his vision, injured and still on the floor but covered in both their blood- he can sense his blood on the scientist's clothing. Damn, he should get that off of him at some point, maybe after he dealt with Jake.

Why he would want to do that for a random Ampora who they have no idea about? He really shouldn't, *but they should really get to figuring out more*

about this guy, figure out his motives. Why the fuck he existed.

But that would be after he calmed down his enraged moirail.

~~“ON’T CARE ANYMORE HE. MUST. P A Y!!”~~

Fuck, he’s been standing around for too long.

He needed to stop Jake from doing something he’d regret later on after his little tantrum.

---

~~Gogdammit! I wath tho close he wath right there!~~

~~Indeed he was, but unfortunately Sollux, it really seems that we can’t entirely interact with them in this place. Nor does it seem that they can interact or see us in turn. I thought that was clear with Roxy?-~~

~~Fuck! I know okay Lalonde, I know . It thtill fucking thuckth though.~~

~~No fucking kidding.~~

~~Oooh, I’m so glad that Karkat revived in time! Look! He’s stopping Jake from going full Hope-Splosion!-~~

~~It really is fortunate that Karkat has revived in time to stop Jake from killing off that man, abhorrent he is or not, I don’t think Jake should kill him.~~

~~That fucker aimed a thhot and killed KK!~~

~~Indeed he has mister appleberry blast! But he still has to face justice! Those humans will not let him slip from their grasp he will face the law!~~

~~Buuuuuuuuut they’ll do that stinking human law thing instead of Alternian law they won’t kill him as they rightfully should.~~

~~As disappointing as that is, he still needs to face the consequences of his actions and that means he should be alive long enough to face them!~~

A good point but ultimately enough, it is a good thing that they've stopped Jake from killing that man. Bastard does need to die but probably not by Jake and the others even if they should, won't look good on their resume towards the government even with the claim of self-defense. Those authorial assholes will see that as a way to keep them down somehow. So yeah, no killing for them.

When we wake up we can kill him though right?

Maybe.

Yettthhh.

Sollux.

What? AA c'mon, he detherveth to die it's only fair.

That aside, Terezi, do you think your and Latula's attempt was successful? From here, I am not too sure if he remembers the entire thing or not.

I have no idea dude, TZ and I did our best but we're so unradically not sure if what we did stuck or not.

Yeah, it's hard to tell

Hate to interrupt guys but since you guys snatched Latula from the frontlines vwe're kinda short handed right now. VWe need a Mind Player up on front ASAP!

Shit, yeah, right back on it!

Uh, crap guys they're slipping out again!

Aradia! Damara! Redirect their arrival time it's too soon for them!

いゝよ! [Fuck, fine!]

On it!

---

Watching Hope confront Moe was tense, the destructive ability the yellow-themed hero had at his fingertips was amazing. And completely terrifying on top of giving him a head-ache when he looked at the flames surrounding Hope, let alone whatever the hell was floating inside of them.

Wander had never realized how dangerous Hope could be, but seeing the way Hope had destroyed the floor on the second floor effortlessly just by standing on it- he was re-considering his threat-profiling on the heroes. Hope had definitely bumped up in the danger ranks.

He pressed against his side, keeping pressure on his wound even though it painfully jostled the bullet within his skin. He'd really have to get that out at some point, he wasn't fatally injured but the incoming blood loss was definitely a problem, not to mention the risk of infection.

Time was thankfully trying to persuade Hope from killing Moe; despite the possible claim of self-defence, problems would no doubt come from the fact that one of the heroes had killed a soldier. Unlike the heroes that soldier, no matter how traitorous he had been, could not come back to life. That would be a strong point that would be used against them.

Hope would more than likely try and kill Moe if Blood didn't revive. While it would make a better case for self-defense, the government having actually killed an immortal hero is a pile of bad-juju wander wouldn't want to touch with a ten foot pole. The negative PR alone would be catastrophic, let alone the vengeance delivered personally via said heroes.

This was just the kind of clusterfuck that Wander had wanted to avoid from the very start.

When Moe went on a rant, seemingly having snapped and attempted to verbally tear into the heroes but only ending up making himself look like an idiot- a desperate, insane idiot. Wander agreed whole-heartedly with Time's statement; If he could get away with it, he'd strangle the dumbass.. The idiocy that Moe displayed was just pathetic, no matter how shitty the circumstances were.. There were very few things that justified murder, and

a series of unfortunate events that for the most part weren't even the fault of the murder victim wasn't one of them.

Hope destroyed Moe's rifle- ' *Well, there went their one piece of evidence.* ' Wander thought, before Hope's anger went on an entirely new level of blood-rage.

As Wander sees colorful fire engulf Blood's body, Breath and Void's relieved smiles almost blinded him as the colorful fire drained away as the ticking stopped and judgment passed.

### ***Undetermined***

There was a collective sensation of relief that came as Blood's limp body floated in the air, surrounded by ethereal fire that dripped down harmlessly on the floor. Blood took in a deep breath, gasping for much needed air as the wound on his chest disappeared alongside the bloody aftermath.

Wander was not jealous at all over the apparent clean-up, Blood had revived in pristine condition while Wander was pressing against his side and still stained with both their bloods.

**"BLOOD!"** Breath, Void, Eric and a few others shouted in relief as the blood-using hero touched back down on the ground, seemingly dazed. The two blue-cladded heroes grabbed at him, **"You're okay! Oh thank gog, Ka-Blood!"** Breath babbled, hugging Blood's legs to his chest alongside Void.

**"Hope's going nuts Blood! We gotta stop him, he'll end up killing that guy! Not that he totally doesn't deserve it but still! He can't kill him!"** Void says to the still dazed Blood who seemed to be trying to process everything that was happening.

Wander watched him shake his head and look towards Hope, a new scowl on his freshly blood-free and recovered face. It looked like he'd finally snapped out of it and was focusing on the matter on hand- and just in time too as Hope ranted at Moe Faith.

Quickly, Blood equipped one sickle in hand and slashed messily at his other hand's wrist.

This would be the first time that Wander would experience Blood's powers personally. And the scientist would be lying if he said he *hadn't* been mesmerized and fascinated by the spectacle.

Red liquid spilled from the teen's wrist, though messy, Blood had clearly nicked several arteries in doing so and had effectively gotten a lot of blood out of the wound. In a way, it was quite beautiful as blood spilled in an unnatural rate, gushing out of the thin wrist but not one drop hits the floor of the warehouse.

It floated in the air, meshing together and solidly forming a chain, a wordless snarl escaped Blood's lips before he shouted, "**Oh for FUCK'S SAKE-**" He thrust his injured hand out, the blood following and swiftly flying through the air. Manipulated masterfully as they latched on Hope's wrist, Blood grasped at his blood-made chain, firmly pulling back to stop Hope and keep the flame-covered hand away from Moe.

Moe slumped against the wall, seemingly as though passed out from sheer terror and relief as Hope was pulled away from the trapped man.

The blood-made shackle sizzled around Hope's wrist, the white flames eating at it but it stayed strong and firm as Hope tugged at it with a snarl only to stop as he notices the red chain that stopped his attempt of retribution.

Blood shook Breath and Void off, the two heroes easily letting go of him as Blood took to the air. He tugged at the chain again, gaining Hope's attention. Hope's mouth dropped in disbelief as Blood scowled at him, "**Just what the fuck do you think you're doing you gogdamned idiot?!**" The newly resurrected hero demanded, floating closer to Hope despite the fact the dangerous white flame was still encompassing the teen.

**"I die for a few minutes then come back to see you trying to commit murder?! What the fuck Hope?! That's one of the most dumbest ideas**

I've ever seen you try to do!" He shouts at the stunned hero, now face-to-face with Hope within the air.

That snaps Hope out of it, "He killed you! He had to pay- he HAS TO PAY!" He thundered, turning back to Moe only for Blood to firmly pull against the chain that was still attached to his wrist.

Blood gave him a withering glare, "Yeah he has to fucking pay for the shit he pulled but that doesn't mean you have to fucking kill him you dumbass!" He hissed, sounding annoyed and angry. But not at Hope who faltered in the air, Blood sighed, his tone taking a softer note. "You kill him and we'll all end up in deep shit. I was going to be fine, that didn't count as a Heroic death. I came back, I'm right here, now calm the fuck down you protective sap."

Hope let out an echoing whine, the strange ghostly creatures mimicked it horribly while the white flame-like energy around him flickered. "But what if it had been counted as a Heroic death? We can't- we don't have anyone to fix that. No Life players to bring you back! You'd be dead and it would be his fault! HIS-" He had started morose before the anger picked up again, the flame around him flaring with his temper and the winged beings shrilling in agreement.

Of course he was interrupted by a soft pat to his cheek, it froze the raging hero mid-air. Blood had patted his cheek, grimacing through the slight pain that the bright fire was giving him but he continued to pat at Hope's cheek, petting him gently and shushing him quietly. "Shooooosh, shoosh you sappy dumbass. Everything's okay. It didn't count as one and that's that. Don't think about anything else, I'm fucking alive and here to stay. You're stuck with me remember?" He cooed, getting intimately closer as the fire dimmed around Hope, continuing his face petting and quiet shushing.

It was, a rather heartwarming spectacle. If a bit awkward seeing them being so close in the air, but it was calming Hope.

Breath, Void and Time, who had joined them shortly after Blood went to Hope, sighed in relief. Void even giggling tiredly at the intimate display that



the two heroes were displaying.

Eric and Wander had never really cared for the relationship side of things for the Aspects, Wander especially was more focused on the mysterious backgrounds and powers that the teens had but he knew that if any 'shippers' of the Aspects were to have seen this scene- well, many would wail in despair while others would cheer in glee as 'Bloody Hope' was confirmed to be 'canon'. The relationship didn't seem to be platonic or sibling-like in nature, not with the way Blood pressed a soft kiss on Hope's lips when Hope made a broken sound from his throat.

But it struck Wander something familiar-like at the way Blood was patting Hope, and the kiss seemed a bit off to him if he thought of it in a romantic sense- or well, somewhat? It was hard to explain but the normal definition of romance didn't seem to fit both Hope and Blood.

Nonetheless, he really shouldn't be thinking about this stuff right now- perhaps it was the fact he had lost pints of blood. There were a few dark spots in his vision after all, maybe it was a good time to administer first aid now that everything was calming down.

Or so he thought.

Hope cried out in pain, startling everyone within the warehouse, Blood especially as he held the teen in his arms- "**Shit- are you okay? What's wrong?!**" Blood frantically asked as Hope writhed in his grip, Blood let out his own cry of pain when the previously dimming white flames flared once more. Despite that, he kept a firm hold on Hope's form.

"**Built- too much, need-**" Hope gasped, struggling in Blood's hold, "**Let go! Hurting, you-!**" He pleaded, his mind clearer from his initial anger, panic now laced his veins as the energy within his body surged. He didn't want to hurt Blood, not more than he already did. He already felt bad for the burns that came from his powers affecting Blood himself.

The three remaining heroes tensed, "**Holy shit, Hope's gonna blow!**" Void exclaimed with a hint of fear, alarming everyone around her. "**Blood you have to let go of him right now!**" She shouted at him.

Blow? As in *explode* ?

Oh shit, Wander thought to himself as the three heroes flew into the air, Time and Void grabbing on to Blood who protested vehemently.

**“No! Let go, he-”** Time interrupted his similarly dressed teammate, **“Is going to fucking explode, you just came back Blood, don’t go dying on us again from this shit! He’ll be fine! Breath! Get him out of here!”**

Time barked as he and Void restrained Blood, a faint red glow encompassing Blood, the faint sound of a ringing clock and the blood hero froze.

Breath took hold of Hope, wincing at the manic flames that flickered faster and faster around the yellow-themed teenager, **“Got it!”** He shouts and drags Hope *up* , crashing through the roof of the warehouse and taking him higher and higher into the air.

Void and Time floated downwards, Blood still frozen in their arms, frozen in time.

“What’s going on? Is Hope really going to explode?” Eric asked them nervously once they settled back on the ground, around him, the rest of his men were wearing the same nervous and wary looks on their faces. “Time? Void?”

Void grimaced, **“General sir, I think it’s best if you and your men take cover, we have no idea how bad the Hope-spllosion will b-”**

She was interrupted with no warning, everything just went *silent* and *white* .

They hadn’t seen the initial explosion, but the aftermath was *telling* . The ground underneath them shook like a small quake, the very air around them vibrated with rippling effects from the blast. The silence was broken by a faint ringing sound that echoed in everyone’s heads.

Wander’s vision swam, dark spots on white as the ringing bounced in his mind. Even closing his eyes didn’t escape the white and for a moment, he

thought he was going blind but as he blinked, his vision cleared and came back.

He groaned, having ended up on his side- thankfully not on his injured one. The scientist felt faint, and it wasn't just from the amount of blood he'd lost, it was a miracle that he was still awake but he'd always been stubborn and wouldn't succumb to something like *blood loss* so easily. It helped that though he was shot, it wasn't a potentially fatal injury.

Shakily, he used one arm to sit up, panting from exhaustion but exerting more effort to sit up and look around.

Around him, soldiers groaned and were doing the same, some were trying to regain their bearings but Wander can see that a few of them actually fainted from the event. Eric himself was struggling to stand up, "Is everyone alright?!" He shouted, it fell on mostly and temporarily deaf ears. Wander only knew what he was saying because of his skill in reading lips.

Eric caught sight of him, his old friend's face paled significantly and quickly went to his side- no doubt the man was finding fault in himself in forgetting the fact Wander was injured. He didn't blame him though, he could take care of himself and Eric had been busy and more focused on what happened.

"Wander are you okay?!" He asked, helping him sit up in a position that wouldn't be a bother to his injured side. Wander didn't know what Eric next said as his gaze left the general's and towards the heroes.

Time and Void had been knocked down, they were conscious and were struggling to get on their feet while Blood was surprisingly standing, perhaps Time's powers had saved him from the blast? Nonetheless, the powers seemed to have been broken since Blood was looking up, mouth open and gaping. Time and Void followed afterwards, looking upwards as well.

Unable to resist his curiosity, he looked *up*-

Oh.

No wonder they looked so shocked.

He hadn't noticed the way the air was moving when his vision came back, the way it was unnaturally moving. The air swirled in a strange way and the very reason for that was of course, Breath.

But what Breath was doing with the air was, pardon the pun, *breathtaking* .

The warehouse roof above them had either been destroyed or blown away, the entirety of the roof was gone and gave them a clear view of a bright blue ball of compressed air right above them. Shining from the inside, the glowing blue air swirled around in the shape of a sphere, as if containing something inside.

And he would be right to think that as a stray white beam of *something* briefly escaped the ball glowing air, hitting the side of the warehouse and punching a hole the size of the beam into the wall. The spherical structure made of wind and air quickly interfered, swirling heavily around the breached part and patching it right up.

It was then that Wander realized that inside that wind sphere was Hope. The source of the destructive white energy for what else could create a white beam like that?

Breath was keeping Hope's combustive powers controlled, the initial blast was being handled by the blue-hooded hero.

The Aspects hadn't been joking or lying about their claims of Hope being one of their most powerful, that Hope was the equivalent of a *nuclear explosion* if motivated or *provoked* in a certain way.

And a renegade soldier of theirs had more than provoked Hope.

He'd killed Hope's *boyfriend* .

...

Wander has never wanted to strangle a person more than he wanted to strangle the unconscious soldier that was Moe B. Faith.

How the fuck were they going to deal with this now?!

---

John had never regretted his ideas so much as he was now.

Go to the meeting, he said. Let's trust the government adults, he said. Let's *give them a chance*, he said.

All to Karkat's face.

And what did they get in return?

Karkat's death, Jake's anger and a whole heaping lot of betrayed feelings.

He felt bad, it was *his* fault that this was happening.

He had been so optimistic, thinking that they could ally with the government. Admittedly at first he thought on how *cool* it would have been, to be working alongside the government, of course he was wary but he knew how serious that decision would be. He wasn't an idiot.

At least Karkat revived, at least it wasn't a heroic death- *but what if it was?*

The question lingered at the back of his head and he tried hard not to hear it. Thankfully though, he wasn't hearing it or paying any attention to that lingering question.

Right now, he was trying to contain Jake's Hope-splosion.

He knew that Jake was powerful, Roxy had made it very clear with Dave and Karkat agreeing with her firmly but he had never seen the actual explosion itself until *now* and boy were they right about their words.

John was struggling to contain the blast within his wind sphere, the white energy of pure concentrated and *angry* hope was blinding and hot. If John wasn't currently made of wind, merged with the sphere itself in an effort to effectively contain Jake, he was sure he'd be burnt badly from the energy.

Jake was screaming within his sphere, pain and relief as he let out all the pent up anger he had accumulated in the few minutes that he had been so angry against that stupid soldier that shot at Karkat. His screams were blocked from the outside but John himself could hear him.

He mentally cringed, oh gog Jake sounded so angry back then *and* now. Was Jake angry at him? He had suggested the whole meeting thing, to agree to it, he even made Karkat agree to it- oh no, was *Karkat* mad at him?

He wouldn't blame the Knight of Blood, he deserved it.

Was that doomed Dave wrong somehow? That maybe, they shouldn't have come to the meeting in the first place? They could've tried to do something about it, not go to the meeting and do something totally different to prevent a doomed timeline.

But that Doomed Dave had said that they should go to the meeting.

Agh, why did everything have to be so complicated?!

Fuck, he shouldn't be losing focus like this, a few beams of destructive hope energy slipped by his defences.

He just needed to *breathe* and keep Jake contained.

It was difficult but John had to do it or else Jake might just accidentally hurt everyone and they couldn't have that happening. He just had to keep the sphere solid and powerful enough to trap Jake's fury and hope-fueled explosion. Keep everyone safe.

He had already failed Karkat, he wasn't going to fail this.

However Jake was *really* powerful, even as the wind itself he could still feel it. The sensation of it scorched along the inner walls of his prison, trying to get out and destroy what it can but John wouldn't have it.

He doesn't know how long Jake goes on, it could've been hours or minutes or even seconds and John wouldn't be able to tell, he might ask Dave later on but John was relieved by the time Jake finally seemed to have let out all

that pent of energy- the white light dims and John can see Jake's silhouette, Jake's body.

The sphere shrinks as Jake calms down until John finally reforms back into his physical self, panting from the effort and exertion of keeping Jake in check and repressing his powers to prevent him from harming everyone below.

They seemed okay at the very least.

John moved quickly as Jake's body slumped and began to fall- the Heir of Breath caught him, finally noticing how his own arms were covered in bright blue. Breath blue.

Had he overused his Aspect? Really? He hadn't felt a thing! But then again he felt very numb at the moment, maybe a bit woozy and nauseous but he was fine!

The blue stretched from his fingers, ending up in where John thinks is his shoulder, he has to check later on.

He's not the only one with Aspect overuse, Jake's skin, the amount you could see anyway, was littered with bright yellow splotches but they were dimming slowly. "**Jake are you okay?**" John asked quietly as he slowly descended from the air and back towards the warehouse. Where the roof was gone- whoops, that was their fault wasn't it?

"**M' jus' pea'hyy...**" Jake slurred, sounding exhausted, "**Sorry f'r y'ur win'so'k.**" He continued and John blinked in surprise and looked back to see that, oh, the tail end of his windsock had been burnt off, it was still partially on fire. Fuck. Okay, he quickly extinguished the small flame and focused back on Jake.

"**Hey no worries, you were uh, you didn't mean it.**" He reassured the exhausted Page of Hope, "**Come on, let's get back down there. I think it's time for us to leave.**" It really was high time for them to leave, they needed to recuperate, think more on what happened and decide what to do.

This whole thing was a mess from, well, maybe not the *start* but possibly the moment someone decided to shoot Karkat. Which was still, very not good.

Trusting the government was pretty much off the table. Allying themselves with them was a bad idea from the start and they should've trusted Karkat's words. Doomed Dave's words be damned!

...

Okay not actually be damned, that Dave had suffered through unknown problems and had made the effort to go back in time to prevent them from making the same mistake as they did in his doomed timeline. But the fact that things still went wrong was an irrefutable fact and John has to wonder if they did doom the timeline- Dave should be able to tell if they did, he'll have to ask later on. He really hoped that this wasn't another doomed timeline, it didn't feel like it but what did he know?

But again, they probably could've dealt with things differently. Or be prepared to face any case of betrayal like Karkat said.

John was a gogdamn idiot.

**"Breathy!"** Roxy shouted with relief as John touched down on the ground, only just realizing how tired he was when he stumbled and not only messed up his landing but also nearly drop Jake. Dave caught him thankfully while Roxy steadied him in turn. **"You're okay! You're- oh..."** She quiets down at the sight of his glowing new temporary colors on his exposed skin. **"We should get you and Hope back to the base."** And into the healing coons, yeah he knew.

**"Fuck, Hope passed out."** Dave said aloud as Karkat hurried to help him lay Jake down on the ground. **"What now?"** Dave asked as they huddled together, Roxy bringing his tired body nearby so they could talk. Dave stood on guard while Roxy and Karkat tended to him and Jake.

The soldiers around them cast them mixed looks of wary, awe, suspicion, regret- it was a lot of looks.



But the five of them didn't care, two heroes were down, three were worried and all of them were wondering on what the fuck to do next.

**"Let's..."** John started, panting against Roxy who held him up firmly, **"We should... go..."** It was better to leave now, return to base. Plus, a healing nap in the tank-coons would be nice. His arms felt all numb and tingly underneath the exhaustion that weighed heavily on him.

They grimaced, but Karkat suddenly stands, tugging Dave down, **"Watch him."** The Knight of Blood commanded to his fellow Knight. Dave looked at him strangely but obeyed as Karkat turned towards the, adults?

General Valiant was with the scientist that had offered them the meeting in the first place, John wanted to be angry at the scientist, at the weird Ampora that according to Karkat shouldn't exist however he was too tired to do anything about it.

For as angry as he wanted to be at Wander, he also couldn't help but feel bad for the scientist since right now he was being tended to by the General and someone who John assumed to be their soldier doctor or something. Right, he had gotten hurt when Karkat died to that bullet.

The doctor was carefully peeling the scientist's shirt open, to see the wound itself. "The bullet seems to have missed most of your vitals but I don't know how deep it is." The female doctor soldier told Wander who grunted, being held up by General Valiant.

"It feels like it's too deep for normal tweezers to get to." Wander grunted out, grimacing at the blood that was crusting on his clothes, his skin and some of the fresh blood that was still oozing out of the entry wound.

"So what do we do?" General Valiant asked anxiously as he held on to the scientist, propping him up properly. "Do we have to- ah! Blood!" He exclaimed in surprise when Karkat walked over to them. "Are both Hope and Breath okay? Are you okay? You must believe us that we didn't intend to harm you or any of the Aspects, the soldier went renegade and-" He hurriedly towards him.

John wanted to believe him but after everything that happened...

**"I believe you."** Karkat replied stoically.

*What?!*

Why would Karkat believe them?! Was he joking? They killed him!

Karkat took a closer step towards them, **"I don't exactly know what the fuck happened there but I do know that this shit ain't something you two would think. I'm willing to give you another chance but you gotta sort out your own shit here."** Karkat told them much to everyone's disbelief.

He had every right to curse them off, to tell them to go to hell and fuck off with the rest of the heroes. He had been killed for gog's sake, shouldn't he be angry? After everything that's happened?

**"You owe us, a lot of shit."** The Knight of Blood said, standing over the three kneeling adults, he held out his hand over Wander's wound. Wander gasped out in pain and surprise, around them the soldiers tensed as Wander writhed slightly. What was he doing?!

"Wander-!" General Valiant said with alarm, about to do something when Wander clutched at his arm and hissed out a harsh *"Stop-wait!"* to him. The general hesitantly and reluctantly backed down, signalling his soldiers to do the same.

From the wound, droplets of blood started to float, Wander let out a pained groan and something bloody and metallic emerged from the gunshot wound. It was the bullet. It was surrounded by Wander's blood, Karkat's fingers glowed darkly and with a tense frown, he closed his hand into a fist. Wander hissed in pain and watched alongside the others as Karkat seemed to pull blood from out of his clothes.

All that was left was a faint stain of where the bloody mess used to be. And where the injury was, a solid red patch seemed to have formed like a scab.

**"Seemed like a good time to test this out, I've separated my blood and**

**yours.**” Karkat said, a glob of bright cherry red blood floated above his hand, the bullet that Karkat had pulled out fell to the ground with a light *clink* . **“I’m not a healer, far fucking from it but you should be good until you get that properly looked at. You’re not going to bleed out anytime soon.”**

Wander lightly brushed over the circular patch over his injury, the patch was made of hardened blood no doubt, wincing at the stinging sensation that came when he did so. Damn, it really wasn’t healed but at least Blood was right, he wasn’t going to bleed out. “I see you’ve thought more about my suggestions.” He weakly told him with a slight smile, “I thank you for that and for giving us another chance. I assure you that this will not happen again.” He promised. Like hell he was going to let this happen again. They’d need to take Moe in for questioning.

Karkat nodded stiffly and turned in place, cape flaring out as he stalked back to his group. **“You fucking better Ampora. Now if you excuse us, we have two shitheads to take care of.”**

General Valiant spoke up, looking solemn but thankful for what the blood-using hero had done for his friend and for giving them another chance to make things right. “Do you need any assistance? Our medics can look over them if you’d like.”

**“No.”** Both Karkat and John said aloud, Karkat sounding far more firmer and louder than John who was losing consciousness. **“We got this. Your medics can’t treat this kind of injury they have anyway. We’ll be taking out leave. Time. Void. Come on.”** Karkat urged, taking Jake back from Dave who nodded.

John was then propped up by both Roxy and Dave once again and the five heroes, well four conscious heroes with one barely conscious and the fifth unconscious, glanced back at the soldiers. **“Are you sure this is a good idea.”** Roxy whispers to Karkat who ignores her for a moment.

**“You know how to fucking get to us. Anything happens let us know, especially with the fucker that shot me.”** Karkat stated before whispering

back to Roxy, **“I have no fucking idea but let’s just go okay, Void help me with leaving, I can’t take Hope on my own with my usual way.”**

They couldn’t do anything else but leave anyway, they really needed to get back to the base if they wanted both John and Jake to be okay. The bucktoothed boys really needed to sleep heal in the slime. John had finally succumbed to his exhaustion and blacked out.

Dave nudged Roxy to take Karkat and Jake, he could handle John. Roxy hesitantly let go and grabbed the Page of Hope and the Knight of Blood.

Simultaneously, Dave and John disappeared into a red cog with the sounds of ticking clocks in their wake while Roxy faded from sight with Karkat and Jake.

The only ones left in the warehouse were the government group.

It was a hectic day for both sides.

---

***wanderingFragments@divineJourney.org @breath @blood***

*Salutations you two, I trust that @breath and @hope are doing alright? General Eric Valiant and I express our utmost regret for what happened. While Moe had expressed issues with the idea of teenage superheroes, we did not expect the... events of that afternoon. We are currently investigating him and will update you on what has and will happen with the soldier. If @void hasn’t checked on the soldier name yet, his name is Moe B. Faith. While we understand you may wish for, admittedly well deserved, vengeance, we would highly recommend allowing us to handle this. We need to insure there will be no more incidents of this kind again, ever. We’ll be in touch in regards to what Faith’s punishments will be, and likely ask for your opinions on the matter.*

*On other news, @blood’s work on my wound is phenomenal. I know you claim not to be a healer but it was a good effort nonetheless, you even cleaned it and prevented further blood loss. Which begs the question how do your powers work on seperate blood types?. Mine is O negative and it*

*seems to work seamlessly. The process of taking the bullet out using blood manipulation was well done, for an assumed non-surgeon at least, with minimal internal damage in the exit wound. I should be fine from here, though I'll be recovering for some time. The medics claim i'll probably take around nine weeks to be back to proper health, but I'll either be on my feet in 4 or causing enough havoc to be kicked out. I hate hospitals with a vengeance..*

*At any rate though, we would like to seriously apologize for what went down; that was never our intention to have happen. I also understand that @breath and @hope still need to heal from unknown afflictions. Overuse of powers perhaps? Breath seemed rather exhausted and Hope was even driven unconscious, to say nothing of the colorized skin. I wish them towards good health, however you treat it.*

*While Valiant is currently... investigating the team for another other signs of trouble, we would be amicable to further contact should you so desire;*

*Thank you for your time,*

*Wander T. Ampora*

*Certified Genius, Self Proclaimed Mad Scientist, and Unapologetic bag of douchefuckery.*

---

Polypa huffed, eye squinting dangerously at the serenely smiling woman. "... Fine, I will see what we can do." She said reluctantly much to the woman's satisfaction, her serene smile widening a touch. "Why are you doing this? And how?" She can't help but question.

Griselda elegantly lifted her tea cup, silently sipping for an annoying minute. The oliveblooded troll in disguise twitched at the passive-aggressive action. Griselda only answered once her tea cup was on her little plate once again. "You've done your research Ms. Goezee, I do it for them. Not for myself."

Ah, that makes everything so much more clearer. Not. Polypa sneered but doesn't say aloud, for a human, related to the Excavator or not, bearing a True Sign or not, she was infuriatingly aggravating. But, she and Polypa did strike a deal, and Polypa was an olive that stuck to her word.

Her boss was really not going to like this.

Well, it was a good thing he wasn't going to find out about this for a long while, not while Polypa was on the case.

If what Griselda said was true, then they had to deal with this delicately, the less who know about it the better. For now anyway. Dammek might even thank her after he gets over himself and whatever tantrum he might pull for her actions.

Might.

At any rate, the oliveblood in disguise shook firm hands with the rust-wearing human adult and left through the window.

Griselda watched her leave, her serene smile slipping into a thoughtful frown.

That was one step.

And now the next...

She sighed, glancing over to a nearby picture of herself and the others. Everyone standing together in a giant happy picture, they had taken it last year at the park. They certainly looked happy, clumping together to fit the camera when the picture was taken.

The eldest Megido stands to take the picture in hand, a perfectly manicured thumb brushing against herself and her daughters. The past decade has been wonderful for them all, but the price to that was coming soon and she intended to pay it by herself or at least without the others noticing just yet.

Her red-rust colored eyes look from her family to one specific person in the photo, a grumpy looking teen that was trying to hide the fact he was smiling

for the picture.

“Well Karkat Vantas,” She murmurs, setting the picture down, “Let’s see what you know.” She says, semi-coldly with a dread-filled smile, idly, her fingers brushed against her neck, tracing something that wasn’t visible anymore or at least not right now.

**~~Oh my, there’s more to this than we thought.~~**

She turns and starts cleaning up the kitchen, erasing any trace of the guest she had in her home. Aradia and Damara were coming home soon, questions to who was accompanying her for the afternoon wouldn’t do at all.

When her two precious daughters come home, she’s waiting in the living room, knitting and watching a recent weather report on her laptop, something about strange winds appearing at a certain area. She greets them with her usual gentle smile and asks about their day.

They tell her and she listens with a motherly smile. When they ask about her day, she lies through pearly white smiling teeth that nothing peculiar or serious happened to her today, a boring day unfortunately. They share a laugh and Griselda makes dinner.

Griselda Megido was a strange and mysterious woman, but she was a woman who loved her friends and family and would do anything to protect them.

*Anything .*

**~~Just what has the game done now?~~**

---

## Chapter End Notes

Well things certainly ended on a mysterious and neutral tone.

What's going on? Who knows.

No seriously who knows I'm driving and I don't know where I'm

going...

Or do I? ;]

You'll all see! I'll either drive this successfully or you guys can watch me crash and burn! Let's see which one comes first.

At any rate, I hope you all have a nice October!

Actually has everyone seen, read and heard the news? Homestuck2 is a thing now! And it follows after the epilogues! It's... Surprising! Really, gogdamn. Well, let's see how that goes.



# Nuclear Reaction (1)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

*Attack in the forest??! WHITE LIGHT EXPLOSION AND BREATH'S POWERS? [2 minutes, 58 seconds]*

**- Youtube**

**Posted 16 hours ago, 3.22 Million Views**

*[Video starts through a phone's recording, walking through a forest. There's someone else in front of the camera.]*

*"Okay so like, we're almost there. I saw all these military cars go this way so like, there must be something going on right?"*

*[The person in the video rambles as the recorder follows. The phone's somewhat steady as they walked.]*

*"Are you sure this is a good idea dude? I mean, if you're right and like there's some kind of military involved something here then wouldn't we get in trouble for this?"*

*[The person behind the phone questions hesitantly, the other person makes an exaggerated roll of his eyes as he turned back and waved off the concerns.]*

*"It'll be fine Brian, come on! We'll just have a peek then go home and upload the video! C'mon this'll be awesome!"*

*[He insists and with an audible sigh, the person recording the video turns the phone to show his face, looking very hesitant and unsure but nods.]*

*"Yeah okay, fine. But if we get in trouble I'm totally blaming you Klaus."*

*[Brian says on camera, looking very cross but reluctantly walking, the camera switches to Klaus who just grinned at him and the camera, sending a thumbs up. Suddenly there was the sound of a faint explosion and the ground **shook** , startling them both.]*

*“WOAH!”*

*“KLAUS-”*

*[A near visible shockwave is seen, the camera is blown away along with Brian and Klaus, a brief showing of Klaus being knocked off his feet, of the shockwave moving the trees, kicking up dust and just powerfully passing by. The camera shows the sky, strands of bright blue wind gathers towards one place it seems while Brian and Klaus’ voice came off screen along with the sound of shuffling.]*

*“Klaus! Klaus- oh my god, are you okay?!”*

*“I-I’m fine! Brian- Brian look! Get the camera, look!”*

*“What?! Wha- oh holy **shit** -”*

*[The camera is picked up by a shocked looking Brian, his hair waving in the air slightly, shaky and moving as it was lifted off the ground, only showing Brian’s shocked face who wasn’t even looking at the camera. He was looking at something in the sky off screen that was unseen until he turned the camera towards it.]*

*“Oh my **god** . What happened? That- that looks like Breath’s wind power thing!”*

*[In the distance, slightly blocked by the trees, a brightly blue glowing sphere made entirely of wind, swirling rapidly and the sound of strong winds was picked up by the phone’s microphone. Sometimes a beam of white pierced through the sphere and escaped only to be patched up a few moments later.]*

*“Oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god- Brian look!”*

*[After a while, the sphere dispersed. The camera zoomed in and there was the faint sight of Breath and Hope, Breath holding on to Hope as he floated*

*down. Brian moved the camera to look at Klaus.]*

*“Klaus- I think we should go home now.”*

*“... You know what? Yeah, seems like a good idea. Let’s uh- let’s go home. But hey! We have our video now! Something happened and the military was involved!”*

*[Klaus shouted at the camera. The video ends.]*

---

***empatheticExhaustion*** 16 hours ago

Holy shit, this is insane! Did Hope turn against the aspects oowoo??

***the Whole master*** 16 hours ago

WAS THAT HOPE?!?!?

***ApocalypseInspector*** 16 hours ago

wait hold up

can that be a new kind of monster?

since the other monsters had sorta aspect-y powers, the strong teleporting ones!

***M*** 16 hours ago

What if there testing powers?

***ApocalypseInspector*** 16 hours ago

And more importantly

BREATH BOI ARE YOU FINE?

***the Whole master*** 16 hours ago

OH NOOOO BREATH

***M*** 16 hours ago

What about poor hope, i hope they are okay

***Reaper\_Death*** 16 hours ago

Lmao this is obviously fake like what the hell is this

***deepArchivist*** 15 hours ago

Explosion

Or maybe... Hopesplosion?!?

***PeacefulPantheon*** 15 hours ago

Well fuck me sideways, holy moly! Is that Breath? What the hell was that?  
Motherfuckin shit, I hope everyone is alright.  
Wait that was hope?

***Chex\_Nix*** 15 hours ago

i have no clue what i just watched and im too afraid to ask but i will anyway  
what just happened

***forbiddenFandom*** 15 hours ago

Wind + Hope = Directed energy beam cannons.  
Pray, for the anime times are upon us.

***Chex\_Nix*** 15 hours ago

ah of course how could i have been so blind  
but seriously why did hope just hopesplode

***Axololt\_on\_seaweed*** 15 hours ago

Where they at a military base???  
Nuclear weapons

***deepArchivist*** 15 hours ago

THEY CAN STOP NUKES?!?!?!?

***forbiddenFandom*** 15 hours ago

@Acololt\_on\_seaweed Perhaps they were participatin in tests of their  
abilities with the government; See if soldiers could be better equipped for  
rifts?

***Axololt\_on\_seaweed*** 15 hours ago

With BOMBS?

***PeacefulPantheon*** 15 hours ago

Everybody go find shelters  
Imma head out then

***Axololt\_on\_seaweed*** 15 hours ago

This isn't bad for the environment  
And guess we'll live for WW3

***Chex\_Nix*** 15 hours ago

bombs are very effective testers

***forbiddenFandom*** 14 hours ago

Perhaps the test went wrong? They did say hope was powerful, but needed certain triggers.

***Axololt\_on\_seaweed*** 14 hours ago

So Hope is a bomb?

***deepArchivist*** 14 hours ago

So the TRIGGERED HIM???

Not a good idea

***forbiddenFandom*** 14 hours ago

Uh. No?

I suppose he could function as one? But typically 'blow shit up' is not the modus operandi of the aspects?

***Chex\_Nix*** 14 hours ago

hmmm suspicious

honestly though no matter what happened it was probably a bad idea

you suppose??? im pretty sure that was explody of him

you know

since he exploded

***deepArchivist*** 14 hours ago

(-\_-) how would you know?

BOOM

***ApocalypseInspector*** 14 hours ago

Man Idk I'm not american but yall have a rep for accidentally exploding things

**Chex\_Nix** 14 hours ago  
very boom

**forbiddenFandom** 14 hours ago  
Look, we're dealin with paracasual powers here. Cut me some slack, yeah?  
Speakin as an optimist, I think we can safely say hope isn't liable to go  
blowin up half the goddamn planet to hell and back.

**Axololt\_on\_seaweed** 14 hours ago  
@ApocalypseInspector Accidentally?  
We are the biggest nation to do the boom on purpose.  
So if they triggered Hope  
I wonder how bad it was.

**forbiddenFandom** 14 hours ago  
Could be wrong, but we got four other aspects to hold him back if shit, for  
whatever reason, gets to that point.

**Chex\_Nix** 13 hours ago  
somehow i still don't like those chances

**deepArchivist** 13 hours ago  
But it looked like it was contained  
So how big would it be fully unleashed

**JimothyYeet** 13 hours ago  
I really do not want to think about that thanks.

**forbiddenFandom** 13 hours ago  
Less powerful than a nuke, but only just.  
And with less fallout, mind you.

**Axolotl\_on\_seaweed** 13 hours ago  
Would Hope be like the Sun?  
You know after it burns out?

**ApocalypseInspector** 13 hours ago  
look, when you call someone or something a bomb, you're not praising their

self control. So maybe Hope wanted to prove his powers, and, well, he slipped?

**deepArchivist** 13 hours ago  
HOPE NOVA

**forbiddenFandom** 13 hours ago  
That doesn't sound like him.

**ApocalypseInspector** 13 hours ago  
could be a reason to not want to use his powers much, and prefer guns n' shit

**Chex\_Nix** 13 hours ago  
@Axolotl\_on\_seaweed  
if he was my plans for the decade would certainly speed up

**ApocalypseInspector** 13 hours ago  
I meant as a demonstration, an act of trust. Plus, he's one of the younger members, so he could be a little reckless  
Chances are, it was just that. An accident  
Doesn't mean it didn't hurt, or it couldn't add to some trauma  
I imagine getting hurt by your best friend could add not only to his guilt complex, but also hurt yo  
Even after you got physically better :/

**Axolotl\_on\_seaweed** 13 hours ago  
Now that I think about it  
If Hope is the youngest  
Where was the other members besides Breath?

**deepArchivist** 13 hours ago  
HOBOY  
They seem less able to control the explosion  
Like Time? No real way  
Blood? Evaporates  
Void? Maybe at first

***forbiddenFandom*** 13 hours ago

Keep in mind they ARE kids; lets not break out the metaphorical rope and lynchin equipment, yeah?

@deepArchivist

Pretty sure void would be one of the ones better suited for it actually.

Keep in mind void can remove the substance from anythin.

As long as breath keeps it contained for a while, void should be capable of vanishin the energy used for the explosion.

***Axolotl\_on\_seaweed*** 12 hours ago

Do you think anyone got injured?

***deepArchivist*** 12 hours ago

Truuue

***TrueEnder*** 12 hours ago

man, remind me not to get on their bad side, huh

***Axolotl\_on\_seaweed*** 12 hours ago

Well I know the Aspects are like immortal and all

But we saw Klaus and Brian take that video

Who's to say there weren't other people around

***titamayacus*** 12 hours ago

Let's just hope that no one goes apeshit crazy. No one's mental fortitude is limitless and this might just be the first chip

***ApocalypseInspector*** 12 hours ago

The fact that there hasn't been an christian blog blaming the Aspects for the death of anyone in the last two days?

***forbiddenFandom*** 12 hours ago

They seem to be helpin each other pretty well.

lets just not add any stress to it by causing a witch hunt, yes?

***ApocalypseInspector*** 12 hours ago

I know. That's why I don't want them to fuck themselves up



**deepArchivist** 12 hours ago

Who wants to make a protect the aspects club?

**ApocalypseInspector** 12 hours ago

I do

I'll write whump but

If anyone hurts them, I'll fuck them up

I'll be tall and full of rage

**forbiddenFandom** 12 hours ago

I'm interested, Also; jesus fuck gunshots hurt.

**titamayacus** 12 hours ago

With what?

Uhhhhhhhhhhh, what now

**deepArchivist** 12 hours ago

YOU GOT SHOT?

ARE YOU OKAY??

**ApocalypseInspector** 12 hours ago

FF, the fuck?

**forbiddenFandom** 12 hours ago

Aye. Wasn't exactly pleasant. My advice when encounterin an idiot with a gun is not to get lippy.

Of course, I did it anyway... like a dumb ass.

Let's keep it civil, yeah?

**InsanityTrap** 12 hours ago

Ok first off, holy shit.

Second, WHY WOULD YOU GET LIPPY WITH A GUY WHO HAS A GUN!!

**titamayacus** 12 hours ago

Well, if you wanted us to keep it civil, then don't tell us YA GOT SHOT

***forbiddenFandom*** 12 hours ago  
... fair.

***deepArchivist*** 12 hours ago  
OH RIGHT  
DO I NEED TO CALL YOU AN AMBULANCE

***forbiddenFandom*** 12 hours ago  
Nah, got it stitched up by a friend of mine a while ago.  
still hurts, but I'm not liable to die and that's just the way I like it.

***deepArchivist*** 12 hours ago  
Did you get a good look at the guy?

***InsanityTrap*** 12 hours ago  
Is the guy who shot you now either injured horribly or in jail?

---

Wander's eye twitched as he sat back against the propped up pillows on his cot, watchin the onslaught of concern being spit out on the Youtube comment section. He had found the video by chance roamin the internet with his laptop on his cot while he was restricted to it- which was completely unnecessary; he was *fine* . Eric was worryin too much. His side was stitched up and he was fine. He didn't have to stay in bed anymore.

Of course, Eric threatened to boot him on extended leave if he tried to leave the infirmary. At least his friend had given him his laptop so Wander could still do somethin' while he was stuck on the thrice damned cot.

Hours later, Wander found the video and swore. Now, he wasn't exactly trained as a public relations agent- that was more Eric's job but his friend was currently addressin their superiors as well as probably facin the dumbest soldier that they've ever met; Moe B. Faith.

So he took matters into his own hands, quickly got onto his alternate account forbiddenFandom to sow misinformation, calm the comments, and cover for the aspect's ass.

He sighed, massaging the bridge of his nose, and quickly sent off a message towards the Aspects.

---

**@wanderingFragments asks** I hope you're happy. I've gotten them mostly off your back, but now they're on mine :/  
Attack in the forest??! WHITE LIGHT EXPLOSION AND BREATH'S POWERS? [2 minutes, 58 seconds]

- **Youtube**  
**Posted 16 hours ago, 3.22 Million Views**

He didn't get a reply right away, so he figured they must still be busy with Breath and Hope. Hopefully they were both fine and the rest of them were doing alright. He frowned, sighed again and returned to the comments.

**wildcardRayven 12 hours ago**  
OK, I'm late to this party but  
1) Hope, are you alright?  
2) Ditto to Breath.  
3) fF please be more careful.  
4) @other aspects: Please let us know that you guys are all mostly unhurt

**forbiddenFandom 12 hours ago**  
I mean. He's in custody?

**InsanityTrap 12 hours ago**  
Ok  
Means i dont have a guy to hunt

**deepArchivist 11 hours ago**  
GOOD

**forbiddenFandom 11 hours ago**  
Someone else I was... meetin with nearly killed him, but other than that all good.

***ApocalypseInspector*** 11 hours ago

ok so the Protect Aspects group, let's include also FF

***wildcardRayven*** 11 hours ago

@forbiddenFandom not helping my worry

***InsanityTrap*** 11 hours ago

So basically, guy shot you and fucked up because of it? Insta karma is amazing

***titamayacus*** 11 hours ago

Instant karma served hot and fresh

***wildcardRayven*** 11 hours ago

@insanityTrap yes but also NOInsanityTrap

If the guy is in custody he would have to be ok

So its all good!

***forbiddenFandom*** 11 hours ago

... mostly? I mean they aren't dead, but I was a little preoccupied keepin my insides where they belong to notice his condition at the time.

---

Wander let out a quick snort; for once his over-dramatic tendencies were coming in handy. And despite what Eric thought, he did in fact realize he was a drama-queen; it was just too much fun not to be.

---

***titamayacus*** 11 hours ago

Christ. What sort of shit fest were you in, FF?

***Axolotl\_on\_seaweed*** 11 hours ago

If you want revenge

I can finish the job

***forbiddenFandom*** 11 hours ago

Ah. Yeah, no. They're somewhat... put out for the moment though.

Uh... I've seen some shit in my day and let's leave it at that.

And yeah, no, I'm good.

If I wanted revenge, grantin the peace of death is not the way I'd go.

**wildcardRayven** 11 hours ago

@Axolotl\_on\_seaweed please stay out of jail

Wander let out a quite chuckle, wincing as his sore ribs protested the movement, as he watched the comment section devolve into a chat about protective murder and other such mostly illegal acts. This is why he fuckin loved the internet.

Though apparently there were some other comments that started to discuss the actual video..

**theRealDioBrando** 10 hours ago

wow. look at the pixels on the left of the ball at 2:14. that's proof that the whole thing is fake. just like the aspects. Those idiots are just lies created by the government to make us fear it.

**tinFoilFedora** 10 hours ago

Er.... bud.

I'm a literal professional conspiracy theorist, and I have to admit these guys pretty much have to be real.

Also, what about those pixels? Ever heard of compression artefacts?

**theRealDioBrando** 10 hours ago

OK first of all fuck you.

second of all you're probably just an FBI agent.

**tinFoilFedora** 10 hours ago

Believe what you want to believe buddy, but let me recommend a good old fact check on stuff like your first comment

**CricketySnicket** 10 hours ago

Dammit I miss everything again

Frickin timezones

***MightyDragoon*** 10 hours ago

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK AND HELL JUST HAPPENED!

There's so much much to unpack there I don't even know where to start  
I'm in shock....I have no words for this lunacy. What has our world become  
What is our world becoming?

***deepArchivist*** 10 hours ago

Anime

***CricketySnicket*** 10 hours ago

What sort of genre is our world in anime. Gotta know the tropes and cliches surrounding them

---

Wander snorted at the question; the genre of their life now that 'Anime was real'. Teens fought monsters that no normal human could survive, and had abilities so powerful that one of them was essentially a nuclear bomb.

The Aspects were *not* exaggeratin when they said that Hope was one of their most powerful members, even if it wasn't in terms of conventional strength, that 'Hopesplosion' had pretty much proved it and then some.

This was kind of bad, no doubt their superiors wouldn't like that at all. Hope was a powerful loose canon, hell a loose *nuke* they had no control over. It was bad enough that four Aspects controlled abilities that were powerful in their own right, but Hope? The previously perceived weakest Aspect that mostly supported their friends? Wander had no doubt that he had the capability to destroy a city easily should events align. They were lucky that Blood had revived; let alone that Breath had restrained and even mostly contained the explosion.

He paused and reconsidered.

Wander let out a short bark of laughter; frankly it was a miracle it hadn't been worse. Assumin this wasn't the most powerful explosion Hope could have unleashed, given he was tryin to restrain himself on top of Breath's efforts, his initial thoughts regarding Hope's explosive power being just

short of a nuke might just be off. Probably not crack a planet in half wrong, but certainly fuck up a country's day wrong.

The hero in yellow was much, much more dangerous than he had previously accounted for. Wander noted that harmin those he cared about would likely trigger another explosion... then again, it hadn't with Void. Perhaps the purple and yellow heroes were not as close as the yellow and the darker of the red heroes? In any case, they should seek to ensure the aspects didn't have another casualty.

And speakin of death...

There was still the matter of Moe B. Faith; Their renegade soldier who had shot Blood at the meeting. Considerin what had happened, they'd clearly need to revamp their recruitment process.

What had happened should *never* happen again. They'd need to make sure of that.

Wander figured Moe was probably being interrogated already. He'd definitely earned a court martial; They'd would have to make sure it was not made public a scandal right now was the last thing they needed...

Wait. Hold up.

---

***MightyDragoon*** 9 hours ago

There's something more to this  
I can feel it in my bones  
well obviously something happened there  
unless some moron shot an aspect  
or morons  
there had to be an attack on some sort on the aspects  
EDIT: FUCKING MORON I THINK I WAS RIGHT

***deepArchivist*** 9 hours ago

WAIT WHAT

WHO WHEN  
WAAAAA

*CricketySnicket 9 hours ago*  
Hold up

*MightyDragoon 9 hours ago*

Someone tried to assassinate the aspects. Probs got blood and believe what you believe about those two. but those two are clearly friends. So if someone tried to kill Blood. Hope freakout doesn't seem that unlikely to me.

All I'm saying is that the asshole was aiming for someone

And they fucked up

BIG TIME!

NOW WE GOT PISSED OUT ASPECTS

GREAT JOB GUYS!

---

God .

Fucking.

Dammit.

Where the fuck were their PR experts?! Why weren't they handling this? Why was *he* on the frontline? And who the fuck leaked the assassination attempt?!

Goddammit.

---

There was something wrong, Jack Egbert acknowledged when his son came down for the morning with a despondent air surrounding him laden with guilt and depression. Something was horribly wrong, Jack continued to think when the air continued to persist even as John eats a mound of breakfast pancakes, extra fluffy; No words spared for arguing against the sugary whip cream that he would often verbally protest, yet eat nonetheless because breakfast was breakfast and the whip cream actually tasted good.



He wasn't the only one to notice that something was off with his usually chipper son, Jane and Joe were sending concerned looks to John, who didn't seem to notice them at all as he figuratively near-floated off towards the living room couch and crashed on it; without saying a word throughout breakfast.

"I want to ask him what's wrong," Jane admitted to her father and uncle within the kitchen, glancing back towards the living room where John was depressingly laid across the couch. "But..." 'The despondent air was a bit much for her.' She didn't say aloud because that sounded childish and stupid, though she didn't have to because Joe and Jack seemed to understand it completely.

The heavy negative air around John was much even for them, which was very worrying.

Jack took in a calming deep breath, "I'll ask and talk with him." He says as they look at him, and smiles, "He *is* my son, I should talk to him." It was his duty as a father, as a *parent*, to find out what was wrong and bothering his beloved son, then try to help him however he could.

With that firmly in mind, he sets his sights towards his son and strides into the living room, ignoring the aura of negativity entirely.

When he sees John, his heart breaks a little.

On the couch John laid, facing the back of the couch and burrowing into it while hugging one of the couch pillows, the other one kicking off to make more room. He's curling around the pillow, hiding his face into it with his back protectively hunched over himself and yet so heavy with what seems to be guilt and despair.

His cheerful son was nowhere in sight and that seemed wrong on every level there was.

"John?"

The back flinched in surprise before hunching up a bit more. “ *Mmph?* ” Came John’s miserable, muffled reply.

Jack sighed and went over to sit down besides John, sitting on the leftover space and on the edge of the couch, shifting to face his progeny. “What’s wrong son? Did something happen?” He asked, straightforwardly. He should find out what happened and comfort his son on the matter.

John made a series of muffled, miserable noises against the pillow. Jack for the life of him cannot discern nor translate, he cannot speak muffled pillow, but whatever it is, it sounds rather dire to have John in such a mood. He lets John muffle and whine against the pillow for a bit before speaking up, “Son, my apologies for asking but would you like to actually talk about your problem clearly and without the interference of the plush cushion?”

A moment.

John then reluctantly sits up, letting the soft pillow fall on his lap as he does so. The look on his face makes Jack all the more sadder.

There was definite guilt on his son’s face, his lips pulled down in a sad grimace and his eyes dimmed behind his square spectacles. That shouldn’t be right, his son should be smiling, showing off his lovely teeth and bright smile to the world with his eyes sparkling like clear joyful sapphires! And yes he meant every word of flowery poetry he had spouted within his head, he had an amazing education and a rather diverse vocabulary so he should put it to use!

“John,” Jack starts softly, trying to exude a reassuring and calm aura to comfort his son along with a wholesome and gentle fatherly smile on his face to counter the sad, remorseful frown John had on his face, “What happened?”

John shifts, the signs of liability and conviction intensify as he refuses to look at his father’s face. “... Dad...?” John begins hesitantly, his inherited overbite gnawing on his lip slightly, “Have you ever, decided or like done something that ended up really badly? Like so bad, someone got hurt because of it?” He asks quietly and Jack frowns at him.

What exactly did he mean by that?

Had John decided on something and caused distress to someone? Or perhaps even physical distress and pain? What had happened? What had John caused? And Jack did not doubt that John did something, the guilt there was all too telling unfortunately.

Still though, Jack had a duty to his son, and he wouldn't ask. For now.

Far more important matters were currently being addressed.

"Yes." Jack admits much to John's surprise, and to the private surprise of Jane. Joe however smiles amicably. "I have done and decided on various things that may or may not have ended badly and have hurt someone because of it. Some I regret, some I do not. It all depends on what happened and who got hurt." He tells John patiently, smiling with the fatherly calmness he'd learned all about once he'd become a father in the first place.

"Woah, really?" John says with an incredulous look, which looked fairly better on his face rather than sadness, regret and guilt. "Tell me about some?" He asks after a moment of thought, looking anxious and curious.

Jack chuckles, shifting to sit more against the couch now that John wasn't taking up most of the space. "Well, when I first decided to learn boxing- Joe and I rather, it wasn't all that nice to begin with. And we've harmed quite a few people with our fists, but almost always in self defense or in the defense of others. There were nay a few times I regretted the decision of learning how to box with my brother, Joe and I were scrappy young lads who packed quite the punch." He winked at John, starting off lightly, John smiled at him, a whuff of laughter escaping his lips and Jack counts that as a win.

Jack hums, looking up at the ceiling, "Another time however... I lied to my brother about something that concerned the two of us. It... hurt the both of us and I regret lying to him about it and the actions that I did that hurt him so much." He said softly, which again surprised John, especially at the soft regretful look on his face.

Back within the kitchen, Joe's look shifted into one of a sympathetic grimace that had Jane looking at him with confusion and concern. He smiles at his daughter, "No, it's fine Jane, I've put it all behind me. We both have. Frankly, it wasn't even his fault, we were both tricked and lied to but I know he still regrets it and thinks it was his fault." He soothed his daughter quietly as he listened to his brother. "I certainly don't though."

"I thought Joey hated me after what I did, and I think he did." Jack admitted, glancing at John who looked even more shocked.

John sat up even straighter, "But you're brothers! He clearly loves the heck out of you." He points out to him and Jack chuckles. Joe chuckles with him when Jane gives him a disbelieving look as well.

"Oh he does now, but there was a short time that I know he hated me. It was my fault though, I regret my decision on what happened but I could never regret the results that came afterwards."

"What came afterwards? What happened? What did you lie about?" John asked, temporarily forgetting what he was originally upset over and wanting to know what happened to his father and uncle.

Jack ruffled his son's hair, "Perhaps that's a story for another time son, were we not focusing on your current troubles rather than both mine and my brother's troubles in the past?" He points out. They weren't exactly ready to hear this yet, maybe sometime in the near future.

He's almost tempted to tell though when he sees the way John's eyes drooped as he remembers.

"I... suggested a stupid idea which ended up hurting a friend." John finally admitted with an upset and guilty look on his face. Though he quickly continues when he sees Jack's eyes widen, "H-He's fine now though! It- It wasn't that bad but he's okay now." He forces the half-truth out through his teeth, looking away so his father couldn't see the haunted look on his face, Karkat's death replaying in his head over and over again. Karkat was certainly okay now however it *had* been that bad. "I just- if it weren't for

my decision, he wouldn't have gotten hurt in the first place. I... I really wish I didn't..." He grows silent, his fists clenched on his lap.

Jack frowned, "You wish you hadn't suggested the idea?" Jack finished for his son, sighing at the silent nod that he got from John. "Oh son, come here." He coaxed, opening his arms and wrapping them firmly around John, giving him a fatherly hug.

John made a small noise of protest but didn't move from Jack's arms, "I-It seemed, like a good idea- I-" He almost chokes on his words, if he ended up crying it would probably make the situation worse and maybe his dad would get suspicious on how bad it actually had been. He firmly grips emotions and almost barely doesn't hold together. It was hard to achieve such a thing in such a loving fatherly hug but he manages thankfully.

"One's good idea may seem like a bad one to another or in hindsight." Jack starts quietly, rubbing John's back as he continued to hug his dearly beloved son. "Especially if it ends up with someone getting hurt, your friend, does he forgive you?" He asks, looking down to John who quietly nods without looking at him, "But you still feel guilty over it nonetheless." He states and John nods again.

Jack smiles, it was small but it packed sincerity and pride in it which shocked John when he looked up to glance at his face. "Have you thought about how to make it up to him John?" He asks, his smile growing when John nods a third time, "Then you're doing fine."

"B-But I hurt him! I made a mistake and I ended up hurting him and J-" John bites the sentence off before he could finish, Jake's name on the tip of his tongue but he looks helpless and disbelieving. If he hadn't agreed and had the others agree with him then Karkat wouldn't have died, Jake wouldn't have exploded and gotten hurt from their aspect exposure! Sure he had gotten hurt too but that didn't compare to Jake watching Karkat die and painfully explode afterwards.

Sure, the dead Dave had influenced their decision but had John been more wary, protective, *ready* then maybe...

“Indeed you have,” Jack agrees which causes John to wilt only for Jack to continue strongly, “ *But* you regret your actions, you’ve accepted them, and even though I don’t know the entire story- you are or at least going to make it up to your friends. Yes you’ve made a mistake, but what person doesn’t? As long as that person owns up to what they did, think about it thoroughly and do something about it, whether to make up for it, compensate or just outright fix it- then you can rise from your mistakes, wiser and more experienced than before. Your friends would learn as well as they were willing to forgive you and still be your friends despite the mistake, which shows that they’re quite loyal and willing to stay by your side. And they obviously know you, you would never hurt your friends on purpose so it was an accident or an unforeseen event that you had no control over.”

“And you never know son, despite the mistake, it could’ve been beneficial in the long run. Your mistakes can build the foundation of a strong future with your friends so long as you deal with it accordingly. You won’t know until it happens.” Jack tells him, doing his best to give his son good advice. Truthfully he didn’t know, but he wanted to reassure John that he’d done fine and was on the right path. He at least regretted his mistakes and would no doubt do all he could to make it up to whoever he accidentally hurt.

He wonders on who they are, the ‘friend/s’ that his son had supposedly hurt- on accident he no doubtedly thinks because he meant what he said; John would never willingly hurt his friends.

But as he sees the guilt lighten in his eyes, and the regret recede a bit, he thinks to ask later. Now didn’t seem like the right time to ask.

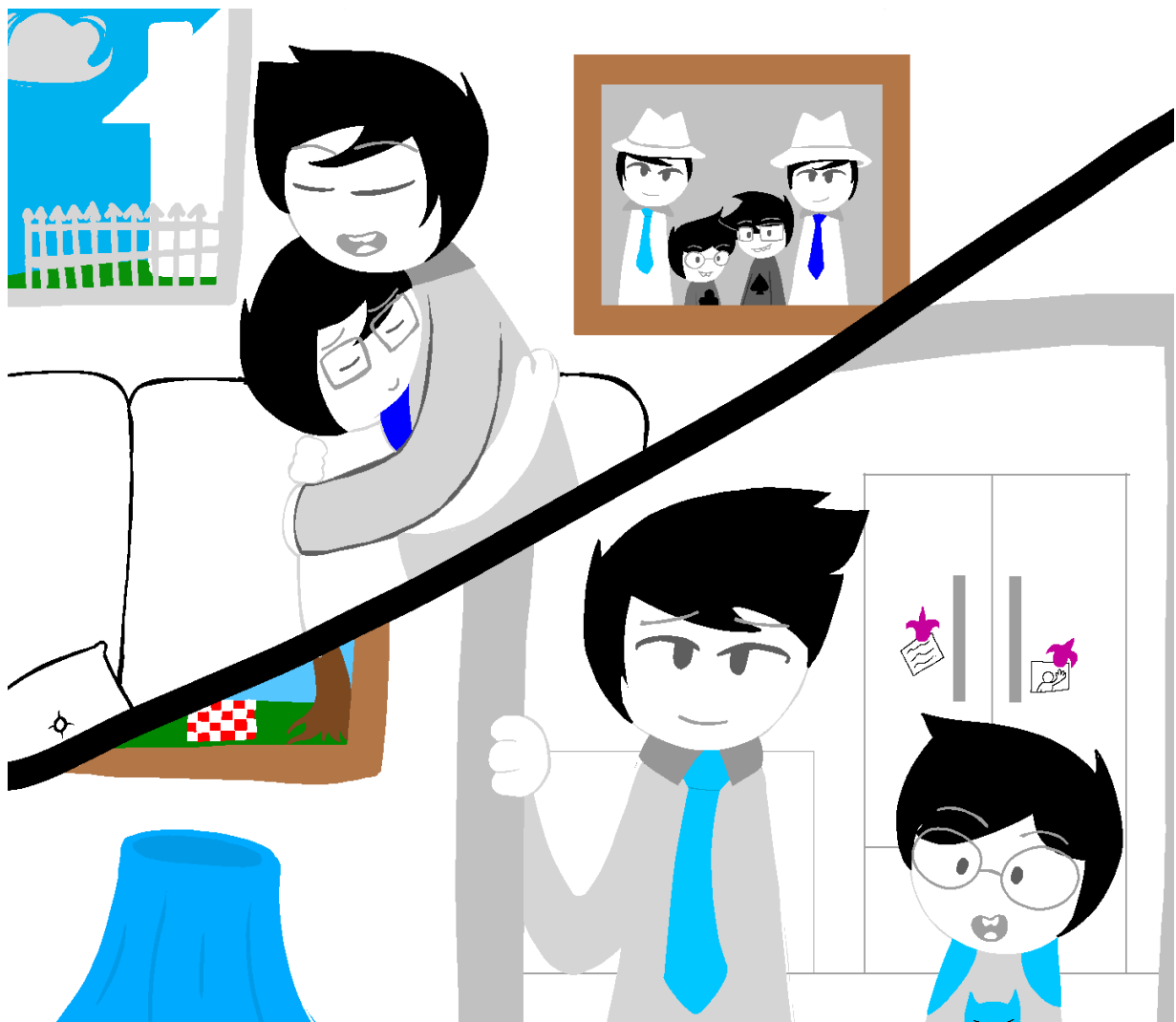
It doesn’t disappear much to Jack’s internal dismay, but that wouldn’t be realistic to expect. However the burden of the situation lightens from John’s shoulders and that’s the least that Jack could hope for his son. Not to mention it brings a smile on John’s face, small as it is.

“I... I think I understand all of that,” John starts after a moment, he understood all of it actually and it helped- not totally but it still helped a lot more than he would have thought, “Thanks Dad.” He says, smile widening and it’s his turn to open his arms and wrap his arms around Jack, hugging him tightly.

Jack happily returns the hug, “Your welcome John, I’ll always be here to help you if I can.” He reassured his son, his inner pride growing as he notices the strength behind John’s hug, his son had grown so much. And to think, this was the same babe that came in a basket after one forbidden tryst with the same woman who was also Jane’s mother, born out of wedlock.

At the thought, he glances back at the kitchen.

Joe and Jane are at the doorway, Jane looking relieved and happy to see them hugging and to see John smiling again instead of moping and frowning sadly earlier “I’m so glad John seems to be feeling better now.” She tells her father quietly, watching her cousin and uncle hug on the couch. Joe nods in agreement and smiles at his brother, a knowing and exasperated look on his face that brings the old feeling of guilt in his chest but he gives him a closed eyed smile back, sheepish and warm before focusing on John.



A lot has happened since then, but they both loved their children dearly as well as each other.

Joe sighs, closing his eyes briefly and lets himself remember the past...

---

*“I **loved** her, brother how could you?!” Joe roared, glaring at his usually dearly beloved brother with rarely seen malice in his eyes.*

*Jack shrunk back, shame in his eyes while a small tiny baby was swathed and cradled in his shaking arms. “I-I- I’m sorry Joey, I just- she-” He stammered, clutching the blue-eyed baby in his arms, the basket is kicked away as he stumbles away from his enraged brother. They’re both startled*



*when the baby starts wailing. "I'm so sorry. Please, let me put him to sleep and in another room, then we can continue talking."*

*Joey Egbert bared his teeth and stormed out of the room with a broken heart, his own brother- he loved her! And now he finds out that she had laid with his own family and gave birth to his brother's offspring?! Was that why she was away for so long?! Months of heartfelt letters, shipped gifts and sweet promises all for naught...*

*He doesn't have that talk with his brother, locked away in his room for days on end, listening with grief, anger and fury through the walls as the little bastard of Jack's wails for hours on end and feeling relieved when it stops its dastardly crying.*

*He hears their mother his door, soft, gentle and coaxing but for once Joey does not listen and stubbornly stays inside his room until he runs out of cookies to eat.*

*One reluctant day, he sneaks out of his room only after making sure mother went to work and all was silent in the house. He finds his brother, the traitor, passed out on the couch, surrounded by baby things and looking oh so tired. Good, serves the rascal right for giving birth to a bastard tot from **his** love. Ex-love that is. She had disappeared once more and Joey would find that he could not find her whatsoever.*

*Joey felt disgusted at the baby paraphernalia that overtake their living room, though he mostly feels hungry so he sneakily made his way into the kitchen for food. Both to eat and to take back into his room so he may hide once more.*

*However just as he was making his way back out, he hears it, the sound of gurgling and cooing. His curiosity betrays him just like his brother and he ends up looking at the source of the sounds.*

*There, in a sky blue crib, was Jack's bastard son. The son that came from his ex-girlfriend, the same girlfriend that he had intended to marry, the ring he had gotten was stashed away in his closet now and gathering dust. The*

*baby was staring at him through the bars of the crib, and he doesn't know what comes over him when he wanders closer to look at the little beast.*

*"Ugly little thing." Joey mutters spitefully as he looks down at the baby. And it was indeed ugly. It was plump and drooling all over the little pillow it had. Dressed in a baby blue onesie with little white clouds stitched on it, Jack's little mistake was an ugly little thing with big wide blue eyes, chubby cheeks, pudgy fingers and a messy patch of black hair.*

*The resemblance was uncanny however, he had Jack's dark blue eyes, though it was a tad bit lighter. Also his hair, dark black, just like his and the rest of their family's. Faintly, he wonders if he got anything from her, and searches for it in the small tottling babe. Before he even realized it, he was tucking in the baby with the simple but lovely grey blanket that was in the crib.*

*No, what was he doing? He should get back in his room. Be more furious. Be more stubborn. Not tend to the child that came from his awful brother!*

*Joey tries to uphold his glare, he really did, but staring deeper into the wide blue eyes of the baby, the hardness of his eyes slowly melted away and he'd lost to the innocence of the youth in the crib. He'd been crippled with weak knees when the baby squirmed, freeing his small arms and pudgy hands patted at his own bigger grown hand, a gummy smile crept and bloomed on those chubby cheeks.*

*This was only a child.*

*Evidence to the traitorous actions of his brother and ex-love, and yet it was innocent to everything that had happened. A young babe ignorant to the world at large and so new to life.*

*What was Joey doing? Being angry with a baby of all things, of all people.*

*He glanced back at his brother, passed out on the couch, quietly he shushed baby John- the name stitched lovingly into the pillow John laid on by their mother no doubt, he recognized the stitching- and took his hand away. It*

*disgruntled the baby but thankfully he stays quiet as Joey turns to his brother.*

*Jack looks tired. Extremely so. This is the most tired he'd ever seen his older brother, the stress must be weighing heavily on his shoulders because of this matter. Be it the fact he was now a father at a young age, barely an adult yet or the fact his own twin brother seemingly hated him for justified reasons.*

*He was the one who slept with his girlfriend, a beautiful young woman that Joey had been absolutely infatuated with and was willing to marry in the near future and yet he sleeps with her, got her pregnant and now has a baby who was entirely his. She didn't want any part of it it seems, telling by the way she left little John in a basket on the porch along with a short and concise note, not even mentioning Joe in any way. Not even to apologize.*

*'This baby belongs to you Jack Egbert. His birthdate is April 13.'*

*That was it. Nothing else.*

*Just a basket with a blanket, a baby and a horribly short note that was signed with her signature to show its authenticity.*

*It didn't take long for Joey to end up angry which lead up to right now.*

*Him standing over his brother's exhausted form on the couch, where his face once held anger, now just held tired contempt, lingering rage which slowly turned into a thoughtful, quiet emotionless and passive face.*

*Could he stay angry with Jack? His own twin brother that had stayed by his side ever since they had been babies themselves? They had stuck together through their wonderful childhood, through thick and thin, boxing training, bullies- everything ... Could he really stay angry with Jack for sleeping with his ex-girlfriend, getting her pregnant and gaining a nephew from the whole predicament?*

*...*

*The truth was...*

*No.*

*Despite the betrayal, despite the anger he felt- he knows himself, he couldn't truly stay angry at his brother. He knew him, he knew Jack as well as himself. Had the tables been turned, he probably would've ended up the same. They had both been infatuated with her, hell- Jack had been the first one to meet her technically.*

*And yet he had yielded her to Joey, he had all the opportunity to take her from him and maybe he had tried but he knows Jack. Jack wouldn't do that, steal her from him and as much as he wanted to keep her in a positive light, he had known the rumors surrounding her. How she mingled with other men before she had met him and his brother.*

*For all he knew, she had sought out his brother and ended up burning the two of them in light of her actions.*

*Now she was gone, she clearly didn't want anything involved with John, with Jack, with him ...*

*Joey took in a shaky breath and covered his face, gritting his teeth and trying hard not to let the liquid in his eyes fall- he ended up failing and sitting down on the ground, letting his back lean against the couch where Jack was unconscious on.*

*They had been fools hadn't they? Falling in love with the new bad girl of the block and letting themselves get caught into a drama that they never once thought they'd be involved with.*

*All it took to nearly tear them apart was one single girl.*

*How typical.*

*Joey sniffed, wiping his eyes and renewed his determination.*

*Well, there was no point in moping any longer.*

*He still felt betrayed and angry, but this time he would try to put it past them all and be there for his brother and his new nephew.*

*He was going to be the best uncle he could be. It was the least he could do, besides if he didn't their mother would probably be really really crossed with him.*

---

Joey- no, *Joe* , he'd long outgrown that name- opened his eyes, glancing to his brother and nephew, a fond smile on his face.

How time had passed.

It had been very rocky at the start, despite his determination back then, the betrayal had still hurt him deeply. Though it was hard to stay angry with John's innocent and adorable blue eyes and his brother's constant apologies. He privately apologized to John himself for calling him an 'ugly little thing', that had been far from the truth. His nephew had been absolutely adorable.

The following years smoothened as Joe helped his brother and mother raise John. It wasn't easy, fatherhood was certainly a challenge for those not ready but thankfully Jack had both his and their dearly beloved mother's help.

By the time John was toddling about, taking his first steps, speaking his first word, Joe had been the happiest uncle he could be as his brother gushed and was absolutely smitten with John even more as time passed, almost fainting in delight when John first called him 'Dada'. It was understandable, Joe had felt the same the first time John recognized him and called him 'Unca'.

Though as time passed, Joe couldn't help but feel a little jealous of his brother, watching him raise John and helping him raise his nephew. Being a father was obviously wonderful even with the few bumps on the way and though Joe had been resigned to be an uncle for the moment; though he couldn't help but fantasize on how he would have a progeny of his own, a son- or maybe even a *daughter* of his own.

He decided he wanted one as well, but that wouldn't happen any time soon he had thought to himself, for as much as he wanted a family of his own- he wanted to try to have it the normal way, not just impregnating a woman on the fly just to get his own child. He wanted a wife, someone to love romantically and add to their family. So he would do that, he would have a family of his own, a wife and a child, maybe more. He could wait a few years before pursuing his fatherly dream.

At least, that's what he had planned.

And then *she* returned.

After nearly more than a year, *she* came out of nowhere, just as a storm that she had been when he had first met her. Lovely in looks and dangerously seductive, for a woman that had been his ex-lover and the mother of his brother's child- she looked amazing as ever.

Naturally, her return had dug up old feelings, old problems, many things at once.

Joe tried to be the good guy, let her and Jack be together so John could have a mother- and Jack tried to convince her, to let her be part of their son's life even after she gave him away, be part of *their* family after disappearing for so long.

She refused.

It was confusing, concerning and even anger-inducing. Why? Why did she refuse? John deserved to have a mother, they were giving her a chance to be part of something amazing! Why did she even come back if all she did was refuse their chance and break their hearts again?

Joe confronted her about it, asking those questions and so much more- though it proved to be more than a mistake to be in private and alone with her as he ended up in a whirlwind of passion and pent up emotions, feelings...

She left once more the morning after, leaving Joe ashamed and heartbroken once more.

Turns out her reason to come back was to once again break their hearts.

Though, unlike what happened once before in near reverse- this time he told Jack outright on what happened. How he had laid with her one last time before she disappeared once more, heart in tatters and emotions in exhausted shambles again twice in a row.

This time it was Jack's turn to be outraged and angry, but unlike before he was angry *for* Joe.

Clearly she had toyed with the both of them, that had been her intention from the start- cause discord between the brothers, she had nearly torn them both apart the first time and now she nearly broke Joe a second time.

What a cruel woman she had been...

And admittedly fertile for months later, almost ten months to be exact, another baby winds up on their porch in another basket with another note.

*' This baby belongs to you Joe Egbert. Her birthdate is April 13. '*

Just as sparse as the first note.

It immediately caused conflict, *another* baby, *another* basket, *another* note; hell, she had been born on the same day as John! Just a near month earlier! *What a coincidence.*

John and Jane were born brother and sister as well as cousins.

The knowledge was hard to swallow at first, just as the knowledge that they were both uncles and fathers to both their and each other's children had been. But Joe took to the role as father, taking Jane as his just as Jack took John as his.

It was only the right thing to do.

And right it had been, he had his own daughter! His own child! He'd been so happy, and so horribly sad on the side. She'd left two permanent things for them to remember them by, and though they loved their children- they almost hated her for what she'd done.

Almost. They were too kind when it came to this, besides she had given them their lovely children, had things gone differently, maybe even better; they would have thanked her for giving them the light of their lives. John and Jane, Jack's son and Joe's daughter.

Of course through some complications, Joe decided to change his and Jane's name into their mother's maiden name. Crocker.

Jack and John Egbert, Joe and Jane Crocker.

They were a happy little family, and though they had no mothers, Jane and John grew up wondrously in both their opinions.

As both Crockers went over to sit down and spend time with both Egberts, Joe smiled happily as John laughed and teased Jane who had no trouble in laughing and teasing back. Maybe they'd tell them both in the future, on how they weren't cousins but brother and sister.

Joe leans against the side of the couch, his mind wanders a bit, unable to resist a familiar thought...

What if she had stayed? And became Jack's wife? Or even his? Would things be even better than now? Or would it have spiraled out of control and lead to a dark path that he didn't want to truly think about? He knows on how bad things could have been, he's read articles about them, about unfortunate families torn apart in reality from familiar if not the very situation he and his brother had and are in.

In one rose-tinted and confusing thought, he imagined sharing *her* with his brother, instead of just the basket with Jane on the porch- she was there, holding the baby and asking shyly and regretfully to be part of their family. It would've been rocky, but she was the mother of *both* Jane and John, they



would have accepted her then, she would be there for their children, be there for them--

It's a thought that he banishes from the front of his mind when he sees Jane's smiling face, hear John's bright laughter, his brother's chuckling face being hit with a cushion pillow.

What did it matter now?

He was happy right now, he didn't have to consider another life when his current one was perfectly fine the way it was.

Still...

He wonders how Damara Yukida was these days, was she okay? Still up to her cruel tricks or had she finally mellowed out? Found someone that could tame her wildness?

At the very least, he hoped she was well.

---

"Hey mom!"

Griselda paused from her knitting, glancing over at her daughters, "Yes?" She questions once before returning to her knitting.

Aradia and Damara share a look before looking back to their mother, "We were in the attic today, looking for some old things and we found some interesting stuff!" Aradia said enthusiastically, motioning to the box of old things, from old toys to old clothes and books, but she had an old photo in her hand that Damara took from her, "Damara! Ugh, anyway, we were mostly wondering what this old photo was?"

The Megido matriarch blinks as Damara goes over to show her a photo.

It was of her when she had been younger, very younger, only a few more years older than Damara right now. Back when she had to share her name for something *important*, something that niggled in the back of her head.

The niggling grew as she sees the single pair twins by her side, her younger self seems genuinely happy, arms thrown on both shoulders of the twin boys that wore two shades of blue, one darker, one light, it matched their eyes.

Griselda slowly sets down her needles and knitting and takes the photo in her hands, flipping over to see the scribbles on the back.

*‘ Jack and Joey Egbert <3 <3. ’*

She looks back at the photo, a strange feeling in her chest. Was this another memory she had lost?

“Mother?” Damara questions quietly, she looks so much like her, only different in personality.

She had named her Damara when she first got her. A reminder of sorts, of what? This? Of Jack and Joey Egbert?

---

*"You can't separate me from the others! Why have we moved here?!"*

*"For something very important, for the time being, your name is Damara Yukida."*

*"Why?!"*

*"Do not question the orders that come from the Doctor."*

---

*"Hello Miss Yukida, my name is Jack Egbert, this is my brother Joey! Welcome to the neighborhood!"*

*"... Call me Damara, Miss Yukida sounds stupid."*

*"Actually I think it sounds rather pretty but alright Damara."*

*"You trying to flirt with me Egbert? Joey right?"*

*“Wha- no! I’m just expressing my honesty, I think the name Damara Yukida seems like a nice name!”*

*“Totally flirting with me, you’re lucky you’re handsome.”*

---

A persistent headache came out of nowhere, she bit back a growl of annoyance- another memory out of her reach, just like with Wander. She was only starting to remember Wander, and now this?

“It’s nothing Damara, I’m just tired right now.” Griselda waves off her daughter’s concern, “They’re just old friends from a long time ago.” She tells them both, handing the photo back, unable to look at them again.

She goes back to knitting, trying her best to ignore her headache.

First Wander and now these two...

She might have to change her plans a bit.

---

Later on that day, John relaxed against the couch, feeling better than he had been this morning. Currently, he was lazily watching a cooking show that Jane loved to bits. He wasn’t really paying attention though, he was mostly preoccupied with his own head.

He still felt guilty but his father’s words actually helped a lot and now he was trying to think of ways to make it up to Karkat and Jake, as well as future plans to make sure that *never* happened again.

As John was thinking, he almost missed his Uncle Jack’s words as he popped his head from the kitchen for a bit.

“By the way, John, Jane, school starts in almost a week from now so please get ready for then!” He calls out.

“Okay Uncle Jack!/Dad!” John and Jane chorused reflexively, currently distracted.

...

John jolted from his lazy lounging on the couch, “Wait what?!” Jane also spluttered as she processed that.

They had *school* ?!

---

## Chapter End Notes

AA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

I don't really have an excuse.

But hey! New chapter! And more information!

Also I really didn't intend to go down the Crockerbert Family route this chapter but boy am I glad I did. But at any rate, I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Also yes, there is a picture there and I was the one who drew it.

[See, this is me, posting it on Imgur. PyrHyrImages.](#)

I...

May or may not, provide some art, from now on, for my stories.

It'll depend on what the scene is and if I can actually draw it.

No promises that every chapter of every story will have a drawing.

But yeah, this is a thing now. Hope you enjoy!

Hope you enjoyed the story! Next time... will be next time!

EDIT: Okay I just realized something... This might be another social media arc. Or at least will have some media stuff on it.

You know what that means....

COMMENTS! TIME TO PUT IN YOUR COMMENTS!

Mostly the new events that is the 'Hopesplosion' and the 'leaked assassination'.

I won't promise I'll get every comment but— this might be fun >:3

Also any other comment about the Aspects will be appreciated.

Till next chapter!

# Nuclear Reaction (2)

## Chapter Notes

Slight warning for the start of the chapter; Mentions and descriptions of blood and dysphoria.

Aka; Poor Karkat.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Karkat took in a deep breath, trying to keep himself calm as he sat on the hospital bed not too far from Jake's healing coon. Watching his moirail's body bob slowly up and down within the tube, the transparent green slime bubbling slightly as it surrounded the Page of Hope.

They had just arrived at their base, hauling both bucktoothed boys into their respective tubes for accelerated healing sleep. Roxy and Dave were sitting on a hospital bed like him, watching John just as he was watching Jake. Worry painting their faces as silence hung between them.

The Knight of Blood was slowly trying to figure out what next to do, he was co-leader after all. Even though he wanted to mope about and forlornly look at his currently unconscious moirail, he still had to think of what next to do. John was currently out of commission and as co-leader, it was his duty to plan out what the fuck they were going to do.

...

*What the **fuck** were they going to do?*

Karkat took in another deep breath, it's shaky at best and unstable at worst.

And out of nowhere, despite his attempts of staying calm and reassuring himself that he was fine and that he had other more important things to deal with- a wave of anxiety and an extreme sense of restlessness crashed over

him, his skin felt restrictive and his head felt unbearably and paradoxically light and heavy.

Fuck. In the back of his head amidst the panic was a small patch of calm that was vaguely and faintly realizing that he was experiencing dysphoria, or was it dysmorphia? He can't remember right now, but his human skin felt so **wrong** and his horns, despite being nubs and unfortunately small, were *missing*. His nails were too blunted, his teeth and bones ached, his legs were sore and he was *not* going to fucking describe the utter wrongness between his thighs, what was *missing* between them.

The blood in his veins seemed to boil more than usual, and abruptly, he's blinking up at the ceiling, the familiar taste of iron on his tongue- his mouth seemed full, his nose was clogged and sludge was pouring out of his eyes. There was a muffled noise, no, voices? They were familiar sounding.

*"...leeding! What the fuck... he can't help him!"*

*"Kar... can you hear... it, shit shit shit!"*

*There was water in his head, was there water in his head? Everything sounded and felt so far away.*

*Maybe he was underwater, it'd explain why he couldn't breathe.*

*Jake was floating in the tube, the overexposure wasn't going away. **It was getting worse.***

*He couldn't breathe.*

*Dave, John and Roxy were gone. **He was alone.***

*He couldn't **breathe** .*

*There was a piercing pain from his back, he looked down to see red, red, **red. He was dying.***

***He couldn't breathe .***

*He was underwater. In a sea of blood, he was drowning in his own blood. It came from his mouth, his nose, his eyes, his ears, his wrists, his back, his front, everywhere.*

**He couldn't breathe**

Karkat tore himself from the pile and from his blankets, ending up crashing on the floor of his room. Gasping for air to the point that his lungs felt *too* full of oxygen, he struggled hard to keep himself calm. He curled into himself, taking shaky breaths and feeling disturbed at the silence of his room. He needed-

He needed someone.

He needed *Jake* .

---

carcinoGeneticist [CG] began pestering golgathasTerror [GT]

CG: JAKE?

CG: I KNOW IT'S LATE AS FUCK RIGHT NOW BUT.

CG: PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE AWAKE.

CG: OR YOU KNOW WHAT?

CG: YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AWAKE, I JUST

CG: i need to vent

GT: Karkat!!

GT: Karkat love are you okay?

GT: What's wrong? Also pardon, i hadnt noticed your message immediately

:(

CG: NO IT'S OKAY.

CG: I'M GLAD YOU'RE AWAKE THOUGH.

GT: :B

GT: Truthfully though...

GT: I never slept...

CG: SHIT.

CG: USUALLY I'D SCOLD THE SHIT OUT OF YOU FOR NOT SLEEPING BUT HONESTLY I DON'T BLAME YOU.

CG: I'M SURPRISED I ACTUALLY MANAGED TO FALL ASLEEP

EVEN WITH THE SOPOR.

CG: YOU OKAY?

GT: I should be asking you that star!!

GT: You said you needed to vent?

CG: SOMEWHAT.

CG: I

CG: I HAD A NIGHTMARE.

GT: Oh karkat...

CG: WELL, IT STARTED OUT AS A MEMORY BUT THEN IT  
TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE.

GT: Tell me about it?

GT: Only if you want to palest <>

CG: YOU'RE OVERDOING IT WITH THE PALE SHIT AGAIN  
DUMBASS.

GT: I can never overdo it!

GT: Besides you like it. \*Double pistols and a wink.\* ;B

CG: GOG FORBID ME AND SHAME THE FUCK OUT OF ME  
BECAUSE I DO.

CG: ALSO YEAH I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

CG: YOU WON'T LIKE IT.

GT: Well duh, i wouldnt be having beer and skittle if my dearest of dears  
was having a nightmare!

GT: Now do bitch the pot, i have my duties as your moirail to do!

CG: ALRIGHT FINE.

CG: THE MEMORY WAS ABOUT ME, DAVE AND ROXY WAITING  
FOR YOU AND JOHN TO HEAL FROM THE OVEREXPOSURE.  
THAT'S HOW IT STARTED ANYWAY.

GT: Oh.

GT: I can see how this memory can turn into a nightmare quite easily  
now...

CG: YEAH NO SHIT, NOW SHOOSH AND LET ME FINISH.

CG: WHILE WAITING, I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF WHAT NEXT  
TO DO BECAUSE JOHN WAS FUCKING OUT OF IT AND WE HAD  
NO IDEA WHAT ELSE TO DO.

CG: I THINK THE MEMORY SKIMMED SOME THINGS, LIKE ROXY  
NOTICING THE ACTIVITY ON THE INTERNET AND SHIT BUT  
THEN AGAIN I WASN'T REALLY NOTICING SHIT AT THAT TIME.



TOO BUSY UP MY NONEXISTENT HUMAN NOOK ON THINKING ON WHAT TO DO NEXT AND TRYING TO FORCEFULLY CALM MYSELF BECAUSE A GOOD LEADER DOESN'T LET HIMSELF BE OVERWHELMED BY PANIC AND ALL THAT SHIT.

CG: EXCEPT I WASN'T A LEADER, CO-LEADER SURE BUT I WAS A SHIT LEADER WE BOTH KNOW THAT AND THAT'S WHEN IT ALL CAME CRASHING DOWN FOR ME.

GT: ...

GT: Dave and roxy informed me about that, you had a panic attack.

CG: YEAH.

CG: THE ABSOLUTELY FUCKING WORSE MOMENT TO HAVE A PANIC ATTACK WHEN YOUR MOIRAIL IS OUT OF THE GOGDAMN PICTURE. AND DON'T YOU DARE SAY YOU HAD A FAULT IN THIS SHIT, IT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND YOU LITERALLY COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT BECAUSE YOU WERE HEALING YOU DAMNED IDIOT.

GT: I wasnt going to say anything

CG: SURE YOU WEREN'T.

CG: BUT YEAH, I HAD A PANIC ATTACK.

CG: THE WORST ONE I'VE HAD IN THIS UNIVERSE SO FAR.

CG: IT COMBINED ALL OF MY ANXIETIES AT ONCE AND HAD THEM CRASHING DOWN ON ME AND FUCKING HALF OF IT WAS FROM THE FACT I'M HUMAN RIGHT NOW.

CG: NO OFFENSE JAKE BUT I FUCKING HATE THE FACT I'M HUMAN.

CG: THE DYSPHORIA OF NOT HAVING MY HORNS, MY ORIGINAL BODY, JUST ALMOST \*\*\*EVERYTHING\*\*\* THAT MADE ME A TROLL.

CG: GONE.

CG: REPLACED WITH A PINKISH PALE FLESH SUIT OF DISGUSTING ALIEN HORMONES AND CHEMICALS THAT ARE MESSING THE FUCK OUT OF MY HEAD WHENEVER I LET MY GUARD DOWN AND THINK ABOUT IT OR SOMETHING AND SHIT.

CG: AND OF COURSE THE ONLY THING LEFT THAT REFLECTS MY ORIGINAL TROLLSELF IS MY MUTATED FREAKASS BLOOD THAT I USE ON A CONSTANT BASIS BY FUCKING MUTILATING MY FRAGILE NON-TROLL SKIN THAT SCARS SO FUCKING

EASILY THAT IT'S GOGDAMN HORRIFYING DOESN'T HELP.

CG: USUALLY I CAN IGNORE THIS BULLSHIT BECAUSE IF I DON'T I'LL END UP AS A HEAPING PILE OF SOBBING BARKBEAST SHIT OR HOOFBEAST SHIT. BAWLING THE SHIT OUT OF MY GANDERBULBS WITH COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF SNOT POURING OUT OF MY SNIFFNODE.

CG: I HATE IT.

CG: I HATE BEING HUMAN.

CG: I HATE BEING HUMAN SO FUCKING MUCH JAKE.

GT: Oh darling, no offense at all! I can only imagine what youre going through right now star :(

GT: I wish you werent human at all if thats what youre feeling right now.

CG: SAME.

CG: BUT YEAH THAT WAS WHAT HALF OF MY PANIC ATTACK WAS I THINK.

CG: BOTH BACK THEN AND IN MY NIGHTMARE.

CG: I STARTED BLEEDING DURING THAT, I FREAKED THE FUCK OUT ENOUGH THAT MY BLOOD DECIDED IT WAS A GREAT IDEA TO ESCAPE THE VILE VESSEL THAT WAS MY HUMAN BODY. IT, LIKE THE GOGDAMN PANIC ATTACK ITSELF, WAS THE WORST I'VE EXPERIENCED.

GT: Right i remember dave and roxy telling me about that as well, you were bleeding so much karkat.

GT: I casted a kitten when i roxy showed me the stained cot you were on and the amount of blood that pm and mayor cleaned up afterwards.

GT: Any normal human would have died from blood loss thrice over love :(((

CG: I FUCKING KNOW AND IT'S ANOTHER THING I HATE.

CG: AFTER THAT THE MEMORY TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE.

CG: I COULDN'T STOP BLEEDING.

CG: I COULDN'T BREATHE.

CG: YOU WERE THERE BUT INSTEAD OF GETTING BETTER THE ASPECT OVEREXPOSURE WAS GETTING WORSE.

CG: I STILL COULDN'T BREATHE.

CG: JOHN, DAVE AND ROXY WERE GONE AND I WAS ALONE THERE.

CG: I COULDN'T FUCKING BREATHE.

CG: WHY? BECAUSE I WAS DROWNING IN MY OWN BLOOD AND IT WOULDN'T STOP POURING OUT OF FUCKING EVERYWHERE FROM ME. MY EYES, MY MOUTH, MY NOSE, EARS, WRIST, BACK, FRONT JUST \*\*\*FUCKING EVERYWHERE.\*\*\*

CG: I WOKE UP AFTERWARDS AND I JUST NEEDED TO

CG: i needed to talk to someone

CG: needed to talk to you

GT: Im coming over.

CG: WHAT.

GT: You heard me karkat i am coming over!

CG: JAKE IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

CG: HOW THE FUCK ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN SHIT IF YOU GET CAUGHT IN MY ROOM IN THE MORNING?

GT: Then i must leave before that! Or at least not get caught ;B

CG: THIS IS FUCKING RIDICULOUS.

GT: Mhmm but im still coming over and were going to spend the rest of the night watching action romcoms and not sleeping at all!

CG: THIS IS SUCH A BAD IDEA.

GT: We could razz on the heathers lovey

CG:

CG: JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DAMN FUCKING IDIOT.

GT: Posilutely! \*Hugs you and paps your lovely face.\*

CG: STOOOP IIIIT.

GT: Never! >:B

CG: GET OVER HERE ALREADY SO I CAN PUNCH THAT STUPID FACE OF YOURS.

CG: <>

GT: :B

GT: <>

golgathasTerror [GT] ceased pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

---

*fh*at the wuck @whatthefuck

guys i just figured something out. if the aspects hate the government now does that mean void could just hack everything.

oh my god she totally could what the fuck.

brb deactivating my paypal  
*#fuck #hackersscaremeeveryday*

*Hope is the BOMB @unofficialhopefanpag*

A word from our admins directed to the haters who insisted that hope was  
"the weakest member of the aspects"

Eat a dick.

*#Hopesplosion #Aspects #WeSTANHope*

*shut up little timmy @renmamamiya*

GUYS THERES NO WAY THAT HOPE DID THAT HES SUPPORT IT  
HAD TO BE LIKE A TEAM ATTACK OR SOMETHIN

*#NotHopesplosion*

*I WONT HESITATE MFUCKER @penguinSalute*

Hey if the rumors that someone hurt Blood and/or Hope are true, I just  
wanna say...

*[\*pic of a plush duckling holding a plastic knife, on the upper side the  
words "hey bitch" and on the lower side "lets have a nice chat :)"]*

*Pls im baby @WhineyNugget*

Wow ya'll really be like "FUCK THE GOVERNMENT" but now that the  
Aspects are working for them and there's a LITERAL NUCLEAR BOMB  
ya'll be "uwu must protcc Aspects uwu" hella consistent that

*#HOPExplosion*

*norte do mar é lua @cogumelaMagi*

Why all the fun stuff never happens on my country???

*#AspectsComeToBrasil* (btw did someone already tried @ the Aspects here  
to see if they ok?)

*The kids aren't alright @ActualAspectTrash8*

omg what even was that video are they okay??? what happened???

i bet the government totally messed them up

why were they even there in the first place was it a trap oh nooo babieeeee

*#aspectprotectionsquad #ohno*

*#sincewhenhasthegovernmentlikedvigilantesanyways #conspiracy*

*I'm surrounded by idiots @pessimistic7optimism*

@ActualAspectTrash8 Are you serious right now they're clearly working with the government in some sort of agreement, or something.

There's no way they would logistically get lead on like that, not with their skills.

Stop treating them like incompetents

*WrenDiggityDoggo @wrensdroppinhere*

that video really spooked my skeleton. what in the heckleberries happened?

no official statement yet... from

either the aspects or the government...

hm. i smell a conspiracy afoot-joking. somebody else solve it im too lazy.

#hopesplosion #aspects #schoolsback #surehopenobodyblowsuptheschool

#lookinatyouunderlings #andhope #ifyoureavailableforhire

*Something blew up again what's new @smartestintheparty*

everybodys freakin out bout the video like this is a new revelation and im over here bein like 'called it' lmao

always knew they were just trouble #downwiththeaspects #conspiracy

#newbscalledit

*In today's news @managementManaged*

Will anyone ever talk about normal current events again, I wonder.

These upstart heroes are getting in the way of important news; does anyone even care about our political situation?

Maybe now that the government's involved we'll talk the real issues.

#thisgeneration

*WeAreAllGoners @SomeoneTouchMaSpaghetto*

This is all really stupid. Aspects and Government are bad, case closed. Can we stop talking about them now?

#CanWeStopTalkingAboutTheAspects

*Bruh @ailingAmnemonic*

Dude, if you hate the aspects so much, then why the hell are you here? We don't need haters making this fandom toxic y' know.

#TheAspects #BEGONEHATERRRRS

?¿?¿? @slashboggle

@ActualAspects [Attack in the fo... ] HEY is this you guys? What happened?

---

Pink eyes stared into the screen within the dim room. Temptation to shut it off lingered but as always she waved it off in favor of scrolling once more through the various tweets, posts, asks and just generally *everything* that was on the internet pertaining the latest news of the Aspects.

Of them.

Roxy groaned as she hugged her large black cat pillow to her chest, slumping against it as she scrolled through Twitter again for the nth time.

Social media was blowing up with what happened, with the video that captured a few minutes of the now dubbed ‘ *Hopesplosion* ’ that John had thankfully contained in time and mostly properly. She found out that a few holes had been punctured deep around the area from where Jake’s concentrated hope beams had escaped from John’s breathly prison. Like *really* fucking deep, the government was still trying to figure out how deep kind of deep. But they were sure as hell that the dirt and whatever else was in the way of the beam had been fucking *disintegrated* .

*Magnus rushes in @taakosgoodouthere*

Y'ALL I TOLD YOU NOT TO UNDERESTIMATE HOPE. THEY TOLD US HE WAS PRETTY POWERFUL, WHY DIDN'T YOU BELIEVE THEM??

*#Hopesplosion #aspects*

On one hand she felt incredibly smug; they’d been underestimating Jake for fall too long. They ragged on the poor guy and said he was the weakest hero in their team- which they weren’t really wrong about if it came to other stuff but for raw power and potential? They certainly weren’t fucking right. And now they knew it. Jake’s power was something to be wary of.

*laventinelocomotive @fftaota*

see this, This is evidence of the horrific and destructive nature of this putrid

teenagers in capes what horrific things must they be doing in the woods this message is approved by the foundation for the annihilation of the aspects

And then came the other hand. They finally knew how powerful Jake could be, or at least they had a taste of it. They would regard Jake on a higher threat level, they'd try and be more careful about him, and Karkat since it was clear to them now that Karkat meant a whole lot to him. Him dying had been the catalyst to Jake's rage-fueled hope-powered rampage after all.

That meant they wouldn't be underestimating Jake anymore. Their main trump card was out there for the whole world to see.

It wouldn't put them in a disadvantage, not really. What they saw that time with Jake's power was only a brief glimpse of it. Jake's ultimate potential had the capability of overpowering the *green fucking sun*, a star that eclipsed two goddamn universes! If Jake had been really, really, *really* serious and obviously not trying to hold back- almost *no one* would be able to stop him. It wasn't even to that extent and John had suffered from overexposure, thankfully not that much but still.

Them knowing about Jake was going to be annoying, especially with the attention they were wracking up from the media. Their semi-serious joke about Jake not being weak at all was being taken seriously, *really* seriously. Opposers and those against them were calling out for their heads, calling for them to be dealt with. Supporters and those with them were cheering, but still wary as they supported them.

They all knew how dangerous Jake was, and that would no doubt bother Jake. And by knowing how dangerous Jake was, they were reminded of how dangerous *they* as the Aspects as a whole were.

Roxy sighed, pressing her fingers against her eyelids and trying to think of a way to salvage the situation.

When she started the whole 'social media' thing and persuaded the others to go along with it; she admittedly kind of wanted them to be media stars. And they were! It was nice to see the support they got, and the 'haters' were

kind of frustrating but also kind of entertaining. And interacting with other people on the internet was always interesting to see.

Roxy could actually talk back to other people during this timeframe! She wasn't scrolling through a preserved form of the internet in a water-logged apocalypse, she wasn't alone and she had other people around her! She could go on actual debates with people online, geek out about shit and be *part* of social media. She was in the present, no longer looking back in the past, she could join in on the fun of the world wide web!

It had been selfish, for her to persuade the others to follow her and get them into the media but they hadn't minded that much and had times they actually enjoyed it so she saw it as a win! Even with her thinking about it rationally and thinking on how maybe keeping to themselves would have been the better route- she couldn't really bring herself to regret it all. Not really anyway.

*VinylAbsolution @egalitarianemperor*

So... I'm just gonna buy myself a nice pair of kamina shades, a Deagle, a sword and skinny jeans with leather crop jacket cape and all. Anyone got any other prep gear for this aniworld of ours? AO2?

*bombassbinch @characterlimi*

*[screengrab of the hopesplosion contained by Breath where a beam leaks past the barrier with the text edited on:*

*When the Hope hits the sky*

*like a big pizza-pie*

*that's amore]*

*#aspectsmeme #breathxhope*

Roxy couldn't help the snicker that escaped her lips as she read the frankly ridiculous tweet, okay she had to fault herself for that. That was a surprised snicker, she couldn't just laugh at this shit, this was kind of serious.

Serious, she needed to stay serious-

*ImportantQuestions @ Biftyyyy*

If we're going with the theory that the government tried to assassinate the



Aspects, then how could the aspects have not known? According to Void, she is the hacking queen. She should be aware of the government's plans, yet the aspect still showed up. Why?

*#TheAspects #IsVoidActuallyNotAHackerQueen #WhatIsGoingOn  
#IThinkThisIsImportantToMention*

*JustATheoryAGAMETHORY @ PrussiaLivesOOOOOON*

OK OK OK

I have several theories about ur question @ *Biftyyyy* .

My first theory is that the Aspects KNEW of the attempt, but decided 2 go anyways to prove that trying to assassinate them is actually a stupid idea and they can easily overpower them. Basically, this could have been an example of their abilities and that the government shouldn't try to kidnap or kill em or anything. Although I'm pretty sure the government should be aware of their power by now but like, who knows?

My second theory is that it was a government meeting with the Aspects, but somehow a hitman (Not at all associated with either parties) got into the building and tried to assassinate some peeps, but that all went wrong.

That's all the theories I have for now but I will definitely come up with more!

*#TheAspects #Theories*

Ah.

Roxy's brows furrowed in frustration and she petulantly threw her cat plush at her laptop screen.

That hashtag shouldn't be as insulting as it should be, it shouldn't sting as much but it did. She *was* a hacking queen! She swore- but there hadn't been *anything* about an *official* order to assassinate her and the others. She's been awake for the past night alone meticulously looking through the government servers on *anything* pertaining to them.

And though she found some... dubious stuff that she wasn't really going to touch with right now but would probably save later on, she didn't really find any actual and approved plans on the attempted and semi-successful assassination of Karkat. There were files on them, there were orders on keeping an eye on them, there were documents and future plans for them

but none that she could use at the moment and it made her feel fucking *useless* .

She had no idea who the fuck contracted Moe into killing Karkat.

Even though she was the Hacking Queen, there were still things that could escape her notice. She was only human, and they could have verbally given the order to Moe, or written it somewhere and Moe destroyed all evidence about it.

She couldn't even trace any money that could be used because there was *no* money at all. Whoever contracted Moe, they clearly hadn't held their end of the deal. Moe's frantic claims on how there would be money for his family were silenced when it was revealed that not a single cent was given to him or his family.

And for a moment, she pitied the man. Until he started blaming the Aspects on it all, then Roxy's pity shifted to his family instead because they certainly deserved it more than the pathetic excuse of a man that was willing shoot a teenager on the vague command of some unknown shmuck that couldn't even keep their end of the deal.

And now Moe was on the chopping block.

The file was still being put together, but it was obvious on what was going to happen- Moe was being court martialed and it was likely they were going to put the man on death row for his actions. He had not only attacked during an important secret meeting between two groups, the government and a supposed ally-to-be, he had not only assassinated a minor, a respected figure of the public and a powerful member of a powerful group, he also injured a member of their own group; Wander Ampora.

The charges were piling up on Moe and the government would no doubt try to appease both them and the public with the probable execution of the renegade soldier.

Roxy... felt satisfied.

After what happened, she didn't care if the soldier lived or died but knowing that he would die- it brought a rare but cruel sense of satisfaction to her. She wasn't a mean person, but she hated it when her friends were hurt. Karkat had been *killed* for fuck's sake, and even though he could revive didn't mean shit. John and Jake had ended up with painful and tiring overexposure in the end and Karkat had suffered from a bloody panic attack.

She shivered as she remembered the way Karkat convulsed on the blood-soaked hospital bed. Gagging on his own blood *and thrashing about wildly- Dave getting covered in blood in the struggle of trying to **hold Karkat still- the sharp sent of iron filling the room-***

The Rogue of Void took in a deep breath, manicured fingers clutching her bedsheets.

There's a pounding in her head, the insistent urge to *drink* -

No, she was over drinking.

She wasn't drinking.

She's been sober for a while now, she was going to stay sober. For her moirails. For her friend.

For herself.

And for her family. She adds in her head as she remembers her current mother. Roxanne was still drinking, but she was drinking less. Roxy had finally managed to coax her into drinking less, subtly getting Rose to help her in such things.

It was slow going, but Roxy wanted to help her beta self- her current mother. She was a great mom, but her alcoholism bothered her greatly. She hid it well enough, but there were some days when she avoided Roxanne completely because of the faint stench of vodka, whiskey, sake- just the stinging scent of *soporific alcohol* that surrounded the woman on a near constant basis.

And the sad part was that apparently that was more of a norm here.

She wanted to have a proper family here in this new universe. With Rose, her sister and Roxanne, her beta-self mother.

Roxy shakes her head and looks back to her tipped over laptop, after a moment she got off her bed to retrieve her fall cat pillow and take her laptop back into her hands. She scrolls through the media once again.

*The Techno Artist @technologicartisan*

Oh, dear... that video...

Well. They certainly told us that Hope was one of the strongest among them, and... Ladies, gentlemen, everyone in between... I believe we have our answer.

Let's not anger the Aspects, yeah? I'd be lying if I said I weren't a little scared, but... they're protecting us still, at least. Here's hoping that holds true.

All that aside, I feel a sudden impulse to use a cyan/pale yellow color combination for my next piece... Hmm.

*#inspiration #aspects #cyan #paleyellow #newpiececomingsoon  
#hopesplosion #hopeeveryonesokay*

*Real Gamers Rise Up @gamersvsaspects*

**@technologicalartisan** You recognize their danger, and yet you still side with them... poor, poor fool.

*#DownWithTheAspects #Hopesplosion #BeenSayingItAllAlong*

*The Techno Artist @technologicalartisan*

**@gamersvsaspects** Please refrain from starting discourse on this thread.

There are other places to discuss those things, and this is not it.

Also, just for the record, calling someone a 'poor fool' doesn't exactly add to your credibility.

*Real Gamers Rise Up @gamersvsaspects*

**@technologicartisan** F U.

*The TechnoArtist @technologicartisan*

**@gamersvsaspects** What an absolutely fantastic argument. I can feel my

heart turning, my soul searching itself-could it possibly be true? Could it be, that these simple letters, have helped me achieve Nirvana? A higher state of consciousness? Or is that just my skin, blistering as I try and fail to recover from such a sick burn?

I may have to look into disabling my comment sections for these types of posts... anyone who's tech-savvy with more than just arting things and has a way to help prevent this sort of babble on a simple commentary post, please hit me up.

I will say this again: Please refrain from starting discourse on this blog. If you really don't like seeing anything about the Aspects from me or can't control yourself when it comes to them, all you have to do is block the tag, and it won't even show up to you anymore. Simple solution. Thank you very much for your cooperation.

Look forward to more art this week! I seem to do my best sketches at school, heheh.

*Raylight @wildcardRayven*

well! i am of the opinion that the world has lost it so Breath seems to be the leader and i'm wondering how he's taking it. if it was his idea to do whatever it was that ended up with Hope appearing to loose his temper and also his ability to control his power, then if i were in Breath's shoes i'd be blaming the hell out of myself

*Raylight @wildcardRayven*

**@Breath** don't blame yourself too much though, i'm 90% sure that Hope, Blood, Void, and Time don't blame you as much as you think they do

*Panpancakes @ MickyThePanPancake*

Oh my, is **@Breath** and **@Hope** alright? I'm aware that they are tough, nonetheless they are just teenage humans, I'm sure they aren't okay. I bet they both feel guilty, I would. Breath let one of his teammates get hurt while Hope suddenly became upset and may have snapped. I would be crushed if I were in their shoes. I hope the other aspects make sure they are fine, emotionally, physically and mentally.

*littleLion @CanadianZodiac*

Wait the aspects are kids right? Doesn't that mean they have school soon? How is that going to work?

Normally they would have replied to these comments and posts, reassure them that they were fine- however, that hadn't really crossed their minds when John and Jake were in the tubes a while ago. Even when Roxy checked the internet, the thought of talking to other people didn't sit well with *any* of them. And then Karkat had his panic attack and...

*Anonymous asks*

I HEAJRD SOMEBODY GOT SHT ARE YOU OKAY??? WHAT?

*desire-to-ire asks*

So do you guys work for the government now or? was that like some military testing? why wouldn't they do that at area 51 or one of the other bomb test sites?

Roxy frowned, maybe it was time to reply or make a statement. And to answer Wander.

She stretched lightly before hunching over her laptop, her fingers tapping against the keys swiftly and efficiently.

***ActualAspects@lolnope.void***

*Hey Mr. Wander Ampora, this is the resident girl hero Void here replying to you.*

*The others are currently busy right now but I'm happy to let you know that Hope and Breath are fine along with Blood. Yes, your observations on them overusing their powers being the cause of their afflictions but they've recovered with no problems and I'm glad to hear that you're doing fine too!*

*Blood indeed, isn't a Healer. Technically none of us are but Hope can give us a healing buff, nothing too special but certainly useful and sometimes better than nothing. And as far as we know, Blood's control spans out to all blood types. Glad to know that his manipulation didn't cause any internal damage, but I'm sure he was just really really careful about it since he really doesn't like controlling blood from the inside.*

*And yes I did look into the soldier that shot Blood, Moe B. Faith. I'm not going to lie and say that I'm not glad that he's now has a death penalty. It's better than getting our own hands dirty, Hope is still pretty pissed over it*

*but not enough to explode again so don't worry about that. He's not exploding any time soon, he's usually really reserved about his powers and is actually very unconfident about them.*

*Besides, if we got our hands dirty then it won't really look good for our working relationship with you in the future. Even if the bastard deserves it, since he's your soldier we'll let you deal out his punishment but sure we'll give out our opinions on him if you ask.*

*Also yes, it's been decided that we'll work with you. But this is your last and only chance, if this happens again then you can say goodbye to us and we'll work independently from you. As you can imagine we won't be immediately trusting you with everything but we're willing to discuss and work things out. If all goes well then we might even supply you with the type of weapons that we have, but we're not sure if you'll be able to use them. And we might just let you into our base! Who knows!*

*Again, this'll be your last chance so word of warning; don't fuck it up.*

*It may not be completely your fault on what happened with Faith, someone paid him clearly and you didn't know but still, for the safety of my friends and I this'll be the last and only chance we'll give you where we'll work together in the future.*

*I'll also let you know that I searched through all your databanks and servers, there's definitely no digital trail used for this kind of bullshit. Nothing that cements this incident together at least.*

*One more thing before I go, I will be posting an explanation about what happened with the Hopesplosion soon after this. Looking forward towards our future cooperation Mr. Ampora ;)*

*Thx for reading*

*Void of the Aspect*

*Certified Hacker Queen, Self Proclaimed Gamer Girl, Unapologetic Badass Bitch*

Roxy hit send, feeling satisfied over her message. And though she probably should've ran it with John, she already sent the message and she had a fairly good feeling and idea that John would mostly agree with most of what she typed out towards the acclaimed Mad Scientist Wander.

Who was still an anomaly that they had no idea about, he seemed like he really was the legitimate twin brother of Eridan's 'father' Alpheus Ampora, aka Beta Cronus Ampora, aka Orphaner Dualscar. Eridan's uncle. Which was very strange and according to Karkat- should *not* be a thing.

They really didn't know how to deal with him, they'd really have to think of something since he was becoming their liaison and ally soon enough.

With that done, she turned towards the main Aspect blog on Tumblr.

### ***ActualAspects***

#### ***The Deets and What's Happened by Void ;3***

*Hello everyone on the internet! It is I- Void! Here to give you all the deets and information on what happened a while ago.*

*So I'm sure everyone knows a little bit of what happened, seeing as they saw a part of it i.e. the little video made by BriAndKla Attack in the forest??! WHITE LIGHT EXPLOSION AND BREATH'S POWERS? [2 minutes, 58 seconds].*

*Yes, that is Hope exploding. You've all just seen the very very **very** rare event of the coveted and dangerous **Hopesplosion** . Yes, that's what it's officially called. And yes, that is Breath containing said explosion with his badass breath powers, just look at my boi right there.*

*On more serious matters, here's what happened;*

*As speculated by certain online communities, the government has recently been in contact with us the Aspects for a while now through a certain branch that was created for us, that's kind of flattering. Anyway, it's been agreed that we'd work together in light of the situation here. AKA The attacks that come from the rift, and again for the hundredth time; we still have no idea why they're happening and shit like that.*



*BUT now we've got the Government, or more specifically a branch of the Military I guess, helping us out now. It's a very new thing that'll take some getting used to, but we're going with it for the sake of everyone's safety.*

*What you saw in the video was a private meeting being unfortunately interrupted which then led to the Hopesplosion happening.*

*What happened exactly? Well, those rumors of an attack aren't far fetched- it actually happened! **HOWEVER**, they were done by an **UNKNOWN THIRD PARTY**. The attack injured a government scientist as well as one of us Aspects and no I'm not gonna tell you which of us got hurt, sorry.*

*I WILL tell you on how Hope reacted; he did not take the attack well.*

*There's not a lot of things that'll actually anger my friend Hope, he's an easy and chill guy, optimistic even. He's a dork, take it from me, but he's also really protective over people he cares about. Friends, family, he's the guy that'll get pissed if someone hurts a person he loves.*

*So naturally he got really, **really** pissed off.*

*Given he was in the middle of a display of one of his powers, it was pretty much expected that he'd lose control; for all we've learned to instinctively control our powers, it's not easy to do so, especially if there's strong emotions involved so his attempt to control his powers slipped because of his anger. It doesn't help that hope based powers are inherently extremely unstable. Hope is abstract like void, my aspect, but to an extent it's even more abstract than void so controlling that aspect isn't really easy for Hope.*

*Also I see you guys finally believe us on how Hope is one of the strongest among us? Yeah, eat your words doubters, this yellow nerd is actually a fucking powerhouse! He's still a nerd though, but underneath that nerd is a powerful motherfucker.*

*That's not even his final form! No joke, I've seen him explode even bigger and harder than that and it was **terrifying**.*

*Anyway, long story short, Hope got really angry while doing something power-intensive and the resultant feedback loop caused an explosion.. For the sake of everyone within a... let's say four mile radius? Maybe six? Could've been farther but thankfully it wasn't and that Breath contained the explosion, he made sure Hope exhausted himself and restrained him effectively.*

*It left them both really tired so don't worry! They're fine, we're fine, everyone's fine! Even the scientist who got hurt is going to be fine. No one died, no one else got hurt, they have the attacker in custody and the Aspects will be continuing to now officially work with the military branch, for the sake of rift attacks anyway.*

*The military branch is led by the esteemed General Eric Valiant; he seems like a good guy as far as we know and I know he's a good guy actually from what I've researched about him so no worries about working with him and his group! Even BLOOD admits that he seems like a good guy so he has our approval. We're looking forward to working with you General Valiant sir! And well wishes for a great recovery to your friend, the head scientist!*

*That's basically what's been happening lately, sorry for the late announcement but we've been mildly busy for a while.*

*And something tells me that we'll be getting more busy in the future.*

*At any rate, that's all for now people! Stay tuned for more updates and the eventual return of the others ;]  
Void phasing out of existence!*

*Satisfied, Roxy posted it, quickly went to the other Aspect medias and linked it towards the Tumblr account before shutting her laptop off and closing it. Sighing tiredly and stretching as she leaned back on her bed, letting the quiet dim room overtake her senses.*

*That was that, hopefully things would settle out from them on.*

*Wishful thinking probably but a girl could dream right?*

---

“We have *school* ?!” Karkat screams in shock leading all three Vantas males to wince as it was certainly too early for that level of loudness.

Kelvin nods from his place at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of coffee and giving Karkat an amicable smile, “Yes, school starts in a week. Summer’s over and it’s been decided that schools are officially starting to open for a new school year.” He told him and Kankri who was taking it much better than his younger brother, he looked displeased but at least he hadn’t shouted.

“But- what about the attacks?! The underlings that come out of the those fucking portals!?” The youngest Vantas pointed out, hoping that there was a way not to end up going to school. Ah, the woes of being young, where school was seemingly one of the worst things in life to them, Kelvin mused dryly.

He didn’t have to answer Karkat, Kankri spoke up, “The attacks are consistent but they don’t happen daily, so going to school is certainly possible.” He explains, sighing tiredly and taking a sip of his coffee. “Also though there might be a chance that the school area might be attacked but there’s also a chance it might not be, and so far the attacks have only happened in a singular area at a time. And an attack happening at the school we attend might not necessarily happen.”

Karkat irks, “Can’t we just do hi- *home* schooling instead?” He asked with a slight tone of desperation. Kelvin sighs, scratching his neck and shaking his head.

“Karkat, going to an actual school is important. And as much of a benefit homeschooling might be- I don’t actually trust both you and Kankri to study on your own yet. Maybe in the future, but this year you’re going to school.” Kelvin replied firmly, unmoving about the subject. “Everyone’s agreed to do it so you won’t be alone on the matter.”

Actually it had been debated that their children would be homeschooled but it was eventually decided that the children deserved normal schooling, a normal childhood. Unlike the childhood they had.

*Green walls. Bright screens--*

Kelvin blinks, frowning to himself. Where had that come from? He had a normal childhood, they all had. They went to the same school, graduated and proceeded on with their lives. Karkat and Kankri should experience that as well, to school and graduate with their friends like he had with the others.

“How has your writing been father?” Kankri asks, gaining his attention and breaking his train of thought.

Karkat was no slumped against the table, hiding his face in his arms and groaning loudly- teenage exaggeration, Kelvin smiled fondly. “It’s been going well Kankri, I think I’m almost done with it entirely. Honestly I didn’t expect Kieran’s suggestion to be so cathartic and peaceful, I probably should have started writing a long time ago.” He smiles lightly into his coffee cup.

Karkat peers from his arms, a curious frown on his face, “You’ve been writing?” He questioned incredulously, the ‘how the fuck did I not know that?’ went unsaid.

Kelvin chuckles, “Yes, I’ve taken to writing for a while now- it’s still a recent hobby however. It started with Kieran telling me to write down my dreams, and just escalated from there.” He notices the way Karkat’s spine straightens at the mention of ‘dreams’.

“What dreams? What’ve you been dreaming? What’s your writing about?” The Vantas patriarch was surprised by his youngest’s questions but was happy to answer them.

“Oh, they happened a few months ago, though they weren’t much at first. I couldn’t remember them that much but they were certainly strange, I dreamt of a place where the sky was always dark, there were two moons and everyone had different colors.” He says, sipping his coffee and looking thoughtful- he misses the way Karkat twitches, how he pales and the way his fists clench and unclench. “Kieran found out and told me to write them down- it was rather interesting so I decided to attempt actually writing my

dreams into a storyline in my free time. Leonor and Dexter's enjoyed it so far."

Kankri looked surprised and indignant, "Father! I told you I wanted to read your story first!" Kelvin laughed sheepishly.

"Sorry Kankri, they found out and I couldn't help showing it to them when they asked. Don't worry, I'll let you read it later." Kelvin said, pacifying Kankri's indignation. "Do you want to read it too, Karkat?" He offered his youngest.

He looks at him when he gets no answer, Karkat seemed to be deep in thought and hadn't heard him. He had a pensive, dazed look on his face. Kelvin couldn't help but carefully observe his youngest son's face. His skin seemed paler than usual, and there were more bags underneath Karkat's eyes- his insomnia must have worsened. The homeschooling option was even more tempting as he considered Karkat's severe insomnia. And here he thought that it had gotten better.

"Karkat. Karkat!" Kankri snapped, gaining his brother's attention, "Father asked you a question, do you want to read his story after I read it?" He asked somewhat snobbishly, Kelvin sighs at him- oh Kankri.

Karkat blinks his eyes and he takes a deep breath, "Yeah sure, I'll read it after you." He gulps down the rest of his coffee and stands up from his seat, "I'm going back in my room." He leaves his coffee cup and quickly leaves the kitchen.

He's done it plenty of times before, and though they've gotten used to it a bit, it was still somewhat jarring.

"He could have at least put his cup in the sink." Kankri sniffs, looking at the cup on the table with disdain.

Kelvin smiles exasperatedly, "It's fine Kankri, I'm done with my cup anyway." He took both cups to the sink and started to do the dishes, nodding to Kankri when he finally finished his cup and returned to his own room, leaving Kelvin all to himself in the kitchen to casually wash the

dishes. No rush. He didn't have anything planned today, might as well take it slow.

His mind starts to wander back to his writing, it's been going pretty good as far as he could tell.

Basing it off of his bizarre dreams seemed a bit iffy but he was genuinely enjoying it. Somewhat.

The story he'd come up so far was a slow-going novel about a peaceful man's journey through a violent world. Where color was important and a hierarchy was based around it. It was an interesting premise, where the color of your blood mattered to the point of deciding your place in life.

It kind of bothered him to be honest, however the story was just that; a story. Granted it was based on his dreams and that one weird hallucination he had a while ago...

He'd even molded the species in his story based on the hallucinations, dark skin, yellow-orangish eyes, black hair- the eyes would change based on the individual's blood. Also horns, because why not? Fictional species were fun to think of.

Leonor and Dexter claimed that it was a good story so far even though it was just starting and had lots of room for improvement, they were already pestering him to publish it when he was done or show it to everyone else. Kelvin was hesitant about it, feeling embarrassed because he kind of based the character on himself, and a few others on other people... but even then, they both wanted to let everyone know about it. Leonor seemed especially excited.

Kelvin chuckled fondly at the thought of Leonor and Dexter, he loved them both so much. They were dear to him, Corinna as well but she was their mother figure. He was glad he based the main character's custodian off of her, she just seemed perfect for it.

Maybe he'd let her read it too.

After Kankri and Karkat would read it, he did promise them they'd read it- or well, Kankri at least.

Kankri reminded him very much of himself, in terms of looks at least and sometimes personality. He'd raised Kankri to be a bit too proper and such, whoops. But at least he was open minded, even if he went overboard a few times.

~~—Preaching towards the audience, a strong conviction for peace and equality, trying to persuade everyone verbally with his words—~~

Karkat on the other hand, now he really reminded him of himself in personality when they were younger- only a touch bit more aggressive and more open to swear.

~~—Pain permeating throughout his body, and he screams into the sky with a dying rage and anger for the future—~~

They were both handfuls sometimes but he loved them, he was so glad they were created.

*Green walls. Bright screens. White walls. Dim screams.*

Kelvin paused, setting down the sponge and looking at the clean porcelain in his hands. Created? No, they'd been born. Hadn't they?

Yes, they'd been born, he had Kankri around the same time Leonor and Dexter had Meulin and Mituna- all at the same time. A quirky coincidence... only the others had their children then too.

That was...

The mother, Kelvin remembered her, she was---

Meulin's father, Leonor's would be lover---

Mituna's mother, she---

Kelvin's neck began to ache as he felt a growing sense of panic and pain, his mind seemed to be scrambling for information that didn't exist and was working itself to the point of actual pain. Or maybe it was something else, something else entirely that Kelvin was missing.

What was he missing?

Kankri and Kelvin were his sons, biologically his sons, they were related to him, their DNA's matched they were *his sons*.

When and where had he gotten them?

---

*Confused, he cradled the baby in his arms. "I- what is this? What the fuck are you having us do now?"*

*"This is Kankri. Take care of him, he's yours. Expect another in a couple of years, we've only just begun on him."*

*He looked at the man he's hated for years then down to the baby in his arms, "... Leonor and Dexter will have a baby too?"*

*The man smiles, "Of course, as will Six-Six, and One-One, Two-Zero, everyone really. Well, almost everyone, Three-Two will not have a child unlike his 'brother', Three-One obviously, he has no part of this as he is a miraculous failure."*

*He grits his teeth at their labels, they had names now, ones they chose- of course he wouldn't use them. He doesn't take the bait at the end, he misses Wander but he can't afford to go against this horrible man. Not yet. "And then we can leave?"*

*"Yes."*

*"Just like that? No more tests, no more missions, we'll just go?"*

*"You are dismissed Six-Nine." He straightens and stiffly leaves the room with his new son in hand. He stares down at the baby in his arms and*



*swears, he was going to give this child a normal childhood, unlike his and the others.*

---

*The woman stares at him stoically, but there was amusement on her face as she knows he recognizes her, briefly, but that doesn't matter even though somewhere inside him **seethes** at the sight of her.*

*“Take him, he's yours.”*

*He takes the baby without a word, closes the door and smiles, a hidden part of him screaming to turn around and sock the woman in the face. The part quells at the sight of his newest son.*

*“Kankri! You have a little brother now!” It had been a harrowing time at the hospital, but he finally had his little Karkat in his home!*

*His family was complete.*

---

*"Excellent, and now... we wait." A man says with a blankly satisfied smile once the woman returns. She doesn't reply, merely smirking as she spied on two of her old favorite old subjects on the screen. They will wait until it was time. Everything was set.*

---

*“Father!”*

Kelvin practically jumps out of his skin as Kankri's voice takes him out of his thoughts. “Yes Kankri?!” He calls back to his oldest son. He lets out a curse as he realizes he'd been dazing and daydreaming again- the sink was overflowing with water! He quickly turns the faucet off and drains the sink, “Hold on Kankri!” He had to clean this up.

Ugh, his neck was aching. Maybe he slept on it wrong, Kelvin grumbles as he begins to clean up the kitchen.

From the kitchen doorway Kankri's brows furrows as he looks at his father, he'd originally called out and went back to the kitchen to ask him something, but just as he was about to enter the kitchen... he thought...

Kankri shook his head, a trick of the eyes probably. He needs to rest more- his father didn't have a strange numerical tattoo on his neck, and said tattoos definitely didn't disappear or fade into the skin of his father because they never existed in the first place. Kankri needs to manage his time more so he doesn't hallucinate these kinds of things again, like that one night with the strange dream about the strings. It was fortunate that that hasn't happened again, he would certainly be questioning his sanity had it happened again.

Everything was absolutely fine in the Vantas Household.

---

Shaded brown eyes squinted at the screen before him, a pointed frown on his face as he tried to make sense out of everything that happened so far.

The now officially dubbed and confirmed, 'Hopesplosion' was now trending on all human social media sites alongside the Aspects that were the source of said Hopesplosion.

Dammek pinched the bridge of his sniff node, this was...

One hell of a fucking mess.

The human government had messed up, a soldier of theirs turned renegade and actually shot one of the Aspects- Blood, according to the private report that he had Zebede and the IT crew scrounge up after careful poking through the government servers.

Human programming was both confusing but also no match for their superior Beforan programming. Though with Void around who claimed to be a 'Hacker Queen', one couldn't be too careful on what to do. He was even willing to ask Galekh's programming head, Mallek Adalov in assistance in this because Dammek definitely didn't want the heroes to find out about the trolls.

Not yet anyway, at some point they'd probably have to make contact with them and maybe establish an alliance with them on behalf of their interested monarch, their Empress Benevolence and the mysterious but well-respected personal advisor and friend to said Empress, The Muse.

Hopefully though their future meeting with the Aspects wouldn't end up like the human meeting... Hell, Dammek was going to make *sure* it wasn't going to end up like it. He would be willing to screen through his team to make sure things would go well, think plans upon plans upon plans for it along with back up plans and such.

Xefros did say he was paranoid, and he was probably right.

At any rate though, the Hopesplosion event was making another pivotal point on human society. Thrice the Aspects have done this, the first with their appearance, the second their apparent immortality -do *not* get him started on that fucking subject- and now this; the horribly powerful looking Hopesplosion. Dammek was so going to make contingency plans on that. So, many, fucking, *plans* .

Dammek had the dry feeling that this wasn't going to be the last time they would end up making waves on Earth and inadvertently on Beforus.

This was his job, his, Tegiri's, Galekh's- all the trolls on their teams, this was their mission. To be posted on Earth, survey the planet and its species, its society and to look for connections on Earth that were related back to Beforus.

And there were connections, the signs of the Twelve were here. The True Signs, the Original Twelve Signs that all trolls sign lineage originated from, all 288 signs. Dating back to even *before* their beloved Benevolence.

The reason their Benevolence was even on the throne was partially because her sign had been Pisces, the True Sign of the fuchsias. The original. And not only that, but the revered and mystical Muse had taken her under her wing, protected her from the previous Empress who had famously not cared for the empire. Coveting riches and infamy- Dammek even heard that the

foolish Empress demanded every troll to laugh at her horrid jokes or suffer the consequences.

Dammek was certainly glad he'd grown up in Her Benevolence era, he couldn't pretend to laugh for the life of him.

And it wasn't only the True Signs on Earth.

Those Aspects had a connection too.

The brownblooded troll's lips quirked downwards as he thought about the Aspects and their 'conditional immortality'.

It sounded too much like the old myths on Beforan and Dammek didn't like that one bit. The old myths...

The sound of the doors opening brought him out of his thoughts, he looked over to see Xefros smiling at the doorway of his office block. "Dammek." Xefros greeted softly and the brownblood's tense and complicated posture softened slightly, it softened more when his moirail came closer to him.

Xefros' presence alone was enough to help him relax.

"Xefros." He replied with a hidden warm tone only reserved for him, "Report?"

The rustblooded troll rolled his eyes fondly at the question, "I'm fine Dammek, what about you?" He asked, looking at his leader and moirail with observant eyes, trying to see if he was stressed or frustrated.

Dammek waved away his concern, "I'm alright, just reviewing the newest information that Mallek from Galekh's team provided me." He motioned to the holographic screen that was above his desk. One tab open to the human internet, another was of the aforementioned files. "There was an incident between the Aspects and the Human Military Branch which lead to the infamous Hopesplosion."

Xefros' eyes widened, "Wait really?"

“It turns out a third party contracted one of the soldiers into turning traitor, supposedly he tried to enforce the ‘conditional immortality’ clause that the Aspects had revealed about themselves, trying to fabricate a situation that would deem as ‘Heroic’ as an effort to try and kill off one of the Aspects permanently.” Dammek grimaced, that was a foolish plan but it could be understandable that one could think that a fabricated situation where one of the Aspects saved a person, even by accident, could count as ‘Heroic’. However there was a big possibility that it wouldn’t work.

Whoever contracted the soldier was either an idiot or someone testing the boundaries of the Aspect’s ‘conditional immortality’. Either seemed plausible, and as much as Dammek wanted it to be the first option; i.e. the person being an idiot, but he was too paranoid to fully consider it to be that way.

His moirail frowned, “That- that doesn’t sound good. Thankfully they failed and the Aspects are okay? I mean, Hope exploded but- they’re all okay right?” He asked, looking concerned. Dammek’s lips quirked upwards, his moirail was too kind most of the time, but that was okay. He was here to balance out Xefros’ kindness with his skeptical pessimism.

“They’re fine, Blood revived just fine. A scientist was injured but he will recover. At the current point, it seems that despite the incident, the Aspects will be forming an alliance with a military branch led by a human named General Eric Valiant. We’ll have to gather information on him.” Dammek murmured thoughtfully as he read through Void’s newest post on the Aspect Tumblr Blog.

Xefros read with him, tilting his head at it, “There’s something kind of weird about this.” He said aloud, wondering what about the message that ticked him off as weird.

Dammek smirked, “You noticed it too huh? Despite her peppy personality and her general optimism, Void can be quite subtle. She’s mentioned General Eric Valiant by name, meaning she and the Aspects are willing to work with him and his branch and *only* him and his branch. The government can’t replace the man from his position or else they’ll risk having the tentative alliance be rendered null. He’s their ambassador and

sole confirmed connection to the Aspects.” She was one hell of a human, her prowess in programming, her marksmanship, her martial skills and now this.

He somewhat wanted to meet Void face to face, maybe someday, things were still too rocky for them to make contact with the Aspects or anyone else.

“Wow...” Xefros breathed, rereading the message now with a new view of it and Void. “They’re really something huh? And we still can’t find them through their blogs.”

Dammek grimaced, it had been frustrated at the start. Trying to find the source of the Aspects blogs, but ending up in a proverbial black hole. Not even the genius ceruleanblood on Galekh’s team could find the aspects despite giving it all his effort. He probably wasn’t the only one who wanted to meet Void because of that.

“What are we going to do Dammek?” Xefros asked, glancing back to his moirail who straightened in his chair, shades glinting from the holographic screen’s light.

“Nothing.”

The rustblood blinked in surprise. “Huh?” Nothing? *Nothing* ?

“We’re not going to do anything about this event, not directly at least. We’ll just do what we’ve been doing from the start- gather information and report to Her Benevolence on our progress.” Dammek told Xefros, typing on his keyboards, closing the tabs and opening new ones. “Speaking of which, I’ll need to make a report about this to Her Benevolence, and speak with both Galekh and Tegiri.”

Xefros smiled slightly, and there went his moirail, focused on his work. Oh well, that was fine as long as he didn’t overtax himself. Which is why Xefros was here, he was going to support his moirail and stop him when he was at his limits or went too far.

Moirallegiance was a beautiful thing.

---

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed.

Admittedly right now I'm not feeling that good so my motivation isn't that great but I managed to get this out.

I hope everyone's alright in this day of age! Good luck in life!

Also to NarutoUzumaki who commented on how they thought this was going more into media stars- don't worry, it's not. I have never done a media thing before so I wanted to try it out, I might have overdone it but it was fun when I tried it out!

~~Also the extra words for the word count was nice~~ I also wanted some genuine reactions that would fit into the storyline, and involve everyone in it. I can't really do media comments myself so I wanted some help on that.

At any rate, the social media thing will continue but in a more steady rate. I'll still accept some comments for now since this whole thing isn't over yet.

Thanks for the comments and contribution, I'm glad to have read them and include them into the chapter ;]

And yes I know I've got a lot of things involved with this, it's complicated and probably really confusing but I really hope I manage to pull this off because I really, really want to finish To Live A Normal Life How Preposterous on a good note, and to make sure it's one of my longest works ever- which it is. I'm thankful for everyone's involvement for this story, and I hope you can all stick around right till the end! Yeah I hope this all ends well and that I manage to thread it all together, somewhat smoothly.

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! See you next time.

# Nuclear Reaction (3)

## Chapter Notes

Goddamn, sorry for the long wait.

But hey, we're here?

I'm still very sorry but I hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB]

TG: john

TG: yo john you there

ectoBiologist [EB] is idle!

TG: john unidle your ass and come chat with your best brofriend

TG: john

TG: john

TG: john

TG: john

ectoBiologist [EB] is online!

EB: jegus christ dave

EB: sorry i was distracted with something :/

TG: john

EB: dave

TG: john

EB: :/ daaave

TG: joohn

EB: dave you absolute dork what the hell do you want?

TG: right sorry

TG: so

EB: so



TG: school

EB: oh gog

TG: ikr

TG: bros got me and dirk out shopping for school supplies and i am way out of my league here

TG: what the fuck do i buy for actual school

TG: aside from the stereotypical shit that i see from like movies and tv shows here

TG: john what do i buy for school

EB: pffft

EB: is that why you wanted to talk to me so badly?

TG: kinda

TG: also wanted to check up on you

EB: aw that's so sweet :B

TG: put those buckteeth away if its so sweet john

TG: dont want you getting a cavity from the amount of sugar ill be giving you

EB: is that an innuendo invitation for sloppy make outs later?

TG: maybe

EB: then i wont put my buckteeth away :BBBB

TG: damn

TG: okay

TG: dont blame me for the cavities you get

TG: wait do we even get cavities anymore

TG: we got godtier healing here and like the sopor shit that karkat has

TG: but then again he said it wasnt for eating

TG: but would it work for cavities

TG: on the side effect of getting high as fuck and shit like that

TG: i gotta ask him later about that

EB: you should because unbelievably enough i'm kinda curious myself now

EB: would we get cavities?

EB: anyway that aside

EB: youre out shopping for school supplies?

TG: yeah check it

turntechGodhead [TG] sent a picture! [striderselfie.png](#)

EB: pffft

EB: nice

EB: why couldnt you ask your bros on what to get?

TG: john

TG: im good with bro and dirk and all but

TG: this is coming from the kid who didnt know what a refrigerator actually did until the movies hit home base on how it was supposed to hold food and not swords and cherry bombs

EB: ah

EB: right

EB:

EB: how you doing dave?

TG: i

TG: im good

TG: its weird

TG: but its good

TG: so much better than before

TG: bro actually gives a shit

TG: dirks here being a little shit

TG: and im here being the shit

TG: its so much better

TG: im getting better in hanging out with bro on my own now

TG: again so weird because

TG: hes so

TG: human

TG: yknow

TG: or maybe you dont and im being all weird as fuck and shit

EB: no no i think i get you

TG: oh

TG: good

EB: you did tell me before that your bro before didnt seem human

TG:

TG: yeah

TG: he seemed beyond human

TG: like

TG: nothing could touch him

TG: nothing could hurt him

TG: of course thats stupid because something did hurt him  
TG: something did touch him  
TG: jack killed him  
TG: and he wasnt this stone cold abusive asshole that had no business raising an actual kid  
TG: training a person sure but not raising a kid  
TG: i never got if he actually knew the difference or not  
TG: or maybe he did and cal was there to mess with his head and change it  
TG: idk  
TG: it doesnt matter now does it?  
EB: no, not now  
EB: still, its nice to see that your bro here is doing so well  
EB: he looks happier  
EB: you look happier  
TG: i am  
TG: damn am i happier here  
TG: dirks here bros here youre here roxys here rose jade your dad karkat  
jake old man harley jane her dad  
TG: this is our prize  
TG: an actual normal life  
TG: where the fuckery of the game didnt happen and we can actually be normal kids  
TG: course thats a fucking lie because the game is still fucking with us and we could never be normal kids  
TG: but like  
TG: its nice to know that this was what it would be like if things were so much better and shit  
EB: yeah :)  
EB: its  
EB: getting used to the fact its not just my dad and i anymore is nice  
EB: jane and uncle joe are great and we're having fun everyday and i really love them  
EB: and i love being able to live so near you  
EB: even if it was at the cost of your apartment being smashed haha  
EB: everyones so near and we're doing okay  
EB: hero stuff aside  
TG: yeah

EB: all the things weve done  
EB: everything we had to go through the game  
EB: i'd say it was worth it for this  
TG: yeah  
EB:  
EB: kind of wish that everyone else remembered  
EB: well not everyone everyone but like  
EB: jade rose jane and dirk  
EB: also karkarts friends  
EB: not being able to talk to them about the game is weird  
EB: but at the same time  
EB: im glad they dont remember  
EB: they don't have to remember the bullshit that happened and they could  
be happy and live normal ish lives  
EB: we all can  
EB: again hero stuff aside  
TG: yeah same  
TG: i think about telling rose or dirk sometimes  
TG: but i get what youre saying  
TG: they deserve to be happy  
EB: :B  
TG: we deserve to be happy too  
EB: yeah we do  
TG: and being happy  
TG: im wondering why the fuck we have to go to school  
TG: if there was one thing im good with from before is homeschooling  
TG: why cant we just stay home for education again?  
EB: something about the government advice and social interaction with  
other people our age  
EB: i don't get it either  
EB: but at least i'm more used to actually going to school compared to you  
roxy jake and karkat  
EB: oooh is that why you're asking me about the school supplies???  
TG: no shit  
TG: finally gets through your head huh  
TG: we didnt have to go through all of this if youd just thought that first  
instead

EB: >:/  
EB: shut up dave  
TG: never  
TG: i will never shut up  
TG: i can never be shut up  
TG: my voice will not be silenced and i have the freedom of speech going for me here  
TG: but yeah no shit i wanted to ask you about school supplies  
EB: siiiiiigh  
EB: okay okay fine ill help you with school shopping  
EB: i guess you didn't want to ask your bros because it would both be embarrassing and weird?  
TG: you sure youre not a mind player instead of a breath player john  
TG: youre totally being a mind player right now john  
TG: what with reading or like anticipating my mind here john  
EB: >:P  
EB: i hate you  
TG: ilysm 2  
EB: >:PPPPP

---

Dave bites down the grin on his face as he sees John's message on his phone, leaning slightly on the shelves. His brothers, after settling down from when he went to take a selfie. They just had to be part of the photo, posing dramatically and making sure they were in the selfie he took.

He never thought he'd see the day Bro would pose so dramatically for a selfie that Dave took. Dirk too.

Just showed how cool this new universe was.

Even when time had passed and Dave should be used to it by now- he kind of doubts he ever will. But that's fine, as long as he got to keep things as they were. And he was going to make sure it would stay this way.

Still though, he never thought he'd be going to actual school after the game.

Being honest, he'd been ready to just- spend his days with John and their friends in the new universe doing whatever they wanted. Just them, no adults, no one else. No Bro.

Now though, he couldn't really see how it would have gone if the prize they'd got was a brand spanking new universe and Earth that they'd have to build from scratch. Thinking more into it, this was probably the better outcome. Maybe. Who knows, not him.

All he knew was that he was enjoying his new life, being able to be a normal teenager in a world that hadn't been bombarded with meteors from a stupid ass game. Even with, he would borrow John's words, 'hero stuff aside'.

Dave paused, thinking to said 'hero stuff' before shaking his head. Better not to think about that right now, he had to focus on school shopping.

"Yo, John enjoy our pic?" Dirk asked as Dave walked over with a shopping basket hanging from his arm, it was steadily getting more full as Dave talked with John on what he would need in school. Pencils, pens, mechanical pencils, erasers, sharpeners, paper- Dave was getting a shit ton of notebooks. Not just for school but for more personal use later on.

Dave smirked, offering a fist bump, "You know it." John did enjoy the picture, mostly because Dave had actually smiled in the picture. Of course the dramatic posing in the background provided by his brothers would definitely be entertaining for the Heir of Breath.

Dirk smirked back, accepting the bump. "Good. Took time and meticulous actions to get into position, he better enjoy it." He bullshitted. It only took a few seconds after he and Bro saw Dave about to do a selfie, which Dave immediately included them into the view when he noticed them.

Bro snickered as he slung an arm around Dave and ruffled Dirk's hair. Dave doesn't tense at the action, Bro had been behind them the whole time, always keeping an eye on them and keeping close. "Damn right, your best friend Egdork better appreciate the effort we put into giving him a genuine

Strider selfie.” He grinned, a look that should look alien on his face but Dave was used to it and found comfort in it now.

This. This was the Bro he should have had. The Bro he wanted all his life and now had.

He was going to enjoy the hell out of it and make sure Bro would be okay. Even if there was a small terrified and doubtful part of his head on everything about this, scared that Bro would one day revert to being the stone cold emotionless abusive man that tried to mold him, make him ‘stronger’.

Day by day though, that small part gets quieter.

It helps that Lil Cal is nowhere in sight.

Dave doesn’t know where the fuck it is, but at this point he’s past the point of caring. Lil Cal should be nothing more than a normal but creepy ass puppet here right? He should be fine. Dave would still love to burn the living hell out of it but, it wasn’t with Bro. Bro didn’t carry it around, he didn’t even seem to know about it, confused on what Dave had been asking about before.

It was better that way.

Still, it would’ve been great and very cathartic if Dave could have burned the damned thing.

“Dave, hey Daaave.” Dave snapped out of his thoughts at the sound of his name being repeated and drawled. It’s Bro. “You alright there lil man?”

There’s genuine curiosity and concern there and Dave has to swallow his sudden discomfort at the familiar last words, despite the fact he’s gotten more used to Bro. There were still moments of uncomfortable familiarity that Dave still has problems for. “Yeah I’m good.” Dave replies, shrugging off the arm, making a slight show in turning in place to gesture to his basket. “Just thinking if I should get more shit or not.”

Bro frowns at him and Dave swallows again, it's different, he tells himself. The genuine concern is there, right there on his face, there's traces of it. And though Bro was still somewhat stoic and shit, he was definitely more emotional than before. "A'ight... Though you sure you need more notebooks? Pretty sure you got enough there." Bro muses, looking at the stack of notebooks in the basket.

Dave snorts, skillfully shoving his discomfort away, "I definitely need more notebooks."

"You're going to end up drawing in most of these aren't you. Why don't you just get a drawing pad." Dirk points out, motioning to where the drawing pads and art supplies were. "That reminds me, I need more blueprint paper."

"You gonna start a new project?" Bro asked, turning to his genius little brother.

Dirk shrugged, "Maybe, maybe not. I'd rather have the paper on hand then run out of it when I need it."

"Good thinking."

While Bro and Dirk were talking, Dave discretely walked away. Letting his orange-eyed brothers talk to each other knowing it'd probably descend to their usual technobabble and whatever else Dirk would make in the future or what Bro was interested in.

Dave continued to talk with John through pesterchum, throwing in a few things into his basket as he did so.

It didn't take long for the Striders to be done in school shopping, they ended up waiting in line to pay for everything that they'd gotten. Everything was peaceful.

Of course it didn't last that long in the end.



In need of some assistance here! Rift recently opened within the city square!! T-prototype, tier 12 confirmed and sighted!! Imps swarming, no other adversaries yet seen!

~jake

Dave bit down the curse when he received Jake's text. Great, this was just what he wanted to happen while he was out shopping with his brothers. Fuck, his timing was bad for a Knight of Time- this was a *twelve* tier too, fuck, at least it was just imps so far.

A little while ago, before the meeting actually, they'd made a system to identify the situation at hand. Mostly the rift situations. T-prototypes were obviously the prototypes from Karkat's session. H-prototypes were from John and Dave's session.

T-prototypes had twelve tiers while H-prototypes had four tiers. Each tier represented the prototype of the underlings, ranging from the least dangerous to the most dangerous in each session's prototyping type. And tier twelve was Feferi's fucked up horrorterror of a lusus's prototyping; *Gl'bgolyb's* prototyping.

Meaning psychic headaches, a very discomfoting presence for most and near ear-bleeding shrieks of both the grimdark language and general unholy screams ahoy.

And that would be paired up with other prototypings from the troll session as well, ranging from psionic eye lasers, sticky spider silk, dragon fire breath, insane strength- etc, etc.

At the very least it wasn't another H-prototype tier 4, aka Jade's old god dog Bec's prototyping again.

Boy were they glad that they only had a four player session between the humans- especially with Roxy and Jake's void session, they hadn't prototyped anything so that was a win in their book!

Still, dealing with the underlings was going to be even less pleasant than usual.

Dave took in a deep breath, making a pointed reminder in his schedule. He glances outside, and he can see it. A hand peeking out of the window, it waves at him before curling into a thumbs up. There, his future self could stand in.

There were perks to being a time player.

Though Dave had to be careful in it, he didn't want to end up turning the timeline into a doomed one.

Honestly he should have known that even though SBURB was over, doomed timelines were still a thing. The dead doomed Dave just proved it. Speaking of which, they should really do something with his alternate timeline's dead body.

Should they bury it in their garden? His dead body could be useful as fertilizer... But then again, the others probably wouldn't be as impassive to him using his own dead body as a foundation for their garden. Also the Mayor would probably be worried and dislike it too. Damn. Okay.

Cremation then? Just nix the entire idea of burying the body somewhere because if someone finds out where they buried his alternate's dead body, they'd be making a whole lot of problems for themselves. They wouldn't be able to really explain the fact that there was a dead version of one alive Dave Strider in the world now.

Cremation sounded like a good idea, they could put his ashes in a painted apple juice jar. That's certainly something he'd want for himself, to be forever sealed in the container of his favorite drink's container.

Fucking AJ for the win forever dudes.

At any rate, body disposal method decided and definitely up for debate for later on. Dave focused back on the line, waiting besides his brothers who boredly used their phones while waiting for the line to move, occasionally taking a step when a customer paid for their shit and left. It shouldn't take too long.

“Holy shit the Aspects are fighting!”

And of course someone would exclaim that in the store, and suddenly it was a figurative but also somewhat literal frenzy. People getting on their phones or looking over others’ phones for information. Dirk and Bro were quickly getting to the latest information about the fight.

Dave wondered if he should look, see how the fight goes on and just go with it when it’s his turn to turn back time and fight.

Dirk makes the decision for him, “Jesus fucking Christ dude look! They’re fighting in the city square! Those underlings are goddamn enormous! They all look fucking horrific, I mean, those things have never been that pretty to look at but holy *shit* - they got goddamn *tentacles* for fuck’s sake!!” He exclaims to him, showing the shaky stream of one person who’d been insane enough to stick around and stream the fight.

What the fuck was with humans and filming some horrible event?

He’d bet his bottom boonbond that someone would be willing to stream live murder too. Actually maybe he shouldn’t gamble because that was definitely bound to be a sucker’s bet. No betting on that, and on murder. That was just not cool.

At any rate though, Dave watches the stream, looking at the underlings that come from the rift that was situated in the sky. Also he caught a glimpse on the Tier-12 T-prototype underlings.

And boy were they *nasty* to fucking look at.

Karkat wasn’t kidding on the size of the underlings, Gl’golyb’s size may have substantially reduced when merged with certain underlings but they were still bigger than normal imps right there. They were the size of a small car! And those were the *imps* !

Fuck, if it were a bigger underling...

“*Oh my god.*”

Oh him and his mentally big mouth.

Dave grimaced as a larger form was spat out through the comparatively small rift.

It was definitely bigger than the imps that were around, but Dave couldn't tell which type of underling it was. Acheron? Biclops? Fuck, the tentacles were writing and encompassing the fucker too much, not to mention this was from a stream from a phone which was heavily shaking and not staying still.

*“Yo dude you better get outta here. Can’t you see it’s fucking bedlam here? Also, EVERYONE COVER YOUR EARS! NOW! BRACE YOURSELVES! ”*

That was his voice, that- immediately Dave covered his ears just as a horrible static came from the phone. The stream went dead afterwards.

Dirk and everyone who had their phones out to watch the stream flinched at the sudden noise, it sounded high pitch and bad, but the stream had stopped immediately. His brothers gave him a strange look, a feeling of dread pooled in his stomach. “You heard the guy! Cover your ears!” He exclaimed, a very serious look on his face.

Startled and thrown off by his seriousness, Dirk and Bro covered their ears with a questioning gaze aimed at him. “EVERYONE-” Dave started to shout only to be interrupted by the most *horrendous* noise he’s ever heard off.

**REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE**

His hands clamped over his ears and his eyes screwed shut. It was distant, muffled even, but not enough. And the fact it was still heard despite the fact that the fight was miles away-

It was Gl'bgolyb's shriek. Its devastating glub.

Or at least, a poor imitation of it made by an underling that was nothing compared to the original. And yet it was still enough to bring people to their

knees.

Dave himself had trouble standing properly while almost everyone around him collapsed. Bro was struggling to stand, Dirk was on his knees, curling towards the ground and groaning as the worst sound that the human race has ever heard of sounded within their heads.

And they were nowhere *near* the source.

And just as it came, it ended.

Dave breathed in slowly, hands unclamping from over his ears to look around, he immediately honed in to his brothers. Dirk was on his hands and knees on the store floor, Bro was using the shelf as support as he recovered from the unexpected psychic pain.

Around the Striders, people were collapsed on the floor, on their knees, their sides, their backs, their stomachs- there were a few other people who were on their legs and feet but said legs and feet were unstable, shakey and it looked like it was going to take a while for them to regain the ability of actually moving from their spots without collapsing on the spot.

“Is everyone okay? Did anyone faint?” Dave called out, looking around and quickly recovering. While he hasn’t exactly gone against a pure psychic attack on *that* level, he was still a strong guy. He was a player, a God Tiered Knight of Time. He bounced back pretty quickly. Probably too quickly, but that didn’t matter. Right now there were people who needed help.

Shit, what about the people outside? People who’d been driving? Just how big of a shockwave was that fucking shrieking glub?

He’d have to find out, and see if he could help.

This was one shitty day though, first shopping for stupid school supplies and now a rift attack that involved one of the worst prototypings to have been used in the game aside from their prototyping of fucking Bec.

This was literally the level below of prototyping Bec. At least Bec couldn't do a psychic shriek like that.

Dave just knew that today was going to be a tiring day.

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After everything that had happened, Wander admittedly somewhat expected significant downtime or a relaxation period to let everyone recuperate from recent events. He's sent the reply to Void, he's recovering from his injury quite quickly thankfully and he was carefully observing the media for how it reacted to Void's declaration. Something that still ticked off his superiors but did he care? Not at all.

Obviously his expectations weren't met and real life turned to throw shit into his perfectly immaculate metaphorical fan to prove him wrong.

Because this? The thing that just happened not too long after he'd been *shot*? Was arguably the worst moment of his entire fucking life.

The horrible *sound* in his head that grated his brain, the way it spiked and practically pierced into his mind- the little caged area in a certain part of his head *howled* and *screamed* with the horrendous damn sound that was now unfortunately known to mankind.

A slight rewind to how his day started;

Wander was finally and officially able to rejoin Eric on military matters, partially anyway, when he'd been discharged he was advised to take it easy while his side healed. Was he actually going to do that? Most probably not, but he wasn't going to do anything extravagant or out there like fight in a bar.

He didn't really care for his own personal health like a normal person sure but he was definitely not stupid.

At any rate though, he was able to at least walk around without a disgruntled medic telling him to sit the fuck back down and rest like he was supposed to.

Eric welcomed him back after making sure that he was capable of walking around on his own and was sufficiently healed enough to take care of himself without much worry. Adamantly reminding him to take it easy, Wander was both exasperatedly annoyed and appreciative over his long time friend's worry over him.

He'd gotten *shot* not terminally ill, fucking hell Eric, Wander lamented to him as he returned. Despite not being a soldier, Wander liked to keep in shape so he should be okay. He wasn't a frail scientist that preferred brains over brawn- although he tended to lean towards brain more often than brawn. He'd digressed slightly but the point was; even if he hadn't been shot on a more constant-ish basis like Eric and his other soldiers who were much stronger than him and well trained to deal with shots, he wasn't going to suddenly collapse again after the shot had been dealt with.

Wander was fine, Blood had healed the wounds the best he could despite not being a 'Healer' as Void and Blood insisted and confirmed with him. Which was curious and lead to more questions that Wander oh so wanted to be answered but one thing at a time. They had only just cemented a shaky, fragile alliance with the Aspects.

They had to be careful, him included. They couldn't risk slighting the group of teens, powerful teens that were capable of plenty of things.

The best course of action was to steadily strengthen the bond between them, gain their trust, prove that they were genuinely trying to help the heroes despite everything that happened. It was going to take a while, and their superiors were no doubt impatient but they weren't the ones who were directly dealing with potentially destructive teenagers now were they? They'd have to just accept everything that they were going to get lest they get obliterated in a newfound discovery of destruction brought forth by Hope.

Who was possibly and arguably one of the strongest heroes in terms of raw energy-like power.

If they wanted to deal with the nuke in human form then by all means, Wander would gladly usher any unfortunate soul into his previous spot and

gleefully watch them get their asses handed to them by the Aspects.

Of course Wander couldn't say this outright, but he would heavily imply it the next time it was to directly report to the superiors. And if they were too stupid to get his implications then it was a shame and it was an utter wonder on why he applied to be a government scientist in the first place.

"Wander, it's good to have you back."

Ah right, one of the main reasons he'd become part of the government in the science departments.

His longtime best friend Eric Valiant.

That and the salary, the government backing and funds.

Wander smiled at him, "It's good to be back." He admitted to Eric, who'd temporarily shed his official General persona to just address him as friends. Likewise, Wander the self-proclaimed Mad Scientist was temporarily shed as well as the two of them shared a hug. "Hopefully I didn't miss anythin' while I was down for the count."

"Not really, our superiors aren't too happy about the whole situation. Especially with Void's latest post." Eric sighed, looking tired and far older than he should be. Wander frowned and sighed back.

"Unfortunately we can't really do anythin' about that. The post was up right after I got her reply to my previous message, so I didn't even know about it until I finished readin' what she sent. So I couldn't say persuade to stop her or somethin' alon' the lines of that. And it's not like we can take down her post, not with her prowess as a, quote 'Hacker Queen' unquote." Which was very impressive, but also unfortunate as they couldn't track where she was and all that.

Eric rubbed his face, and Wander can see the stress lines on his face.

Damn, time to change the subject a bit.



“How’s Harry?” And like that, Eric’s eyes brighten, a few lines on his face disappear at the mention of his son.

“Oh he’s been great! With school about to start again soon, Harry’s thinking of joining the track team. Which’ll be perfect, he’s always been an energetic boy and one fast little kid.”

Wander listens with a small smile as Eric goes off, proudly telling him about his son, Harry Valiant. Harry Valiant was a single child, the result of a one night stand that ended fairly well Eric would say since it gave him his son. And though Eric was a workaholic and mostly married to his work, he was still an admirable single father; he always made sure to make time for his son. Video chatting on the almost daily or whenever he could and visiting whenever it was possible.

Vacations were always dedicated to his son who he left with a trusted nanny and a few other friends.

Harry was a good boy as far as Wander could tell, smart and sharp witted. Though like many other teenagers, he was no doubtedly fascinated with the Aspects, a big fan of them much to the unfortunate irk and concern of Eric.

He liked Harry, it was hard not to since he’d been named godfather to the kid.

“He’s going to end up outrunning the rest of the kids.” Wander said with a knowing grin, remembering how fast he had been as a child when he and Eric took some time off to raise Harry and spend time with him.

Eric laughed, loud and happy, “He will!” He exclaimed proudly.

For a moment, the Aspects were temporarily forgotten in favor of more light-hearted subjects.

Of course, reality sunk back in and firmly cemented itself shortly afterwards.

There was another rift attack in progress.

Immediately, they *moved* - Eric was barking orders left and right while Wander worked diligently to find out what was happening and where, it didn't take it long at all and they were off.

The attack reminded Wander that they dearly needed appropriate weapons to fend off the attacks from the underlings that came through the damned rifts. The smaller underlings were almost easy enough to deal with, whenever they weren't somehow genetically augmented with bizarre powers and even then they were still mostly frail and could be taken down with normal bullets.

Mostly.

They couldn't deal with the glowing green ones, those were apparently very dangerous, confirmed more when they were said to drop uranium-*uranium*? Actual, fucking *uranium* . And it was an entirely new type that had a strange radiation that didn't seem to harm humans all that well which was fucking *baffling* but it was ultimately useless since it couldn't be broken down or even used to power anything with the strange radiation it had. It was constantly green and was shaped in a hexagonal shape like the many other samples they had gathered from the deaths of the interdimensional enemies.

Which Wander should probably hand over to the Aspects as a show of good faith probably. And ask them about those things and such.

But back to the point; they needed more efficient weaponry.

The best they could do right now was evacuate the civilians into a quickly established safezone and guard said safezone from any hostile threat.

And from there, it was the Aspect's job to totally clear the underlings and clean up the resulting mess. Mostly. Property damage was not their forte it seems, though they did make the effort to make sure that the area wasn't dangerous for the people. And try to avoid property damage as much as they could.

But in this situation, Wander knows there were going to be collateral. The monsters were bigger and had fucking *tentacles*. Wander had to wonder on how the fuck did these underlings function on a basic level, the amount of skills and abilities they had, the fact they dropped seemingly precious but ultimately useless things like shaped gemstones, minerals- they had droplets of *oil* and other ‘liquids’ that weren’t liquid at all!

More and more questions grew every time Wander thought more of the situation his life now presented him in the form of the Aspects and the bizarreness that followed them.

Bizarreness that involved dangerous otherworldly enemies that popped out of a tear of what seemed to be space and possibly time. *Said* dangerous otherworldly enemies varied in shapes and sizes... Like the enemies of today.

“Tentacles, it just *had* to be tentacles.” Wander mutters emphatically as he sees them, “Add another entry to the enemy roster we have so far.” He tells his fellow scientists, they had records of every enemy that the Aspects had encountered and dealt with. It seemed like there was a new variation of the underlings that appeared in almost every attack.

“Take note on what this variation will bring, how’s the evacuation going?”

“The safe zone has been established and is receiving civilians on a steady and secure rate. We have yet to confirm that every civilian has been reached but so far there have been no confirmed deaths nor fatal injuries.”

“Well we’re clearly missing people from the fact the stream is still going on.” Wander says dryly as he watches a certain stream on another screen.

“*Oh my god.*”

Shit, that is one big underling. The others were already the size of cars-

“*Yo dude you better get outta here. Can’t you see it’s fucking bedlam here? Also, EVERYONE COVER YOUR EARS! NOW! BRACE YOURSELVES!*”

Wander's stomach immediately dropped and before he knew it his hands were flying up to his ears and-

***scEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE***

The sound was unbearable, an immediate puncture within his mind that left destruction in its wake. Rather dramatic but the utter *pain* that he felt within his head was near *indescribable*. His vision blurs and blacks out for what seemed to be an eternity with the inhumane and unnatural *shriek* being the reason going on for just as long- in reality, it would only last a few minutes or so.

But the effects were definitely lasting.

Wander didn't know when he got on his hands and knees, or when his glasses had fallen off his face and cracked on the floor- there was something runny dripping down his nose and he could smell iron. Droplets of red landed on his broken glasses and he realized faintly that his nose was bleeding.

*Joy*.

His mind is ringing, the echoing *scream* was gone but Wander would probably *never* forget the sound within his head.

His head felt like it was boiling over, a building pressure right behind his skull and scratching horribly against his brain from *all* sides and angles. The pressure surrounded his brain, filled his skull, kicked at the bottom and top of his head.

And from that pressure, a feeling of anger and rage was being birthed.

It *hurt*. It ***fucking hurt BAD***.

How *dare* it hurt?!

Being shot was *nowhere near as painful* as what was going on in his *head*.

Beyond his anger it registers that his fellow peers were in various states of disorder as him, on their legs, on the floor, using the table or something else desperately for support. Underneath the iron he could smell the small scent of bile- someone had actually vomited within the area.

His ears pulsed with a sort of numbness that came from the shriek as Wander struggled to get back on his feet. A seething rage caged behind his gritted teeth.

Fuck, *fuck* -

He pressed a palm against his face, against his eyelid in a fruitless effort of relieving the pressure in his head.

This was more than just a headache, more than just a migraine- which he both equally *hated* . This? This he *despised* from the very bottom of his heart.

*There was something familiar of this seething rage however. He's too angry to think more on it or even comprehend the unknown knowledge that was trapped within his head.*

For the first time in years, Wander Ampora felt legitimately *pissed the fuck off*.

And that wasn't entirely a good thing.

---

Of *all* the prototyped underlings to come out, it just *had* to be the one the psychic shriek that could bring everyone nearly to their knees.

Karkat's day was going suspiciously well, his family was less annoying along with his friends, Jake was doing just fine and was dealing with human society fairly well- hell, *he* was dealing with society fairly well too. He was doing just fine.

And then *shit happened* .

The *damned rift* appeared and now he was facing off one of the worse prototypings that existed; bar Jade's god dog prototype from the Human Beta session.

And though the first guardian was worse in a way, at least it didn't have a psychic attack that left you experiencing the worst migraine to ever exist- he'd been dreading its appearance this whole time and now it was here!

So much for a good day.

Karkat gritted his teeth, ignoring the ringing in his head, he was more experienced with dealing with the psychic shriek, having gotten used to it during his session. He wasn't immune to it, far from it, but he was the first to snap out of his mental agony to focus at the task at hand.

The others were still holding their heads, Jake and John supporting each other weakly and groaning as they clutched their heads. Roxy was curled behind the car with Dave, who was trying to ignore the pain but was failing- he was good with physical attacks. Mental ones? That was more than a little out of his spectrum.

Karkat got to his feet, ignoring the bone aching shakiness that came from his legs. A snarl on his hidden face, fury building in his chest. Today had been a good day, he could ignore everything bad, focusing on everything good and yet this rift was interrupting it!

Not to mention the giant ass underling up there had hurt. *His. Friends.*

He let go of his current sickles for a new pair, both were blindingly white and had small wing-like handles. They glowed with a power that Karkat did his best to ignore his inner instinct to let go and abscond from them. Hah, like hell he was going to run away now, much less from his own weapons. *Angel's Curved Blades*, one of his latest alchemized weapons.

Made from his normal pair of sickles and a code that came from Jake's God Tier shirt. Imbued with the power of Hope and Angels. It was powerful, fueled by Karkat's own hope and paired with the powers of those horrible angels that Jake could probably create if he wanted.

Which he didn't by the way.

At any rate, with Angel's Curved Blades, it was a gamble to actually use them.

They were powered by Karkat's own hope after all, Karkat didn't really have much of that at first, but now?

His anger was fueling his hope, and from there, it was fueling the angelic white sickles.

They glowed brightly in his hands, warm to the touch and deathly sharp.

**"Need a second there Bloody?"** Roxy's weak voice came from behind him, he turned his head a bit to see Roxy standing up with Dave's help- John and Jake were still down.

Karkat scowled and shook his head, **"No, you and Time do your shit, but I call dibs on that fuck's giant head!"** He exclaimed, pointing to the giant ass Gl'bgolyb prototyped bastard. Thank fuck it wasn't any bigger, or a different type of underling.

If the others thought *that* had been painful- well, SBURB was a bitch and Karkat dearly hoped that the Black King wouldn't show up any time soon. Things were bad enough as it was, not to mention Karkat had no idea what kind of pandemonium would happen with the Black King, maybe even a knock off version of him like the first battle Denizens, would incur.

At least then the Sburban surroundings were wide and not that crowded compared to other areas like the city and even then there were houses that had been *destroyed* from the incident; his house, the Nitram house- etc.

The damage from His Tyranny was still being repaired. Dave and his brothers had to move out of their destroyed apartment back then, but at least he was now in the same neighborhood as John and him. Karkat privately wished that Jake could move closer, but then again, having Jake live far away was a good thing or else his friends would no doubt pester him on the daily- even more at any rate.

Karkat observed the area, Dave's future selves and time clones were holding the other smaller underlings at bay, leaving a clear path for the giant fucker for them to get to. It growled, both physically and mentally, and even that gave Karkat an instinctive cringe. ***"We have to deal with that giant fucker before it shrieks again!"*** Karkat bark, the grip on his sickles tightened. He did *not* want another shriek setting off thank you very much.

Dave snorted, ***"Yeah no shit- but go for it dude! We got you!"***

And with that, another strife started as the three heroes *moved* .

It was probably the most annoying strife that has happened for the heroes ever since the drones, or the mall, or even Roxy's public death. Take your pic.

But little did they know they were crossing over a threshold, about to start a new arc.

Because after this fight, a whole new slew of problems would come up.

One that immediately came up after the fight.

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*"In other news, the event now known as 'The Shriek', has surprisingly given the most amount of injuries by far. Even going as far as to cause a few deaths. The creature's horrible mental attack was able to reach several miles away from the initial attack and managed to disorient and disrupt several innocent bystanders, plenty of which whom were busy with dangerous activities ranging from driving, to even cooking, it was even said that a few people suffered from seizures, brain damage, and heart attacks..."*

*"It was like, this giant fucking noise that came out of nowhere from the deepest darkest parts of your mind. Like, it was the worst sound to ever exist, ever! Like holy shit!"*

*"Though the death count was miraculously less than one hundred, it does not change the fact that people still died within the attack. These attacks are*



*getting more and more dangerous and these 'heroes' are children who don't know how to do anything! "*

*"I was there when the rift appeared- it, the things just, got out and- they started screaming . It was horrible. I didn't realize they weren't actually screaming out loud until I noticed their mouths were like, closed while I was hearing the screams... I thought they were the most horrible screams and shrieks I've ever heard- until that giant thing got out."*

*"My gram's dead. That shriek killed her, and you know what? I'm not mad at the Aspects, it's not their fault, they weren't the one who caused this whole bullshit. Grammy was old as fuck anyway, she herself was expecting to die any day now, she's been complaining on living too long even though she was suffering from a few mental problems. But she didn't wanna die in a bed, confined, she's old as dust and she wanted to take a walk with me today... At least she died protecting a kid, my grammy's dead, but she's a hero like the Aspects."*

The screens shuts off from the various clips and videos of multiple people.

"Now?"

"Not yet my dear. Not yet."

---

It was rather solemn at the base.

John leaning despondently against Dave while letting Roxy drape herself over his torso with her face buried in his chest. The three of them took over the couch. Karkat and Jake were sharing a sofa chair to the side, sitting side by side with Karkat gripping Jake's hand tightly, at some point he's hugging Jake tightly and the Page comforts him the best he could despite the empty look in his eyes.

Not one eye was dry.

Not even the Mayor's glorious presence brightened the solemn and despair-filled air, the dersite carapacian shuffled inside, carrying a tray of drinks

that he tentatively set down on the table. Looking around the room, the Mayor felt helpless as he saw the once happy teens being so still and sad.

Even with their favorite drinks in the room, and other of their favorite knickknacks, the air did not lighten at all.

From the doorway of the main room, he spies his dear friend PM looking into the room, concern in her eyes. The Mayor sighed quietly and shook his head, PM sighed back and disappeared from the doorway.

What an awful day today was.

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## Chapter End Notes

I don't like this chapter.

Not really.

I feel like I could've written it better or made it longer but my betas say it seems fine, plus I really wanted to update soon so there it is! It wasn't exactly the ending to the Nuclear Reaction Arc that I wanted but I'm not going to complain, because we can finally move on from this three chapter arc!

Till next time! Which won't take months to make hopefully.

I'm sorry again.

Also! I hope everyone's doing okay in light of recent events, please stay safe and good luck to you all. Man, 2020 is just, not a good year huh? Still, gotta power through it!

# The Aftermath

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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Death was nothing new to Roxy.

It was something that she knew fairly intimately, considering that she died in a handful of times. Once in public even, her death was on the internet and she saw a meme of her death! However hilariously morbid it was, it had been kind of off putting but also funny.

Even before everything, death was an unfortunate thing that Roxy knew from the moment she could comprehend the meaning of the word.

It wasn't exactly calm seas and bright sunshine back in Sea Bitching Hitler's Water Apocalypse. Storms happened, tsunamis that hit the carapacian settlement, starvations when the rations or fishing didn't go well, rough bandits that were around- it was only because of her mother's preparation that Roxy had managed to survive *everything* that happened.

But that didn't mean that she'd been naive to everything that happened around her.

The carapacians were mostly kind folk, they helped raise her until she could raise herself. Probably a bad idea, but at least she had the carapacians, Dirk only had himself...

But she wondered sometimes, if she'd been a bit more naive if she had been alone. Maybe she wouldn't have easily taken in drinking if she was on her own? Probably not, but maybe she would've gotten to it later rather than sooner. Small little Roxy had seen the death of more than a few carapacians, and the strong smelling bottles had been so tempted, and the world had been so scary and lonely once she knew what her situation really was.

Too smart for her own age, but not old enough to deal with it reasonably and all on her own.

So yeah, Roxy knew what death was, even before the game. From the near constant death of the carapacians to the very late death of her own mother who she never met aside from old records and remnants of a house that was made just for her.

But that didn't change the horrible emotions that settled in whenever an actual death happened. And usually, she'd drown herself in liquor. Copious amount of liquor.

Oh how she wanted a drink, but she was going clean. Sober. Roxy had to stay sober, for the sake of everyone now. She didn't want to miss anything by messing things up via alcohol consumption. Roxy didn't want to worry her new family, her friends, mess up her life again.

She had relapsed coming into the new universe, a horrible moment of judgement but she was getting better again. A second chance that she wasn't going to forsake no matter what.

However, it was tempting. Now evermore.

People died.

That was a normal thing. People die everyday, it was part of life. What wasn't normal however, was that people died due to a mental attack by a game enemy that came from probably another universe and should never exist in actuality.

This was the first actual attack that caused deaths.

Actually caused it, people *died* because of the damnable shriek that had been emitted by underling. And it wasn't even the strongest one to exist, Karkat had been adamant about that before and it had been obvious. The difficulty and powers of the underlings varied, so of course it wasn't the strongest shriek to exist.

Not to mention the original was already a universal weapon.

But this underling, though not to the weakest but certainly not the strongest, had been enough to kill people. Less than a hundred but even one was too much.

Roxy finally remembered how fragile normal people were. Normal people couldn't revive on their own, they didn't have the God Tiered perks that they had, they didn't have a Clock of Judgement that dictated their mortality. These people were frail and easily killed.

They could never come back.

Not unless...

Not unless they had a Life player healer on their side.

Jane could revive them, and didn't Karkat have a Life player as well on his team? Someone capable of bringing someone back from the dead? He and Dave had mentioned someone from Karkat's team, though they had come from a doomed timeline, who had revived the Mayor right before their meteor trip.

Jane and the others could help.

But they didn't remember, nor did they have the powers to do that.

Besides, even if they really wanted them to 'wake up' and revive people left and right, they wouldn't know where to start. Telling them outright probably wouldn't work, *they* themselves had no idea what was going on, how or why they'd been the only ones who'd remembered the game and everything that came with it.

Fuck did Roxy crave a drink. Something to burn her throat and mess with her whirling mind, something to *stop her ever swirling thoughts*. There was a headache building in the back of her mind and she wasn't looking forward to that. One drink wouldn't hurt right? Just one, just to burn her throat, just to calm herself, to stop the headache and *stop everyth-*

“Roxy.” John’s voice caught her attention, brought her out of her mess of a head and back into reality. They were still on the couch, John holding on to her with Dave holding on to him, her face buried into the Heir’s chest.

“Roxy please.”

His voice is soft and breathy, gentle and for once, Roxy hated her moirail’s voice and the wet hazy blue eyes that stared down at her. A wry smile crawled on her face, “Please what Johnny?” She questioned back quietly, but she already knew what he wanted to say.

There’s a hand on her face now, a rough callous palm but with slender pianist fingers cups her face and her smile trembles. “Stay.” John mumbled, “With us. Don’t, don’t do anything okay?” Another hand joins John’s hand, cupping her other cheek, palm more callous and fingers thicker, stronger. Dave gives silent support, unable to say anything, his expression partially closed off but he was still making the effort to comfort her.

Roxy’s smile drops and her breath goes rougher.

Ah right.

She was on her second chance, her last chance.

Dave and John were there for her, there to catch her before she fell off the wagon and crashed back into the drunken mess she had been before. She was stuck on the sober train with the rest of her boys, facing reality without any inhibitions.

Roxy couldn’t leave her boys alone in this. She could never live with herself if she did, and they knew it.

How unfair.

What was unfair exactly, she couldn’t tell you.

But right now, Roxy was more than content to wallow in despair with her boys. Her moirails that supported her unconditionally, and she would support in turn. She couldn’t leave them behind. She could never do that.

Death wasn't a foreign concept to Roxy.

She knew exactly what it was. Fairly intimate with it actually, she and the rest of the people in the room, her boys, they were all familiar and intimate with the concept and actuality that was Death.

But this was the first time since they'd arrived in this universe. That they had to deal with the death of others.

And though they were outside their group, they were still innocent people that died in correlation to their actions.

Roxy had never really thought to care of other people, not for the people outside of her tight knit group, but the guilt of being the cause of these deaths couldn't be easily brushed off by her. Nor by males that surrounded her.

They were only teens after all, humane teens that could feel empathy. Could feel guilt for their actions and were very aware of the ripples they made in the new world.

Roxy smiled cynically, teens that had to grow up too fast and were thrown into a world unfamiliar to them. And a world unfamiliar *of* them.

What a mess.

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*What a mess .*

That was Ondine's main thought as she rubbed her temples in tired annoyance.

The Peixes Matriarch scanned through the news, as well as looking through the list of deceased people that she had before her. Some of her employees had been affected by 'The Shriek'. Hell, there was one who *died* . Though they'd been way past their prime, an old woman who Ondine had already been planning on letting retire because she was old and she deserved to retire as she wanted and spend time with her family.

Well, that wasn't happening ever now.

Her family and close friends were devastated. Ondine gave them her condolences and was planning on helping in the funeral. It was the least she could do.

However *that* wasn't even the tip of the damn iceberg.

In the events of The Shriek, everything, every *one* was on a frenzy. People were besides themselves, trying hard to recuperate from the unfortunate consequence over what happened. Over the outcomes of the Aspect's battle with the strange and terrifying underlings that came from the still unknown rift that was caused by who knows what.

It was another reminder that despite the flair and rose-tinted worldview of the fact that *superheroes* were apparently *real* and that was initially an amazing thing to know- it didn't change the fact that *real life was dangerous*.

Especially with the fact that the underlings were *very* capable of causing death.

It was an honest miracle that there had been no actual death in the prior battles, just injuries that were *near* fatal at worst. But now? This was a hard reminder that this was not some tv show where no one got out of the situation unscathed.

The previous battles were clear on that, people were scared, people were hurt. And now? People had *died* .

In one of the most terrifying ways too, it was a psychically mental attack, there had been little warning, no actual signs of its incoming aside from Time's feeble attempt of trying to get everyone to cover their ears- lot of good that was but still, it was an *attempt* .

But rarely did people focus on the '*tries*', so much more focused on the results.



Before, the Aspects were widely regarded in a somewhat positive lighting. They were teenagers, icons of a growing generation that kept a fair amount of touch with the people. Their accounts were mostly public and people could easily watch clips of them doing either casual things or things they could only dream of. The video of the Aspects flying high into the atmosphere had been popular along with Breath playing the piano in an amazing moment of musical ingenuity. A lot of people adored them for their clear and interesting personalities, for what they stood for, for what they could *be* .

They were also a mystery and people loved mysteries, loved finding out more and taking the mystery apart to find out the reasons, the situation, *everything* about the mystery. And the Aspects were one hell of a mystery.

No one knew who they were, where they came from, how they got their powers and conditional immortality; mix them all together, and you had a hero group that was mostly well liked.

Mostly.

There would always be a group against something, it always happens. Rarely ever there was a unanimous and completely agreed upon opinion about something, and even then, there would be doubts about said opinion.

That was just unfortunate human nature.

And with the recent events, from Hope's 'hopesplosion' and government scandal to *now* ...

Hell, there had been hardly any time for people to let that scandal and hopesplosion go!

The 'anti-Aspects' were growing at a steady rate.

People were snapping out of their rose-tinted worldviews and realizing *everything* that was happening. And they would either continue to support the Aspects, turn against them, or even stay neutral over everything.

This was reality, and there would be consequences to it all.

And they had never had superheroes of *this* calibre. Sure, there were heroes out there of various degrees, but actual legitimate superheroes? Like the Avengers? The Justice League?

Most people would like to think they would support said heroes, and maybe they do, but the reminder that reality was not as kind as they'd like to think when it came to things, some would find themselves doing the opposite of what they thought they would do.

This was a world that had never had to deal with the supernatural at this level of danger. Of scrutiny. Of realistic capability.

And these *heroes* were ***teenagers***.

No adults, no authorial figures.

Just teenagers that held so much power in their hands.

The rest populace was starting to realize how bad of an idea it would be to give someone who hasn't even physically matured yet power beyond comprehension. Not to mention *conditional immortality*.

Ondine sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose as she lounged back on her chair. Glancing tiredly outside the window. It was dark out, what time even was it? She's clearly been up for too long, but she doubted that she'd be able to sleep peacefully at the moment.

Not with so many thoughts racing in her head.

She let out a tired sigh, shaking her head in an effort to clear her head before looking back to her laptop, to the list of the names of the deceased. Shaking her head, she reaches out and shuts the laptop.

"Mom?"

Ondine near-jumped in her chair, soon though she relaxed back into her chair and let out a breath of relief when she only saw Feferi peeking into the

door. “Feferi, how many times have I told you to knock?” She told her youngest daughter as she stepped into the door.

Feferi gave her a sheepish apologetic smile, she was dressed in her plain but very comfortable dark pink pajamas, and her hair was tied into a big and loose bun on the top of her head. Ondine glanced at the bun, resisting the urge to mess with her own short locks.

Admittedly she missed having her long hair but she felt much better with the current short style that she was rocking right now. She actually liked having short hair, less of a problem to deal with than her old luxurious but also hard to take care of hair from before.

*The dream still haunted her subconscious thought, she didn’t remember a lot, but it still stuck to the back of her mind like a fucking limpet.*

“What are you doing awake at...” Ondine trailed off, squinting at the laptop's clock, “... Feferi it’s past midnight. You should definitely be asleep by now.”

Feferi shuffled in place, “Couldn’t sleep.” She mumbled back, “You should be asleep too anyway.”

Ondine snorts, “Don’t sass me young woman, I’m an adult, I have every right to stay up however long I want to.” She retorts with a humoring smile. Feferi brightened when she saw her smile. “Any reason why you couldn’t sleep?”

“...” Feferi hesitates before nodding, “I... keep thinking back to earlier today.” She admitted quietly, Ondine stays silent but motions her closer. Feferi does so, going past Ondine’s desk.

Ondine lets her climb into the chair with her, letting her settle on her lap. She hasn’t had Feferi on her lap like this for a long time, not since she was a child, far smaller than now. By all means, Feferi was a teenager now but Ondine wasn’t going to let that stop her from comforting her child like this.

It was clear that Feferi was troubled and confused over this, and so was Ondine. It was one of the things that Ondien couldn't stop thinking alongside the dead and the Aspects.

Feferi tucks her head underneath Ondine's chin, squishing her hair bun against her mother's neck. "I still don't understand." She starts, staring down to her hands with wide, confused eyes, "How I... Why didn't the Shriek affect me? I was in range, everyone else was- I could hear it, hear the scream, the sound and yet..."

Ondine closed her eyes and sighed, she held her youngest daughter in her lap, holding her head with one comforting hand, running her fingers through her thick, fluffy hair. "I don't know baby, I honestly don't know."

It had been terrifying. Learning that Feferi had been in the range of the Shriek.

She had been with Leonor's daughters, Archer's sons and Jasper's eldest along with Jasper himself near the park.

They'd evacuated from the park after the battle started and the rift opened.

Feferi had been so confused, though she could hear the screams, she wasn't in pain like the others as they had all evacuated from the area towards the quickly established governmental safety zones. But said safety zone was still within the range of The Shriek.

She didn't realize she should have been in pain until she saw Nepeta and Meulin being propped by Horuss and Equius, Rufioh and Jasper were barely standing as well. Horuss and Equius were clearly in pain but they were faring better than the Leijon and Nitrams.

Feferi was completely unaffected.

*And then **The Shriek** happened.*

Jasper and Rufioh had immediately fallen on their knees while Muelin and Nepeta collapsed into Horuss and Equius' arms, both Zahhak boys weren't

completely able to support them, though again they were faring better than the others, they were still in pain from the mental attack.

And yet Feferi still felt nothing.

She felt scared, watching everyone collapse around her, her friends dropping like flies and even getting hurt- Rufioh and Meulin were bleeding, Rufioh from his nose and Meulin from her ears. Nepeta had been screaming into Equius' shirt while Equius was holding her tightly as if she would disappear the moment he loosened his grip. Horuss was trying to support Meulin and trying to get to Rufioh simultaneously, looking even more pained as he saw his boyfriend bleeding from the nose.

And that was just her friends, the other evacuees were in similar or even worse circumstances compared to them.

Feferi was so scared, she somewhat felt like she was hallucinating even, she thought she saw a girl bleeding *green* from one of the evacuees and from the corner of her eye, she thought she could see shifting in the shadows and a squirming limb that seemed like a tentacle.

Feferi had no idea what had happened or what had been going on then.

And Feferi still had no idea what happened now or going on now, similarly enough, neither did her mother nor sister knew what happened either.

“Knew you’d go off to Ma.”

Both Peixes glanced over to see the eldest Peixes daughter, Meenah, leaning against the doorway with a deadpan look on her face. She too, was dressed in her pajamas though her pajamas were an obnoxious hot pink color. And her hair, which was usually tightly braided into two long braids, were now in two loose ponytails.

Another reminder of how Peixes all had long ass hair. Had.

Both Feferi and Meenah were just as shocked as the others but also horrified, asking their mother why she would cut her long luxurious hair.

Ondine had only shrugged and said that it was time for change and she felt like a new look.

Ondine sighed at her eldest, “Girls, it’s so late. You both should be asleep.” She fruitlessly told them both.

“Fuck sleep. And fuck you too hypocritical bitch.” Meenah retorted easily with a small smirk, striding into the room like she owned it- ah, it reminded Ondine far too much of herself back in the day. She was both proud and exasperated over her eldest daughter. “Face the facts Ma, no one’s sleepin’ right now.”

Feferi giggled at Ondine’s second suffering sigh. “Brats. My daughters are brats, why can’t you two be more like Kelvin’s eldest brat? At least he follows parental shit.” She grumbles, rolling her eyes as Meenah perches herself on Ondine’s desk.

Thankfully the brat knew better than to sit on her important shit.

She still shoved said important shit out of the way so she could sit on her desk.

B to the R to the A and T.

She was so proud of her.

And equally annoyed whenever Meenah was a brat to her.

“Ugh, don’t even Ma.” Meenah gives an exaggerated shudder and mimes vomiting. “The world’s gonna end b’fore I end up bein’ more like Kankri, I swear to fuck.” She promised her.

Feferi giggled again, “I’m going to have to agree with her Mom.”

“Brats, the both of you.” Ondine replied emphatically with a hint of fondness. Her teenage daughters were brats and she loved them for all that they were.

It's then that she remembers the important factor that the Aspects were teenagers, she already knew that. But looking at her daughters, who were now talking with each other now, she remembers that the Aspects were *teenagers* .

Teenagers who've died before.

Teenagers who *know* people die.

Teenagers who would no doubt feel the consequences of death in more than one way.

These were superpowered teenagers but teens nonetheless, they had more weight on their shoulders than most other teens should ever have.

An uncomfortable feeling settled in her stomach, and she grimaces as she considers the situation even more.

Naturally her daughters notice.

"Mom?" "Ma?"

Ondine didn't answer them yet, "... What do you think about the Aspects?" She finally asks aloud, fuchsia eyes looking sternly at her two daughters.

They both shared a look, sharing a face of confusion and caution.

Meenah was the first to answer, "I think they're rad as fuck." She starts, lips pulling into a smirk. "They've got cool ass powers and can't actually die." Of course Meenah would focus on that. Surprisingly though, her smirk lessens and she frowns soon, "Kinda sucks that they're in this situation now though. Like, a lotta suckas are startin' on hatin' them jus' cuz they can. The Aspects aren't really at fault there, they were tryin' to help. They *were* helpin'. But they're like, still our age, they can't save everyone."

Ondine was surprised by that but she really shouldn't, Meenah was *her* daughter after all, she was smart. She was mature- when she wanted to be anyway. She just refuses to be that most of the time, still in her rebellious stage in life.

Feferi nodded in agreement, “It was... scary, to be there.” She murmured, garnering both her mother and sister’s attention, “We weren’t really at the area but, I saw the effects of that Shriek. It didn’t affect me but, I saw everyone else, and I was so scared for them. Without the Aspects, the monsters would have continued and hurt so much more people. More would’ve initially died right? And it wasn’t like they weren’t unaffected by the Shriek, the Aspects I mean. Hope and Breath couldn’t move after it, only Blood, Void and Time could.”

Ondine’s lips twitched upwards and she smiled.

What good daughters she had. “Right.” She agreed with both of them, “They’re going to be in a rough situation now, rougher than ever. But they’ll tough it out, they’ll have some help in it.”

Ondine would make sure of it. She had no idea what she would do specifically, but by fuck was she going to try and make sure of it.

---

Eric watched Wander take in a deep breath, no doubt counting the seconds in his head, he then exhaled afterwards.

“Feeling better?” Eric questioned warily from his side. The general was pressing a cloth against his own ear, even *hours* after that *damnable* event, there were repercussions. Thankfully nothing too bad, sure his ear still bled slightly, but at least he wasn’t deaf anymore. It wasn’t permanent anyway.

It was still concerning but in times like now it was better to look at the optimistic side.

Wander himself was holding a cloth against his nose, his cracked glasses perched on his nose. He was still annoyed at that, he’d need to get his spare ones and replace the lens in this pair. ‘What a pain’, his friend would think. “Much.” Wander replied dryly.

He gave him a deadpanned look and he sighs, “ Yes , Eric, I feel much better. By all means, I won’t explode with anger and lash out at anyone.” Wander tells him semi-seriously though there was a certain bite to his tone



that Eric ignores, “My head’s no longer a throbbin’ scab of pain and agony.”

“That’s good at least.” Eric sighed back, leaning against his hand that held the cloth to his ear. “You’ve actually managed to scare a few of my soldiers.” He says making the scientist snort.

“If it takes one angry scientist to scare your soldiers then you should try harder in trainin’ them.” Wander snarks and it’s his turn to snort this time.

“Actually I don’t blame them, you look terrifying when angry Wander. Well, when you let yourself look *that* angry.” Eric has never seen Wander lash out in a fit of violent rage before, or ever, but he definitely looked intimidating whenever he was angry enough to let it slip his usually calm demeanor. “Looked worse than my old instructor even.” He jokes, if only to lighten up the mood.

It works, Wander huffs and throws the bloody cloth at him. “Shut up, don’t compare me to that old miser.”

Eric cracks a smile, catching the cloth and tossing it back to the scientist. “Alright, alright, I won’t... But seriously, are you okay? No more pain?” He asks, giving him a serious look.

That Shriek had been the worst attack by the underlings by far, this time they actually had a *death count* as well as more than a handful near-fatal injuries. Most of them were not even involved during the attack, there’d been people driving around, handling dangerous objects, or just general chores that ended badly due to the horrible psychic attack.

Wander leans back into his chair, checking his nose- no longer bleeding, that was a good sign, not even droplets. What wasn’t a good sign was the complicated, dark and near-infuriated look on Wander’s face. “Wander.”

His old friend levelled his chromatically colored eyes at him, Eric always found Wander’s eyes unique, Sectoral Heterochromia he’d told him before. “Wander.” He repeated a bit more firmly, looking straight into his eyes with a stern look on his face.

Wander's the first one to cave, rolling his eyes and looking away, "It's not so bad anymore. I'm not that pissed, I feel like shit but it's not that different than normal." He grumbled.

Eric grimaced, he'd offer tylenol but he knew it wouldn't really work on him. The poor bastard.

He'd feel more sympathetic if it weren't for the fact that Wander was currently so pissy at the moment, but Eric, being the best friend that he was, could easily ignore it.

"That's good at least." Eric says instead, nodding to him. Though his easy face turns into a grimace as a thought crossed his mind, "... It's a shitshow out there." He finally admits with a sigh.

Wander's lips pursed and there was something dark lurking in his eyes, "This is the first time people actually *died* from an attack." He points out begrudgingly, rubbing his face with clear annoyance.

Eric winced and nodded, "Yeah... This isn't going to sit well with our superiors."

Wander's derisive snort didn't help whatsoever. "We're goin' to have to buckle the fuck down and 'persuade' the shit out of them huh?" Despite it being phrased as a question, Eric knew it was more of a statement because Wander was right.

The government wouldn't like this one bit, their views on the Aspects were already shaky as it was, but now it was going to be more than a bit hard to deal with them when it pertained to the superpowered teenagers.

And speaking of superpowered teenagers...

Eric was the one to see the message, temporarily using Wander's laptop with his permission. Wander was currently just trying to rest without fully falling asleep just yet, so he let Eric peruse the internet on his laptop in the meanwhile. Eric had been scrolling through various news websites, social

sites and the like, reading through what everyone wanted to say about the Aspects and the deaths.

As expected, there'd been a growth of hate for the Aspects but thankfully there was still a strong base of support for them.

And just as Eric was reading a particularly bad article that down right villainized the Aspects entirely with a dark frown on his face, did he notice the message.

Wander had made sure that the most important messages would be notified, ranging from Eric himself to the government, a few select others and... The Aspects themselves.

"Wander, the Aspects sent you an email."

The scientist's eyes opened and peered at them. "Oh?"

---

*ActualAspects@no.void*

*We're just going to cut to the chase here Mr. Ampora.*

*What happened in the last battle was a tragedy and some of it is undoubtedly our fault. While we did expect the psychic attack from the underlings we did not realize how dangerous they could be for other people. We should have been more careful and swift in dealing with them to avoid more casualties and tragedies. We'll try and make sure that what happened today will never happen again. We promise.*

*However we know that promises can be broken and that though we are powerful, we are not infallible. There's only five of us capable of dealing with the underlings, at least, the more powerful ones.*

*After today we've come to a unanimous decision to provide you and your branch of military, and ONLY your branch of military, weapons to aid in the protection of the people. You and Mr. Valiant will be entrusted with weapons we will create for the sake of protection and self defense, nothing*

*else. If the weapons are used for anything else other than self defense and for the protection of the people, make no mistake we will not hesitate to retrieve the weapons and other items we may give you in the near future.*

*There will be no third chances, not so soon after everything.*

*Currently we're still indecisive on the decision of letting you and your branch into our base so soon, but for now the weapons and possible shield and or armor will be enough.*

*We will try to create something to prevent another wide scale psychic attack but that might take a while. We might not have enough resources for such a thing.*

*We'll trust you to choose the location for a meeting in the near future about this, we have a lot to talk about and discuss.*

*Co-Leaders of the Aspects  
Breath and Blood*

---

“Is this really a good idea?” Jake questioned softly, staring at the floating screen that showed the co-written message by John and Karkat. It was, in their opinion, a professionally inclined message, both John and Karkat doing their best to seem formal and proper, Karkat even refrained from adding any expletives into it.

All five of them had moved to their base's official meeting room, no longer stewing in their own emotions, at least not entirely.

Karkat and John shared a grimace, “Yeah.” John answered, tiredly rubbing his face, “It was inevitable that during our alliance we'd give them weapons and armor and stuff. Anything to help them, a show of good faith, etc. It's just happening sooner now... Besides, we can't afford to let ‘The Shriek’ happen again.”

The five of them shared a wince. “No, not again.” Roxy agreed quietly with a sigh.

Dave moved the message away from the main holographic screen, “So, what are we giving them and how are we going to make the whole, anti-shriek thing?” He asked, pulling up their current grist cache. “We managed to get an impressive amount of grist from the last one, got back everything from Karkat making *Angel’s Curved Blades* and then some.”

That had been expensive to create but worth it to give Karkat an even powerful sickle to use.

Before during the game, they had been abundant in grist, if possible they could have been swimming in the stuff- especially Dave with his LOHACSE manipulation quest. They pretty much had an infinite amount of grist... But unfortunately they’d lost whatever grist they had when the game ended and seemingly when they entered this universe.

They were steadily building up their cache again, filling out all the caches and being careful in what they spent. They had plenty of basic grists like build grist, shale, tar, since they were the most basic drops but the more rare and expensive grists, rainbow, uranium, etc. were extremely limited.

Roxy and Jake were reminded of their session, when their underlings couldn’t drop anything and all they could get grist from was from climbing eche ladder rungs, shredding items into Jane’s extremely useful grist widget and finding spare grist on whatever quest they could do.

They couldn’t make anything extremely powerful, complicated or legendary since they either didn’t have the required grist or didn’t have enough. And if they did make something expensive, they had to pay mind of what they lost.

In an emergency, they were willing to shred a few of their old and or expensive equipment with the grist widget that Roxy managed to appearify from the void. They had immediately shredded their less powerful items from their sylladexes, hoarding the grist into their cache.

There was also the option of getting other items, captchaloging them and *then* shredding them to provide grist. They were starting to do that, subtly captchaloging not really important items and then shredding them but it was

extremely tedious having to hide their sylladexes and most items weren't that valuable in giving basic grists.

The items that would give really valuable grist were important, monetarily expensive, rare, etc. And again, very tedious not to mention it wouldn't give much grist compared to an underling's drops.

At any rate though, their grist resource wasn't as impressive as it used to be, for Karkat, John and Dave anyway. Roxy and Jake were far more used to it than the other three.

It was them who forbade them from alchemizing anything big and extravagantly expensive at the start.

"I can look into psychic stuff later," Roxy mused, looking over their grist cache, "Mess around with the alchemizations and shit. See what's good but also affordable."

"And the weapons themselves? I'm going to guess they're going to want gunkind shit." Karkat grunted, leaning back with a scowl.

John smiled a slightly strained smile, "Well, they *are* trained to gunkind. Er, guns." Again, no strife specibi here for the rest of humanity.

"They still can't hold a candle to me though!" Roxy boasted, lightening the atmosphere a bit with her roguish grin.

Dave nodded, giving her a thumbs up, "No one can Roxy, absolutely no one."

The atmosphere was a bit lighter now, but the heaviness was still there right underneath it.

A lot of things were changing now, but they were going to have to deal with it the best they could.

Not like they had any other choice for it.

But on the bright side, at least they would be a bit busy and their minds would be occupied with other things right? School was right around the corner after all...

Fuck.

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## Chapter End Notes

Here's the update of the month for this story!

As much as I hate it, updating monthly, I really do want to try and make this more frequent but the brain writes what the brain wants to write unfortunately.

Hope you enjoy!

Not as long as my usual chapters but!

Next up we got a long arc coming up

*It's time for school everyone. That and more guardian time!*

Of course there'll be the government sprinkled in here and there as well as selected chapters to focus on them.

But the bell's rung and the kids are going to school!

# Outside Perspective (1)

## Chapter Notes

And thus the school era begins!

And I wanted to try a mostly Outsider PoV chapter/arc.

Also I have a new, somewhat, thing writing schedule?

Mostly I'm going to focus on writing for three stories in one month and change it every month. Hopefully that'll help me with my updating and writing.

This month, I'm focusing on How Preposterous, How Challenging and Fallen Stars and Rising Gods.

That aside, on with the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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Harry Valiant liked to think he was a fairly alright teen, that his father had raised a teenager he could be proud of. And Harry wanted to be that, a son that his single and General father could be proud of and though his uncle Wander told him regularly that his father was indeed proud of him, he still had his insecurities.

Nonetheless though, Harry considered himself a good kid.

But even good kids could have bad thoughts, like, *'oh my god why the fuck are we going back to school?'*

Don't get him wrong, education was important. Having a scientist for a godfather and uncle told him as much, but like most other kids, Harry didn't particularly enjoy school.

Unfortunately, the government saw that things were relatively good enough, *even after the deaths just a few days ago*, for students to return to school because why the fuck not?



Okay probably not for that reason but Harry didn't really care since he was the one going back to school and his dad was busy with work.

The last part wasn't that uncommon, he was used to his dad being busy being a kickass general and dealing with shit- hell, *his dad was in contact with the Aspects* how cool was that?!

Still though, he'd like it if he'd hang around more often. He did cherish the times he did though, he loved his dad.

Anyway, back to the matter at hand; School.

Okay maybe he was exaggerating on how bad school might be, the school itself, Paint Highschool, was a nice school. It was sizable and lovely, clean and proper, most of the teachers weren't that bad. Most of them were nice or at least neutral enough for most of them.

Though the teachers weren't that much of the problem with school... It was the other students, hormonal, stupid teenagers that were growing up with their own minds and their own backgrounds and personalities.

Hormonal teenagers in one place is never really a good idea... But hey, there were perks to it all at least; Harry didn't have to suffer school alone.

"Harry!" Vivian Merrylow greeted him with a bright sharp smile, one of his best friends and also his secret crush. Vivian had short blond hair cut into a bob cut with dyed dark blue bangs, her eyes were a beautiful bright blue and today she wore blue lipstick. She very recently got into punk so her wardrobe was all punk style, black skirt, striped blue stockings, white and black sneakers, blue tank top and a long plaid overshirt that was two sizes too big. Lately she's always been wearing a black choker, said it would go well with her silver pierced ears.

Harry briefly looked over himself in an effort to see if he was alright despite the fact Vivian was his best friend first and his crush second so it didn't really matter what he wore- she'd make fun of him anyway. He wore a light blue letterman jacket, a white undershirt, black ripped jeans and blue running shoes. He thought of combing his hair some more before waving it

off. He'd inherited his father's dark red hair and light blue eyes, however it seemed like he obtained his mother's overbite and skin tone since his father never had an overbite and his skin was darker in color. He liked to think he looked good, even if Vivian would probably make jabs at him.

Harry smiled at her, "Vivian, hey." He greeted back, attempting to be all casual even when his cheeks felt like heating up and his heart was beating just a little bit faster.

"Vivian! Harry!" They both looked over to see their other two best friends coming- Yvette Larson and Ross Hailey. Yvette was grinning widely while dragging a sheepish Ross with her.

Yvette's shocking white hair with black highlights in it always caught one's attention first time anyone sees her, her hair was cut into a pixie but kind of spiky short style, she had two piercings on the top lobe of her left ear, her electric green eyes were a close second to catch attention. She wore a white shirt with a dark red wolf printed on the front, mostly hidden from her partially zipped up black hoodie, it blended well with her matching black cargo pants though her bright red cleats were a third runner up for attention- she almost always wore her cleats, a soccer fanatic and one of the most fit among them what with her intense love for outside activities and sports.

She quickly stopped in front of them, barely panting while Ross was wheezing besides her.

Ross wore a black button up shirt with a light purple long sleeved undershirt, dark blue jeans and light grey shoes. He adjusted his circular spectacles, his dark blue eyes looking between all three of his best friends, his skin was normal Caucasian. His hair was short and black, but like Harry Ross had an overbite as well so Harry wasn't alone in that in their small but tight group of friends.

"Hey guys." Ross greeted softly after his breath returned to normal. "Yvette, please stop dragging me around like that- it's the first day of school." He lightly complained to the smirking soccer player, he sighed as Yvette shared a fist bump with Vivian who was smirking similarly at him.

Harry smiled sympathetically at his boy best friend, “Hey, at least you didn’t have to find us this morning.” He said, trying to give him an optimistic look at it. Ross shoots him an exasperated look that had him laughing slightly. “Aw c’mon Ross, lighten up, like you said it’s the first day of school.”

Vivian made an exaggerated groan, leaning against Yvette and using her as support, “*I know*, isn’t it fucking horrible?!” She practically wailed, faking a sob that made her amused friend pat her back in mock sympathy. “We’re back in this dump!”

Ross sighed, “Well, summer couldn’t last forever- however the at least the attacks made it last as long as it could.” He pointed out.

Harry hummed, nodding in agreement as he thought about it. Summer had been prolonged because of the attacks, the government and schools had been hesitant to open when the fact superpowers were revealed to be an actual thing. They couldn’t handle the awesomeness that was reality yet and had to postpone returns to school and schools for a while to figure out what to do if an attack happened on school property or even worse; within the school itself. It had already happened at a mall, the park, parts of the city- they had to make new procedures, precautions to make sure their students and staff would be safe in case an attack happened.

Harry learned from his dad and uncle that new drills had been made in case of that, and that all schools were now required to do it so at least they had something else to do than fire or earthquake drills- he was even excited a bit to experience the new drills. Was it bad to feel excited for that? Or for an actual attack to happen?

Probably, what with the recent attack that had actually taken the lives of people but it hadn’t been the Aspects fault at all! Harry could only shake his head as people started thinking stupidly and cruelly against the Aspects. Didn’t they realize that without the Aspects there would’ve been so much more death?

Harry’s train of thought was snapped when he felt an elbow nudge his ribs roughly, “Ow! Hey!” He complained as he found Yvette being the owner of

said elbow.

Yvette snickered, “Welcome back to Earth Harry, ready to join the conversation now?” She teased, grinning at his pout aimed at her. Tucking her hands behind her head, “So, how’s it been with your dad? You meet the Aspects yet?” She questioned quietly with an excited look.

Vivian and Ross mirrored her look, though Ross was a bit more nervous. “Well? Well? Did you?” Vivian prompted, eyes wide and expectant.

Harry sweated at their intense looks before he sighed and rolled his eyes, “Guys, come on. As if my dad would let me meet the Aspects- not this early into shit yet at least.” He points out to them, and as tempting as it was to lie and say, ‘Yeah I met them.’ That was just a can of trouble that he did not want to open and unleash upon himself.

“Aww.” Both Yvette and Vivian whined, obviously disappointed. Ross at least looked understanding and smiled at him reassuringly. “That sucks. But your dad is totally going to let you meet them, he has to! You’re his kid and I’m pretty sure if you ask really really nicely or ask for your birthday, he’d let you meet them.” Vivian told him.

Harry rolled his eyes again, “No he wouldn’t.”

“Yes he would!” Yvette backed her up, a shit-eating grin on her face.

“No he wouldn’t! Ross, back me up here.”

Ross looked hesitant before he grinned a bit, “Well, he *has* given you all you’ve asked during your birthday...” Harry gasped in pure betrayal, Ross’s grin grew a bit as their female half of their tiny group cackled together.

He didn’t really enjoy school but it was a little more tolerable with his friends around at least.

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-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] began pestering golgathasTerror [GT] --

CG: I'M HERE.

CG: I CANNOT FUCKING BELIEVE WE'RE ACTUALLY DOING THIS BULLSHIT.

CG: I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO RAMPAGE THROUGH THIS SHITTY BUILDING AND DESTROY IT FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

GT: Please refrain from doing that karkat.

GT: Well, at least we're all together in the same school!

GT: I'll be able to calm you down before you even rampage :B

GT: Though will you please hold on your rampage, jade and i are still on our way.

CG: I MAKE NO FUCKING PROMISES BUT ALRIGHT.

CG: IT'S TOTALLY NOT A SUSPICIOUS COINCIDENCE THAT WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME SCHOOL HUH.

GT: Hm? What do you mean poppet?

CG: DON'T CALL ME THAT.

CG: WHAT I MEAN IS THAT

CG: HOW THE FUCK DO ALL

CG: 32?

CG: HOW THE FUCK DO ALL 32 OF US GO TO THE SAME GODDAMN SCHOOL?

CG: EVEN KANKRI IS HERE, EVEN IF HE'S A SENIOR OR SOMETHING.

CG: DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M GLAD WE'RE ALL TOGETHER BUT

CG: HOW THE FUCK ARE WE ALL TOGETHER.

CG: NOW THAT I THINK MORE INTO IT, I'M IN THE SAME DAMN NEIGHBORHOOD AS JOHN AND DAVE ALONG WITH THE SERKETS AND NITRAMS.

CG: I HAVEN'T REALLY CHECKED WHERE THE HELL EVERYONE ELSE LIVES BUT I THINK I DON'T WANT TO CHECK BECAUSE I'M FUCKING HESITANT TO FIND JUST HOW CLOSE EVERYONE LIVES TO EACH OTHER.

GT: I will admit that having all of us nearby is quite dubious, however i find that it is at least convenient and rather auspicious in turn!

GT: We can all keep an eye on each other and everyone else, though i do wish you lived closer to grandpa jade and i :P

CG: AND LET YOU BE IN THE GENERAL VICINITY OF MY

FRIENDS AND FAMILY ON THE DAMN DAILY? FUCK NO.

CG: IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY SWARM YOU EVERY DAMN TIME YOU COME TO HANG OUT WITH ME WITH THEM AROUND, BUT IT WOULD'VE BEEN EMBARRASSING AND ANNOYING AS SHIT FOR THEM TO CONSTANTLY ANNOY YOU IN REAL LIFE LIKE THEY TRY TO ON PESTERCHUM.

GT: As i said before, they simply care for you karkat and are quite adamant in looking out for you!

GT: Even if they are quite overzealous with their attempts...

CG: UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE DAMN CENTURY.

GT: But at least most of them have accepted that i truly only wish for your happiness in the end.

CG: SOLLUX STILL PESTERING THE FUCK OUT OF YOU?

GT: Well it hasn't been beers and skittles with the darn rascal however he at least stopped attempting to ruin my regular computing devices with viruses!

CG: IF HE TRIED THAT WITH OUR USUAL SHIT HE'D BE SO FUCKING ANNOYED THAT HE CAN'T GET AROUND ROXY'S PROTECTIVE CODING.

GT: Indeed :B

CG: AT ANY RATE, WHEN THE FUCK ARE YOU COMING HERE?

GT: We're almost there!

GT: And um, i would suggest you to brace yourself?

CG: WHAT? I MEAN I'M ALREADY BRACED TO THE FUCKING MAX FOR THIS BULLSHIT THAT IS YOUR PUBLIC HUMAN SCHOOLFEEDING SYSTEM BUT WHY DO YOU SUGGEST TO BRACE MYSELF EVEN FUCKING MORE?

GT: Human terms love, and the why is um

GT: You do know that despite that i've already met your family and friends you have to 'officially' meet mine?

GT: Jade is being quite the bother, but she's reminded me that i have yet to introduce you to her and the others and now she's adamant in finding you at school.

CG: FUCK.

GT: The sentiment is felt star, so again, brace yourself because you will officially be meeting jade, jane, rose and dirk :B

CG: OH FUCK ME.

---

“Everyone’s back so far. I saw Roe, Dan, Benny,” Yvette listed off as they entered the school itself as the first bell rang. Classes weren’t officially going to start- not yet anyway, it was only the first day after all, there would be a school announcement where everyone would gather at the gym for it and listen to the principal’s words and announcement, however that would be later. They had some time to hang out.

Harry listened as he leaned against the lockers, listening with half an ear as Yvette listed off the people they all knew vaguely that were back in school. As far as they knew it, everyone was coming back, didn’t look like anyone was pulled out or transferred. Yet. Who knows.

“Amy, Maya-” “Oh shit those two!” Vivian snickered, surprising her friends.

“What’s so funny Vivi?” Yvette questioned her best friend as the blond closed her locker after shoving most of her things messily into it. She was very intrigued when she saw the mischievous look in her eyes, “Spill the tea sister, what’s up?”

Vivian snickered a bit more, “Oh, it’s nothing- just that someone actually told me lately that Amy Darla and Maya Roland got hardcore rejected by a certain Strider in our year.” She ‘whispered’, a vindictive smirk on her face.

Yvette gasped aloud, “No way! And after they started bragging they were going to get into Strider’s older brother’s night club too!” She said, sharing the vindictive smirk. She and Vivian never really liked the two girls, using their looks to their advantage and basically being the ‘hottest girls’ in their year who were actually two-faced bitches.

Harry and Ross shared an exasperated look, both of them had once been enamored by the two but with Yvette and Vivian around to anchor them, they quickly got over it and were more than neutral over them. Plus Harry started to crush on Vivian after that.

“So Strider really did reject them both? I thought he thought Maya at least was nice?” Ross questioned hesitantly, having heard of it vaguely. Though

he was never one to gossip or be about gossip, he simply kept hearing things.

Vivian shrugged, “Probably but he ended up rejecting her and Amy in the end. Serves them both right.” She cackled, grinning widely at them all.

Harry snorted, shaking his head at her enjoyment, “Well they’re certainly not going into the Strider Nightclub then,” He said dryly, “Though that’ll take some time, heard the nightclub got damaged- and the Striders moved from the city right?”

“Yeah, their place got destroyed from the giant crab monster back then.” Yvette confirmed, “Heard it from my moms who got called in by the Striders’ big brother.” Since her mothers were in the PTA and kept well connected with most of the parents of the teens their year, Yvette got to know a few other things whenever it pertained to a few other people and their situation.

All four of them winced, “Damn, that sucks- but hey, at least they’re all still alive. Look, see?” Vivian said, pointing out in a certain direction. Faithfully her friends followed after her finger.

With great timing, the two Striders of the school were there at the younger Strider’s locker. Dave was leaning against the locker, chatting idly with his younger brother who seemed oddly annoyed and exasperated. They were too far away to even know what they were talking about.

The two Strider boys were certainly well acclaimed by the rest of the school, they were smooth, cool- though Harry often found the fact they were almost constantly wearing shades a bit douchey but as people they were both pretty chill. Dirk was part of the school’s robotics club and champion competing team. Dave was part of the music club, mostly for his DJ skills that were almost as good as his big brother’s DJing skills, it was probably genetic since he was pretty sure Dirk was good at it as well.

“Well, yes, at least they’re alright.” Ross agreed with a grateful smile.



Harry watched both shaded blonds curiously, “And here comes the Crockerberts.” He said, glancing to the side to see a certain bucktooth blue-themed pair coming in close.

Vivian grinned widely, “Oh cool, do you think Egbert’s got anything up his sleeve for the principal’s speech?” She questioned excitedly. Harry felt briefly jealous over the guy before reminding himself that Vivian didn’t like John in any other way aside from the fact the guy was a notorious prankster.

As John and Jane beamed at their respective Strider, both even tugging each into a hug and separating after a while, though Dave had an arm around John’s shoulder- those two were close best friends like he and Ross were, though Ross wasn’t much one for touching and Harry respected his space and thoughts enough to not do that often.

John Egbert and his cousin Jane Crocker were considered somewhat popular teens in their school, both were certainly mischievous in their own rights. John more so than Jane, their combined effort however made their pranks legendary. Like the time they made thankfully harmless shaving cream bombs and set it off during lunch that one time last school year.

Not to mention John was a damn good pianist and also part of the music club. Jane was one of their best bakers in school, part of the cooking and baking club.

“I certainly hope so- he’s going to get detention but hey that’s a him problem.” Yvette snickered, making Vivian snicker with her.

Ross sighed at them both, “Well I in turn hope not, I’d like to have a calm first day please.” He told them warily, though he was unable to look away when the Harley siblings came along with the Lalondes.

Jade Harley visibly and audibly squealed, pulling Dave, John and Rose Lalonde into a big hug- Roxy Lalonde mirrored her actions, though she pulled Dirk, Jane and Jake Harley into her hug instead. All eight of them separated after a short while, each smiling.

They really were a tight knit group like Harry and his friends, though their numbers were doubled thanks to their fact they had siblings and a cousin. Though at this point they should probably stop watching them like creeps.

Before Harry could suggest to his friends to do just that, Jade seemed to be enthusiastically motioning something that gave her group of friends mixed reactions. Her little brother flustered and buried his face in his palms, Rose and Jane shared a bemused smile, Roxy was giggling madly, John and Dave were snickering and finally Dirk seemed to scowl and look away.

“I wonder what she said.” Yvette said aloud, watching with fascinated eyes, “Maybe she’s joining the soccer club again?”

All three of her friends snorted making her pout, “She’s already made it adamant she’s staying in the garden club Yvette,” Harry pointed out to her, “Get over it.”

“But she was so good on the field!” Yvette whined, still salty over the fact that Jade Harley had switched from sports to gardening.

They weren’t exactly friends but Yvette had admired Jade for her prowess and athleticism in the soccer club. It wasn’t that she disliked gardening, it was a nice thing but she felt like Jade was just going to waste her capability in it- but she would never say that aloud nor to Jade’s face, she seemed really happy in gardening so Yvette had to reluctantly accept the fact that the soccer team had to replace a previously great player.

Ben wasn’t that bad but still.

Vivian snorted, motioning back to the group, “Well whatever it is she said, she’s really made her own little brother really uncomfortable.” She points out the obvious as Jake swatted Jade with a pointed frown, saying something that had Jade pouting and arguing back.

Ross shifted in place, “Maybe we should stop watching them and get on towards the gym?” He suggested, checking the time.

“Aw come on-” *BRRRRIIIIINGGGG*

The bell interrupted Vivian with great timing, “Damn, fine- let’s go towards the gym.” She sighed, shaking her head.

Though before they left, they couldn’t help but look back at the colorful group they’d previously been watching. Jake was predictably relieved for the bell to come causing Jade to huff and pout.

Quickly, they went towards the gym for morning announcements.

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-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: dear gog its crowded in here

TG: so many teens in one place

TG: i can practically choke in the amount of hormones here

TG: talk about chemical wasteland huh

EB: :PPPP

EB: yeah it kinda sucks but you get used to it

EB: just try not to be involved with said chemical wasteland

TG: oh definitely

TG: not unless youre involved or smthn

TG: i wouldnt mind a reaction between just the two of us

EB: >:PPPP

EB: stop i can’t laugh here

EB: it’s bad enough we’re using our phones right now in here

EB: it’d be so much easier with my glasses but unlike your shades i can’t exactly hide the fact i’m using hands free tech

TG: told you my shades are awesome as fuck

EB: they’re dorky as fuck >:B

TG: no theyre totally cool

EB: dorky

TG: cool

EB: dorky

TG: cool

EB: dorky

TG: cool

TG: dorky

EB: cool

EB: wait what  
TG: hahaha  
TG: oh fuck that actually works?  
TG: awesome  
EB: what??  
EB: wait  
EB: gogdammit dave D:<<  
EB: you did the duck rabbit thing??  
TG: hey i didnt think it would actually work  
TG: hahahaha  
EB: shut uuuuuuuup  
EB: its so stupid >:/  
TG: and yet it worked  
TG: fucking incredible  
EB: i said shut up!  
TG: nah  
TG: but okay  
TG: so  
TG: is this normal  
EB: good  
EB: what's normal?  
TG: this  
TG: the whole  
TG: crowded gymnasium and principal on the middle  
TG: only ever saw it in movies and only for like dramatic scenes and shit  
EB: hehehe  
EB: well aside from dramatic scenes this is almost kind of normal  
EB: important announcements and stuff  
EB: really important ones that can't just be said over the pa system  
TG: pa  
EB: public address system  
EB: or was it announcement?  
EB: shrug, but like, yeah  
EB: important announcement stuff or like incoming drills  
EB: which i guess has been added to according to our dear old principal  
here  
TG: oh shit right

TG: haha they have monster attack drills now  
TG: wonder what theyre going to go  
EB: yeah  
EB: though we're going to have to do it too y'know  
TG: oh right damn  
TG: were going to have to figure out how to sneak away or something  
TG: cant always use time travel no matter how awesome it is  
EB: yeah  
EB: we'll discuss it with the others later on?  
TG: yep  
EB: you okay?  
TG: huh  
EB: i can see you fidgeting  
EB: you, jake and roxy  
EB: too many people?  
TG: i  
TG: yeah  
TG: way too many people  
TG: but well be fine  
TG: at least were sitting together  
TG: makes it a bit easier  
EB: thats good :B  
EB: let me know when it gets too much  
TG: i will  
TG: why tho  
EB: i can make a very good distraction for everyone  
TG: john  
TG: what did you do  
EB: ;)  
TG: babe  
TG: im weak to that wink and all but i cant help but feel a bit worried here  
EB: don't!  
EB: worry i mean  
EB: everything'll be fine, i just set up a little something for everyone  
EB: remember how here i'm still one of the best pranksters around  
TG: ah  
TG: say no more

TG: actually do say more

TG: whatd you do babe

EB: >:B

TG: john

EB: to be fair this is gonna be kinda tame compared to most of my other pranks

---

GT: There's certainly a lot of people here... \*tugs collar nervously\*

TG: ikr

TG: but its ok jakey it's all good

TG: just like

TG: focus on the principal

TG: or on me

TG: karkat too busy to help out?

GT: Well,

GT: He's a bit busy keeping his own friends in check somewhere in this gym.

TG: aa gotchu

TG: u c him btw?

GT: Yes.

TG: rly?/??

TG: where??

GT: The otherside of the gym, second bleacher to the right.

TG: hmmmnnmmm

TG: !!!

TG: found him :D

TG: ooo!!

TG: theres fefeta!!!

TG: well

TG: nepeta and feferi i guess

TG: but still!!

TG: its nice to see them again, like as individuals, and alive

GT: They're both rather lovely ladies, protective but really lovely.

GT: Would you like to officially meet them later?

TG: u mean after jade n the others dig in2 karkles

GT: Sigh. Yes.

TG: hehehe  
TG: dont worry jake itll be fine  
TG: at least hey everyone gets to meet everybody!  
GT: I suppose, it was inevitable anyway.  
GT: Though it probably should've happened a bit earlier.  
TG: probs butt u cant ask davey to change the past  
TG: it be linear afterall  
GT: As tempted as i was to ask, yes i can't ask dave to do anything about it.  
TG: ye  
TG: ooo  
TG: heads up  
TG: jhohnny boy loos v mischiefy  
TG: johnny\* looks\*  
TG: hes gettin ready his pranksters gambit >:3  
GT: Oh dear.  
GT: Hopefully nothing too much happens?  
TG: >:DDDD  
GT: Roxy  
GT: Roxy my lady what did you  
GT: What did you and john do.  
TG: hehehehehehehe  
TG: nuthin muuuuch wonk  
TG: >;3  
TG: dun worry tho  
TG: its nuthin destructive heh

---

Harry was half-listening to the principal, knowing most of the stuff that was coming out of the man's mouth. Though he did pay more attention during a few times of his speech for the things he didn't know- like the details of the Attack Drills, etc.

He sat besides his friends, thankfully not squished against them like some other students- they were at one of the lower bleachers and had ample room to themselves and didn't have people right before their feet. To his left was a random stranger- actually, he thinks he knows the guy, Zakhak right? Their year's teenage strong man and mechanic, he was part of the robotics

club as well. He was making great effort in paying attention to the principal but couldn't seem to help but reply underneath his breath to the girl to his left. Leijon he thinks.

Anyway, to Harry's right was Vivian, and to her right was Ross and finally Yvette.

Being honest the speech was kind of boring and Harry was admittedly getting more entertainment in Vantas a row behind them hissing profanities and empty threats at the snickering friends that surrounded him, Captor and Ampora were smirking so they were probably the target of his ire.

Karkat Vantas was kind of well known through the school- he was the kid that teachers constantly scolded for his language, and the teen, the madlad, just continued on without a damn care in the world.

Course he was also a type of target for some bullies, though most of them were often warded off by Karkat's friend group.

That doesn't really stop the bullies from trying to target him again and again though, especially with Karkat constantly talking back at them and pissing them off on the near daily.

Harry had to give it to him though, Karkat was really creative in his insults. Not everyone can creatively insult's intelligence and threaten to disembowel them with their own skull fragments. If it had been anyone else remotely intimidating or if Karkat actually meant his words or could go through with those words then it would kind of be terrifying.

But this was Karkat Vantas, the foul-mouthed teen that was mostly bark with no bite.

Vivian was also greatly entertained by Karkat's insult, snickering quietly to herself, "I'm so going to use the intestinal threat one day." She whispered to him and he cracked a grin, suppressing his own laughter at that.

"-nd soon the school will be holding a-" The principal continued in the background, only to be interrupted by the PA system blaring to life.



“**NYANNYANNYANYANAYANYANYANNYANYANYAN-**” Abruptly the song cuts itself off, “**NEVER GOING TO GIVE YOU UP, NEVER GOING TO LET YOU DOWN, NEVER GONNA RUN AROUND AND-**” Again it cuts itself off. “**A DUCK WALKED UP TO THE LEMONADE STAND, AND HE SAID TO THE MAN, RUNNING THE STAND, HEY BUM BUM BUM-**” Again. “**JOHN CENA--**” From there, it switched from recognizable songs and sounds that almost every teenager knew by instinct in this day and age...

Silence reigned the gym with the obvious exception of the cutting off songs and sounds that was playing before the gym erupted into copious amounts of laughter.

Harry wheezed in place while Vivian cackled against his shoulder, Yvette was laughing uproariously along with the rest of the teenage populace and even Ross was laughing, though he was trying and failing in suppressing that laughter.

Over the laughter and off to the side, one certain Vantas looked up to the ceiling and whispered emphatically to himself, “*Stars give me strength, I already want to strangle myself.*” It went mostly unheard as Sollux and Eridan laughed by his side.

“This has Egbert all over it!” Vivian exclaimed with a wide grin, “Fuck yeah!”

The teachers and principal tried to bring order to the humorously rioting teenagers, it took more than a few minutes since the song kept playing out despite anyone’s efforts.

John Egbert was called to the principal’s office by the end of it.

---

TT: How and when the hell did you and John do that.

TG: ;3

TT: No seriously Roxy, we just got into school.

TG: a wizards never reveals their secret~

TG: wizard\* reveal\*

TT: It's supposed to be magician.

TG: eh same thin

TG: but dun lie dirky i saw u laughing

TT: Oh I'm not denying on how funny that was, but the fact that we've just arrived at school didn't escape me whatsoever.

TT: Spill Lalonde.

TG: aight fine im spillin some tea sis

TG: so johnny came to me for the prank ide a tho he was gon just loop 1 song togehter

TG: an i thot n said

TG: johnny boy lets add more to the mix ye?

TG: and he said ye back so

TG: viola

TG: our piece de resistance

TT: Well I suppose I have you to thank for the inclusion of My Little Pony then.

TG: ur welcome ;]

TT: Still doesn't explain how you managed to do it.

TG: dirky

TG: i am

TG: SHOOKED

TG: that u dont rememeber my expertise n skills n shit

TG: do u know who ure talkin 2

TT: Ah how could I ever forget. You are Roxy Lalonde, resident Hacker Girl.

TG: rite title but wrong spelling

TG: its

TG: HAXXOR GURL

TT: Duly noted.

TG: hehehehe

TT: Thought you'd call yourself the Queen, seeing how impressive you really are.

TG: i wouldve tried butt lik

TG: miss void is the actual queen here

TG: and i admire her sexy ass

TT: Of course.

TT: Should I know anything else?

TG: nup  
TT: What about how long the loop will go on?  
TG: probs a while if they dun figure it out  
TG: they should since what i did is like v v easy  
TG: if they dont well  
TG: sux for them :)  
TT: What you call easy isn't exactly the same for others.  
TG: it sounds like a them problem  
TT: Roxy.  
TG: dirky  
TG: oh ye btw i found him  
TT: Found who?  
TG: u kno who im talkin bout ;]  
TG: karkles  
TT: You did?  
TT: Where was he?  
TT: Was he nearby?  
TG: chill dude  
TG: ull meet him l8r w jade  
TG: class bout 2 start dirky  
TT: Shit, you're right.  
TT: But the teacher isn't here yet.  
TT: We have enough time to talk about Jake's boyfriend.  
TT: What does he look like?  
TT: I still find it unfair that you know what he looks like while the rest of us don't.  
TG: im not gun spoil the first meetin  
TG: p sure ur gonna do that on ur own  
TT: What are you talking about?  
TG: mmm nuthin  
TG: trust me sides  
TG: u n the others already saw him thx to jade sharin that pic remember?  
TT: Indeed, he has black hair and red eyes. Curious though, that he has red eyes and naturally black hair.  
TG: genetics r weird  
TG: we both hav totally anime eyes  
TT: Flattering, though true. We have a very uncommon genetic trait in our

eyes that causes their hue to be unnaturally bright. Though I had the downside of the genetic trait of being sensitive to bright lights.

TG: its a suckers bet butt like ud totes still b wearin shades even w/o the sensitive eyeballs

TT: Oh definitely, one cannot pass up the opportunity to be cool as fuck by wearing shades.

TG: lotsa ppl pass up that opportunity

TT: They simply aren't cool enough to do it.

TG: whabout me

TG: i could totes rock a shades look

TG: heart shades seem rly cool 2 me

TT: You could definitely rock that look Roxy. I correct myself, most people are simply aren't cool enough to rock the shades look. You on the other hand could rock it masterfully.

TG: aw thx dirky :3

TG: imma look for heartshades then

TT: I'll help you with that.

TG: <3

TG: tech's here btw

TT: That he is. Later Roxy.

TG: yeee

-- tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT] --

---

The students were herded away from the gym after that, and after everyone received their new class schedules for the semester were they then corralled into their respective classrooms. Though classes weren't going to start on the first day, at least for most classes, some teachers wanted to jump right back into teaching much to the dismay of their respective students but most teachers were chill enough to let their students settle and mingle on the first day back to school.

The classes before lunch were all mostly chill. Which was great for Harry and his friends, of course they'd been separated from each other for a few classes but at least two of them were in a class together during the morning. And they had a couple of classes where they could all be together.

But that was after lunch.

---

— A pained whisper escaped his lips, “No... **Ryan** , please no not you-” He choked in his words, or maybe it was the mixed smell of iron and ash. The world around them burned but Nathan couldn’t care less for the world, not when his best friend was currently hanging off the ground. He shoved the debris off, ignoring his own injuries to hobble towards Ryan.

Ryan’s feet could barely touch the ground, the dripping of blood seemed so loud in his ears compared to the screams around him. The metal pole propped his body up, kept it from touching the ground impaled deep into the ground. “R-Rya-” He had to get Ryan down. He couldn’t revive with a pole in his chest. Ryan would be terrified if he suddenly revived and the thing was still lodged in there.

Nathan ignored the trembling figure by Ryan’s side, bloody hands clutching Ryan’s cape. “Don’t w-worry Ry, I’m getting- getting you down there. And then you can revive and we can- can go back home. Battle’s over Ryan. We can go home. We did it-” He rambled nonsensically as he reached his best friend.

Usually his powers fuck up on the daily, but for now, in what seemed to be great timing- they worked just fine. The pole was shot down, the gunshot making the figure flinch away but they didn’t let go of the cape. “I got you Ryan. I- I got you. I’m getting that pole out.” Nathan promised, fingers grasping the pole and **pulling** -

It makes a sickening sound as Nathan freed Ryan from being skewered, “Pole’s out!” Nathan exclaimed happily, his mouth tasted salty and his cheeks felt wet. He ignored them, just like the younger teenager by Ryan who looked at him with wide, traumatized and frightened eyes. “Come on Ryan. P-Pole’s out. You can revive now.” He coaxed, letting Ryan lay down on messy ground.

Nothing.

No ticking sound.

*No ethereal clock.*

*Nothing.*

*“Th-this isn’t funny Ry, come on! Time to come back! Tick tock! We- we have to come home together remember?!” Panic creeps in his veins as Ryan says nothing, eyes shut behind his mask and chest so so still.*

*Nathan sucks in a deep breath, gagging at the salt, blood and ash he could taste in his mouth. “C’mon! Clock! Judgement clock! Time to come out for Ryan! He’s coming back! He didn’t-” Do anything heroic.*

*He looks at the younger teenager, ragged and still holding on to Ryan’s cape. “H-Hey, you.” They jolt, but they look at him with sad, sad eyes- “It didn’t happen yet right? I-I came back in time, Rya-Bloo-Blood’s clock didn’t appear and declare shit- right?!” No no no no no*

*The younger teen, boy? Girl? Nathan didn’t care, shifted in place, still holding **Ryan’s cape-***

*“... I-It did...” They whisper quietly, but like the blood dripping earlier, it was the loudest thing he’s ever heard in his life. “The cl-clock- it appeared a-a-and, it went ye-yellow. Heroic... I-I’m sorry.” They sob.*

*The world is burning around him, screams are in the horizon and the sky is colored with fire and dark smoke.*

*But Nathan’s world turns grey and his hearing fails him.*

*Ryan was gone.*

*Blood was dead. For good.*

*His vision went white and **black.***

**-=VILLAINHOPE=-**

*“Where’s Blood and Hope?!” John called out loudly, looking over their surroundings. Lilian was badly hurt but she was thankfully hanging in*

*there, Max was helping her stay upright. “We need to regroup- that thing is still out there!” It had been one of their worst monsters ever faced yet.*

*So much damage and death- they needed to take it on together, maybe get more help if they had to.*

*“I have no idea.” Max shook his head, trying to support his girlfriend to the best of his abilities. His ribs were cracked but at he was faring better than her. He wasn’t the one who had a broken leg and concussion. “You okay there Lils?” He asked her quietly.*

*Lilian groaned, mumbling weakly, “Doing just peachy babe... Healing, slowly...” Very slowly.*

*John’s lips pursing, “Shit. Where the hell can they be?”*

**VWOOOOOOM**

*As if to answer him, a pillar of white with swirls of black exploded in the near distance. The shockwave nearly knocked all three heroes from the air. John managed to catch and cushion not only himself but also his more injured friends and heroic teammates.*

*“What the fuck was that?! Are you guys okay?!” The blue-clad hero questioned, looking over Lilian and Max.*

*They were fine, sore and pained from the sudden shockwave and jostling their injuries but alright enough and alive.*

*The pillar of white and black shot through the clouds and smoke, gaining everyone’s attention from how bright and eye catching it was.*

*It also felt very familiar.*

*“Nathan?!” John couldn’t help but blurt out in confusion.*

*Nathan hadn’t ever used his powers like this before!*

*They had to check this out, wherever Nathan was- Ryan was typically nearby.*

*Hopefully. ˘*

---

“Damn, last chapter- and things were getting good!” Yvette complained, slumping against Harry with her phone clutched in her hand. “They’re finally getting into turning Nathan into an actual villain I think!”

“You think? Change that to definitely! It’s been like ten chapters from the start, I know this is like a slow story but they have to make Hope the villain like they said.” Vivian countered with a grin, waving around her own phone which displayed the same story Yvette had been reading. “With Ryan dead, he’s pretty much going down the path of villainy.”

Harry and Ross snorted as the girl part of their group talked about the latest fanfic that caught their eye- it was a story that was using a very new but popular trope of a powerful Hope going bad, or was already bad. It varied, there were some stories that had Hope starting out as a secret bad guy but was changed due to one of the Aspects, most commonly it would be because of Blood.

Ever since the reveal of the fact on how much of a powerhouse Hope was, or *could be* - the fanfiction writers went with it and turned it wild.

Harry didn’t really read fanfiction much... But admittedly he did read whatever his friends recommended him to read, which also included fanfiction, mostly from Yvette and Vivian. Ross would also occasionally recommend one and if it came from Ross, well, it certainly would be a good read, fanfiction or no.

The school day was half-way done and things so far were going smoothly. Everyone was settling back in school, gossip and news was already running rampant with the most popular topic being of course, the Aspects themselves.



Oh and John Egbert had been released from the principal's office, didn't seem like anything bad happened to him. He was smiling normally and didn't seem to be in trouble- well, his prank at the gymnasium had been pretty tame compared to what his usual roster is. Maybe it was because it was only the first day of school? And that was also why the principal let him off scott free? It wasn't as if he hurt anyone, all he did was somehow get the PA systems to loop through meme songs.

Harry and his friends were spending their lunch outside in the school's courtyard. Having already finished their lunches pretty quickly so they could the rest of their lunch just relaxing before they had to go back to class. Which again wasn't bad so far but still, gotta get into the habit of doing so for future school days.

"Excuse me, I'll be back." Ross said as he stood up, when his friends turned to him he gave them a small smile, "Comfort Room." Ah, he had to piss.

Yvette checked where they were, "If I remember correctly, there's a bathroom nearby here- over there." She told him, motioning to the nearby school building.

"Ah, thank you Yvette." With that, Ross left his friends behind to relieve himself.

Unknown to the spectacle he was about to witness.

---

GT: Karkat where exactly are you?

GT: Jade is being particularly annoying this lunch, i think it's time for the official meeting no?

CG: YEAH YEAH I'M COMING.

CG: JUST HAVE TO DITCH THE OTHERS.

GT: Is that really a good idea?

CG: I AM NOT FUCKING READY FOR OUR TWO GROUPS TO ACTUALLY MEET EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST DAMN TIME WITHOUT REMEMBERING THE BULLSHIT THAT WE ALL WENT THROUGH.

CG: MY FRIENDS ARE ALREADY FUCKING OBNOXIOUS WITH

YOU, I CAN ONLY SHUDDER WHEN I IMAGINE THE FUCKERY THAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THEY MEET JANE, JADE, DIRK AND ROSE.

CG: BUT THEN AGAIN I'M VERY SURE THAT KANAYA AND ROSE WILL BE HAPPY TO MEET EACH OTHER.

GT: Thinking of playing matchmaker?

CG: HEY, THOSE TWO WERE GREAT BEFORE AND THEY'LL BE GREAT TOGETHER AGAIN.

CG: PLUS HAVING THE DISTRACTION OF A PRETTY GIRL MIGHT GET ROSE PAY OFF IN THE FUTURE.

GT: How clever :B

GT: How is the human education faring you so far love?

CG: IT'S PREDICTABLY FUCKING ANNOYING BUT IT'S NOT THE WORST THING TO HAVE HAPPENED SO FAR.

CG: AT THE VERY LEAST PUBLIC HUMAN EDUCATION ISN'T INVOLVED WITH MUCH VIOLENCE.

GT: Well there are school shootings.

CG: DON'T EVEN MENTION THAT BULLSHIT, I MEAN IT'S NOT BAD COMPARED TO THE SHIT WE KNOW BUT STILL. DON'T JINX US JAKE.

GT: Wouldn't dream of it.

CG: OH FUCK.

GT: ???

CG: I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT MORE ON MY HUMAN LIFE. TRY TO REMEMBER MORE SHIT ABOUT THE LIFE HERE.

GT: Karkat???

CG: SO SOME FUCKWADS APPEARED AND NOW I THINK I'M BEING BULLIED??

GT: PARDON?

CG: JAKE I'M FINE, THEY'RE JUST BEING DICKS AND CALLING ME NAMES. THEY AREN'T TRYING ANYTHING, IF ANYTHING I'M JUST PISSING THEM OFF WITH HOW I'M JUST TAKING IT AND TYPING INTO MY PHONE.

GT: Karkat where are you???

CG: I CAN DEAL WITH THIS SHIT.

CG: THEY'RE HUMAN DUMBASSES, NOT TIER TWELVE

UNDERLINGS.

CG: I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] is idle! --

GT: Karkat!!

---

Ross hummed, drying off his hands thoroughly at the sink. He glanced at his own reflection, briefly looking over himself before nodding. Shaking his hands after the warm dry, he checked his pockets, nothing was missing, alright- time to head back to his friends.

Exiting the men's bathroom, he took a few steps forward only to scramble back with a barely contained squeak of surprise when he saw something to the side. Quickly he hid behind the side of the locker, peeking out to see-

Oh.

Oh dear.

Karkat Vantas stood, back against the lockers, looking very displeased and disgruntled as four older boys stood before him. Each looking a mix of cocky and annoyed.

He knew those boys, they were notorious troublemakers of the bad sort. And they regularly picked on lots of students, mostly those younger and weaker than them.

It was only the first day and yet they've already set their sights on Vantas.

---

## Chapter End Notes

Those bullies have no idea what they're in for.

Anyway, this is about 7.7k words and LOOK!! 40 GODDAMN CHAPTERS!!

I never really thought it would last this long or go this long.

But hey! We're getting there!

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter, and here's to hoping my new schedule will help me with my writing.

Till next chapter!

## Outside Perspective (2)

### Chapter Notes

it's here!

again sorry for the very long wait, had a hiatus and i'm trying to get back into the swing of things

and the swing of things for this story is complicated and i laugh at myself at the fact that this whole story started on a whim and i was originally nervous at the amount of characters i'd have to write about. that nervousness has not abated, but my stupidity has grown.

watch as i drag more characters into this, the cast of characters were already fucking huge now, but how about we add a bit more i say after creating the four omega-esque kids

oh the character dynamics and interactions as well, those are gonna be FUN and INTERESTING and NOT AT ALL DIFFICULT TO DO

sigh, that's just me bitching. at the very least, i hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

-- Memo Board ; Private ; Locked by gardenGnostic [GG] ; [Pir8te Aspects! The Gathering Part 1] --

GG: "I am The Witch!" The woman proclaimed, slamming the butt of her staff on the ground twice, green sparks coming from the dog skull ornament on said staff. She wore a giant fur cloak that covered her entire body, with the wolf head covering her head, they could only get a glimpse of her clothes from where she had her hand and staff out. Old but strong stuff.

"What do you need from me?"

TT: "Woah." Time muttered, blinking at the sight of her in that giant fur cloak. "Can wolves even grow that big?" He asked his fellow aspects before shaking his head. "We need your aid Witch, we ask you join our adventure across the seas to seek out what we lost."

GG: (hehe wolves CAN grow that big, actual wolves are actually a lot bigger than what people think!)

AG: “Apparently so.” Breath answered back and nodded, “Yes, uh, what my friend said.” Though he was trying not to laugh at Time’s wording. Like wow dude, nice try to blending in.

TT: (Ah. Duly noted.) Time notices Breath’s attempt to not laugh, he gives him the subtle finger.

AG: (Holy shit???????? Checked it out and yeah???????? They can????????) “Real mature asshole.”

CA: “We’re stuck in the age of pirates and we’re asking a Witch with a dog-staff thing for help. Wow, what is with our lives.” Void murmured to them, eyeing the witch cautiously though she had to roll her eyes at her boys’ immaturity.

CA: (i thought wwe agreed to just talk in the meta chat instead of interruptin the floww wwith parenthesis)

GG: (whoops!)

---

-- Memo Board ; Private ; Locked by caligulasAquarium [CA] ; [Pir8te Aspects! The Gathering Part 4] --

CA: “Will you stop bitchin’ and get on my ship!” Dualscar shouted at the blond, annoyed by the prince’s stubbornness.

TT: “No.” The Prince deadpans, sitting down from where he previously stood. “Your ship looks tacky.” “Oh \*snap\*.” Time said, snapping his fingers.

AG: “Ahahahahahahah!” Mindfang laughed long and hard, “I like this prince!” Breath snickered, oh man, he dearly wished his phone was working.

GG: “Oh my fucking god this is going take \*\*\*forever\*\*\*.” Blood groaned, taking comfort by Hope’s reassuring pats on his shoulder.

CA: Void emerged from wherever shadow she previously was hiding, “You might really want to get on the ship Princey, we’ve got incoming at 6 o’clock!” She exclaimed, reminding them that they were being chased!!

---

-- Memo Board ; Private ; Locked by timeausTestified [TT] ; [Pir8te Aspects! Falter Arc] --

GG: "For time travelling teenagers with powers, I would have thought you would have done better." The Witch noted aloud as she steadily healed the rash on Time's arm. "We would have done better if our powers were actually fucking working right!" Blood complained, rubbing his face in frustration. "There, there. At least our powers still work... to an extent." Hope reassured him with a strained smile.

TT: "Yeah ever since that \*crazy guy\* messed with us, our powers have just been going loco." Time agreed, he caught the Prince's raised brow and sighed. "Means going crazy, not working right. I can't get me and my friends home. Which is why we asked you guys for help to find him. We heard you guys had problems with him too so we decided to like, recruit you." (We really need to establish an actual name for the crazy guy.)

AG: "Admittedly being recruited by five teenagers with powers is one of the strangest recruitments I've ever had." Mindfang admitted, though she smirked at them. "But also the most entertaining." "Well I'm glad we're entertaining you Miss Mindfang!" Breath said with some sarcasm. (Yeah we pro8a8ly should.)

CA: "It's certainly not borin' at least." Dualscar sighed, running a hand through his hair. Void beamed giving him a thumbs up, "Yep!"

---

-- Memo Board ; Private ; Locked by caligulasAquarium [CA] ; [Pir8te Aspects! Singalong Arc] --

GG: "SING!"

TT: "No."

AG: "If I had to sing, you are certainly singing too Princey." Mindfang growled, frustrated by his lack of cooperation.

CA: "Pleeease Princey, sing?" Void pleaded with wide eyes and a pout.

TT: The Prince's normally stoic face twitched, his brow furrowed as he regarded his crewmates and tentative 'friends' with an unreadable look in his eyes.

GG: "Come on Princey, sing! For us! For yourself!" Hope pleaded with Void while Blood just growled at him, "Just fucking sing for fuck's sake!"

TT: The Prince stayed silent, nose scrunching before he opened his mouth to finally answer...

TT: "No."

CA: (goddammit tt) The box explodes from the lack of melody, time was up.

---

-- Memo Board ; Private ; Locked by arachnidsGrip [AG] ; [Pir8te Aspects! Water Spider Arc] --

TT: "I blame Mindfang for this madness." The Prince deadpans as he and Time stood back to back with each other, eying the arachnid creatures swimming around them with a clear predatory look in their eight eyes.

AG: "And I blame your incompetence to not follow orders!" Mindfang shot back but had a clear grin on her face. Breath stood by her side, trying his best to keep the protective barrier around them up and to give them crisp, clean, new air with his powers. It wouldn't last forever though.

CA: "I **\*\*hate\*\*** spiders." Void whimpered but firmly clutched the rifle in her hands, resisting the urge to cower.

GG: "You're not the only one." Blood scowled, protectively hovering over the unconscious Hope. They were definitely in deep trouble. (pun intended :D)

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-- Memo Board ; Private ; [Pir8te Aspects! Bloodless Arc] --

TT: "Face it folks," The Prince said with a heavy but steady voice. "We have to do it."

TT: Time gave a solemn, serious nod. "He's got a point here guys. If all else fails..."

GG: "No!!" Hope and The Witch shouted together, "I refuse to kill off my boyfriend! I absolutely refuse!" Hope continued, angry at even the **\*\*thought\*\*** of harming Blood.

AG: "It's not like we have much of another choice," Mindfang drawled, tossing her hair back and giving them both a look. "If you have another plan please, share it with us so we can do that."

AG: Breath looked hesitant, "If there's really no other choice..." As much as he hated it, they couldn't let Blood suffer like this.



CA: Dualscar let out a frustrated sound, kicking a nearby pebble off to the side. "It would be so much easier if Void wasn't down!" The poor thing was off to the side, deathly ill but slowly recovering.

GG: i think we need a break after everything that happened :(((

AG: shit yeah

CA: after all that? definitely

TT: Decided then. I'll lock the memo until we decide to pick it up again later on.

-- Memo is now Locked! By timeausTestified [TT] ; [Pir8te Aspects! Bloodless Arc] --

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-- Memo Board; Private ; [Pir8te Aspects Meta >:D] --

-- gardenGnostic [GG] is online! --

GG: first day of school!! :DD

GG: how's everyone's first school?

GG: tt and i are having a good time so far

GG: we got one hell of a start hehehehe

-- timeausTestified [TT] is online! --

TT: Yeah no shit.

-- caligulasAquarium [CA] is online! --

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] is online! --

CA: first day's not so bad

CA: yeah our owwn start wwas pretty amusin

AG: Are you kidding????????

AG: It was HILAR8OUS!!!!!!!!

AG: Oh man!!!!!!!!

AG: Eg8ert's done it again hahahahahahaha!!!!!!!!

CA: i mean it's not as drastic as his other pranks but yeah it wwas pretty good

GG: !!!!!

GG: WAIT!

GG: ca! ag!

GG: you were there when john set off the pa system this morning?!?! :0000

TT: And when she says John, she means John Egbert.

AG: Yeah?

AG: Oh

CA: oooh shit

CA: wwe go to the same damn school don't wwe?

TT: I suspect that answer to be 'yes, yes we do'.

GG: woah!!!!

GG: that means we could meet in real life!! :00

GG: i mean, tt and i already know each other in real life like we said before but you get what i mean!

AG: Oh I definitely get what you mean GG :::)

CA: the question is do wwe really want to meet up in real life?

AG: What are you talking about? Of course! Why wouldn't we want to meet each other?

AG: We've already proved that we aren't a bunch of nasty old men or something.

TT: I mean you never know, one of us could just be a teacher who happens to not look very favorable to the eyes and happen to be male.

AG: H8H!!!!!!!

AG: I'll believe it when I see it!

AG: I usually have a great sense of people and I have a very good feeling that both you and GG aren't old fogies.

AG: CA on the otherhand.....

CA: har har you think i'm ugly

CA: which i am certainly fuckin not

CA: if anything you're the one who needs to look in the mirror

AG: And I do and I am absolutely flawless! >:::;D

GG: hehehehehe

GG: i'm with ag on this!

GG: i'm always open to have more friends! and we've been talking with each other for a long while now, ever since the forums got started!

GG: i mean, just look at our rps and story logs!!

TT: They are pretty amazing.

TT: And I am curious for the sociopathic minds that thought of the 'Water

Spider' Arc that happened a few weeks ago, I still go back to read through it.

AG: Awwwwwwww you called sociopathic, I'm \*so touched\*. And hah! That was the most awesome arc we've gone through yet!!!!!!

AG: See? We're good online friends and we got to the same school! We gotta meet!

CA: wwell

CA: gossipin bout each other's drama would be a bit better in real life i guess

CA: speakin of which

CA: does your best friend go here too tt?

CA: cause ta and cg do

CA: you can finally watch the drama yourself

GG: ooo!

GG: i will ready the popcorn!

GG: and yes my brother does go here

GG: we're actually looking out for his boyfriend who goes here too!

TT: Haven't really seen him around though.

TT: But he promised to introduce us soon.

CA: oh damn wwe get to wwatch each other's drama

CA: gg make sure there's twice the amount of popcorn you made because this is \*gonna be good\*

GG: roger that!! >:BBBB

AG: Save some for me >:::D

TT: It's times like these that I question my decision to make shady online friends like you three.

TT: You especially Jade, you're my best friend's older sister. How are you like this?

GG: i just am!

GG: also hey!!!

GG: if you're going to use my real name then i'll use yours! just sit back and enjoy the show with us dirk!

TT: I mean, if we are going to meet up in real life. Might as well give up our actual names? You and AG are being stubbornly optimistic that this'll be a positive meeting after all.

AG: And it will 8e!

AG: It's very nice to meet you 8oth Jade, Dirk.

AG: I'm Vriska and the idiot in violet is Eridan!

CA: i could've just introduced myself vvrisk

CA: but eh, at least i can finally use your nickname here

GG: and it's nice to meet you both too eridan! vriska! :D

GG: we finally know mindfang and dualscar's real names dirk! isn't that great?

TT: And they know the real names of the Dog Witch and the Sea Prince.

TT: By the way, I'm planning on continuing the rp in a couple of days if everyone's okay with that. Think we've been on break from it long enough.

AG: Yesssssss!

CA: i wwas beginnin to miss it i'll admit

GG: yay! i did too but i didn't know if i wanted to rp while the whole

GG: you know

GG: was going on :(

AG: You mean the building h8 on the aspects? Yeah I know >::::/

AG: Sure people died 8ut for fuck's sake! People still lived!

CA: and she's not bein disrespectful to the ones who died but like

CA: hating the aspects doesn't seem like the smartest idea

TT: Yeah it fucking sucks, and no it's not but it's ultimately an understandable one.

TT: It's just how people cope.

TT: Some people at least.

TT: At any rate, that aside, we're back on schedule after a couple of days.

TT: Gotta get used to being back in school.

TT: Schedules and shit.

AG: Uuuuuuuugggggggghhhhhhhh.....

GG: aw c'mon vriska it won't be that bad!

GG: i'm actually looking forward to classes again!

CA: i think you're the only one wwho'se lookin forward to it jade

TT: No she's not, but she's the one most optimistic for it.

AG: 8e optimistic all you want! 8ut I will lay in my pessimism and mean it!  
School SUUUUUUUUCKS!

TT: I will not deny or support that.

GG: !!!

TT: Oh damn.

TT: We'll be right back.

AG: W8 wh8t????????

AG: Where are you guys going?  
GG: jake's boyfriend karkat might be in trouble!  
GG: he said that he was being cornered by a bunch of bullies!!!  
CA: what  
CA: kar????  
AG: Oh fuck you mean Karkat Vantas Karkat???????  
TT:  
TT: You have got to be shitting me.  
GG: uuuh

---

-- Memo Board; Private; [DUMBASS FACTORY] --

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] is no longer idle! --  
AG: YO KARKATS 8EING 8ULLIED SOMEWHERE!!!!!!  
AG: OH AND WE'RE MEETING JAKE'S FRIENDS AND SISTER  
TODAY!!!!!!  
TA: excu2e me \*\*what\*\*

-- caligulasAquarium [CA] is no longer idle! --

CA: if you think wwe're joking wwe're not wwe're really fuckin not  
CA: important part is that kar is being cornered by some douches  
somewhere again!  
GA: Where Exactly?  
AC: 3:< < ac is on the hunt!!

---

"What is taking him so long?" Vivian complained as she slumped against Yvette, "He's taking the piss of the century!"

Harry rolled his eyes, "It's only been a few minutes Viv, he's probably thoroughly washing his hands right now. Or maybe he got distracted with something or someone- he's not taking the piss of the century."

"Well it *feels* like it." Vivian pouted while Yvette snickered while scrolling through her phone. "Oh hey, Harley Jr. Is off somewhere." She pointed

aloud as Jake Harley abruptly stood up from the table he shared with his sister and friends. The table of eight looked at him, Vivian and her own friends were too far to hear what Jake was saying but he was obviously stumbling over his words just as he was stumbling over his own feet before dashing off.

Yvette blinked as the panic and unsettled looks on the rest of the table's faces before they too, stood up and quickly tried to follow after Jake. "Where the hell are they going?" Jade and Dirk seemed to freeze in place, prompting the others to stop abruptly as the two looked at their respective phones- damn, they couldn't see their faces but the look of disbelief that spread to the others was definitely something.

Harry yelped as abruptly Vivian sat up from her slumping, a mischievous look on her face paired with glinting eyes. "Let's follow them."

"*What?* "

"Sure."

Harry and Yvette looked at each other, Harry looking questioning while Yvette sported a grin.

"Are you both *crazy*? Why the hell should we follow them? And Ross isn't even here!"

"Aw *c'mon Harry!* Live a little! There's obviously something going on there- we should find out! I'm so bored! And hey, it's Ross' bladder's fault for not being able to be here. We can fill him in later." Vivian waved off, already on her feet, "Or Yvette and I can just go and *we* can fill in you *both* later if you're not coming with!"

Harry watched, dumbfounded as both of his friends quickly followed after the group who continued just minutes before. Soon afterwards however, he snapped out of his shock and scrambled after them. "Hey! Wait for me!" Sorry Ross, but *someone* had to make sure Yvette and Vivian don't end up in trouble!

It didn't take long for Harry to catch up with the girls, and in turn, catch up with the group of seven who were trying to catch up with Jake Harley. The three of them followed at a distance, trying and probably failing to stay inconspicuous but they weren't noticed. At least Harry hoped they weren't, this whole situation was ridiculous enough as it is.

And as much as Harry tried to get both girls to knock it off and return to the courtyard, ignoring whatever drama was going on with the StriLonde-Crockarlybert group, on his lonesome trying to get both Yvette and Vivian to stop was nearly impossible.

Also, he may be the *tiniest* bit of intrigued and curious himself.

Just a bit.

"Where is he?"

"I think Jakey went over there!"

"Eridan's on his way with the others-"

"Oh jeez, and today's just the first day of school too."

Indeed, it was *just* the *first day* of school and yet something was already happening.

And that something was apparently Karkat being cornered by bullies.

They didn't have to tell Ross anything as it turns out that Ross was not only a witness to everything from the start- he was partially involved!

---

By all means of intents and purposes, Ross should probably leave from where he was hiding and look for a teacher. Logically, that was what he *should* do.

*Instead*, however, he seemed to be rooted at his spot behind the lockers. Spying over the corner and watching nervously as Karkat Vantas stood against the lockers. Surrounded by Rick and his three friends/lackeys.

Rick was a couple years older than both he and Karkat, and were notorious troublemakers. They've gotten into much trouble over the years, Rick was even held back a year so he was older than the others. And typically, his personality was more befitting to those bullies in the movies.

He was rough, aggressive, rude, disrespectful to a fault, slacked off from his schoolwork and picked on those weaker than him. Ross should know, he'd been a victim to him before. It was only a brief time however as Rick seemed to hone on to Karkat shortly afterwards for whatever reason.

Maybe it was because of Karkat's provocative and admittedly creative swearing. Vivian told him that Karkat had insulted Rick right to his face, so he probably attracted all of Rick's aggression because of that.

Occasionally though, Rick would pick on him but quickly lose interest when all Ross would do was cower and stay silent.

"-t's honestly a little pathetic really." Rick said, Ross was close enough to hear what most of them were saying. "Like, I know you dressed like a fucking emo freak before. But I think you're trying a little too hard with those eyes of yours Fartass." He taunted him.

Karkat was strangely silent, Ross moved his head to see him- he looked... bored? Uninterested? He didn't seem bothered by Rick's taunting and insults. No sign of building annoyance or indignant rage, not even a scowl on his face. Just a set frown paired with hooded, unimpressed red eyes.

Ross blinked, quite honestly he expected Karkat to be fuming by now. And so did Rick.

The older teen had been aiming to annoy and get a rise from the shorter male, get him to react like usual, but so far he'd only regarded him like he was just talking utter-nonsense. Those bored, half-lidded red eyes were annoying *him* instead.

"Hey Fartass, are you listening? Rick *said* you're trying a *little too hard* to be emo!" One of Rick's friends, Zack? Exclaimed, getting annoyed as well. "Are you going for goth now? Or even worse, a *satanist*? It'd probably



work with those freaky fucking red eyes of yours- you're not even albino and you have red eyes!"

"Yeah! Betcha he's doing blood sacrifices back home like the freak he is."

Karkat just stared at them with that same unimpressed look he's had since the beginning. Arms crossed on his chest and just leaning against the lockers. Had Karkat developed thick skin over the extended summer?

In a way, yes. Being insulted by teenage human boys really didn't affect Karkat who thought their insults weren't really even creative. Fartass? A jab at his last name that he found a little annoying but not particularly bad. A jab at his clothes? Fuck them, he loved dark clothes and long-sleeved sweaters. A jab at his eyes? Okay that *may* have hit a nerve, just a little bit, but Karkat hid it and reminded himself that he was fine. Jake reassured him many-a-times that his eyes were fine, he'd take the words of his moirail over these random teens any day. The satanist thing? He didn't even know much about that so let it slide.

He actually held back a snort at the blood sacrifice one, well- he cut his wrists regularly. Did that count as a blood sacrifice thing? Maybe?

At any rate, so far, all Karkat could feel at this dumb charade of bullying was... mild annoyance. "Are you done?" He couldn't help but ask, "I think lunch is almost done and I've got better shit to do then listen to your dumbass insults against me."

Ticked, Rick took a threatening step forward, " *Shut the fuck up Vantas!* What better shit? No one would actually want to hang out with someone like *you* ." He sneered, his friends agreeing to his words easily with the same sneering looks on their faces.

"My *actual* friends say otherwise dickwad." Karkat replied snarkily, unable to *not* retort.

Rick grinned at him, "Hah! They're not *actually* your friends Vantas- why would they want to be friends with *you*? They only hang around because

they like to poke at your fucking buttons and set you off- they like the reactions you give. You're not a friend, you're entertainment."

Karkat's bored frown turned into a scowl, "That's what *you* fucking think. Why should I believe the shit that comes out of your asshole? Oh wait, that's actually your mouth. I couldn't tell, *it's practically the same*." Karkat retorted with a sharp grin.

Ross couldn't help the snort of laughter that escaped his mouth, nor could a couple of Rick's own friends. Rick's face turned red from anger and probably embarrassment, he glared at them and at- *oh* .

Ross' face suddenly paled as his gaze met with Rick's. Oh *shoot* , he'd been spotted!

"*Hailey*." Rick growled, "Get him over here!" He barked to the two who had laughed. They paled but hastily followed his orders. Ross yelped, attempting to flee, unfortunately he wasn't successful and he ended up tossed into the fray of it all.

Almost literally.

"Oi, leave him out of your bullshit, he didn't do anything!" Karkat exclaimed before trying to catch Ross before he could be pushed harshly into the lockers. He ended up cushioning him instead, Karkat groaned as he knocked into the cold metal of the lockers.

Ross spluttered, quickly backing away a bit so he wasn't squishing Karkat. "O-Oh! I-I'm so sorry Karkat!"

Karkat waved it all off, "It's fine, barely felt a thing."

"You think something's funny Hailey?!" Rick asked with clear aggression making Ross squeak. "*Huh?!*"

"Oh something's fucking *hilarious*." Karkat replied, stepping forward and tugging Ross behind him. "It's the fact you think you're being so *intimidating*. Which you aren't by the way, you're just some dumb fucking

asshole trying to feel powerful by being an asshole to others- a fucking *bully* all in all. And not even a good one, I've seen better bullies than you in bad cliché movies!"

Rick looked close to exploding, just one straw away from snapping and going straight into violence. "Oh fucking yeah Vantas?! Well fucking *hero*, you must feel *reaaal fucking confident!* *You must really wanna die at a young age!*" Rick exclaimed with all the rage a hormonal, aggressive teenager had. He whirled to look at his group, "Pin him down!"

They seemed a bit hesitant, "But Rick-" "*Just fucking do it! Hailey too!*"

Ross cried out, dodging the attempts to pin him down with struggle. Karkat on the other hand was quick on his feet, he ducked under an arm and shoved the owner away. "Ah!" Unfortunately Karkat had shoved his assailant right into Ross.

"Shit! Sor-" Karkat's apology was interrupted by a punch to the face by Rick, Karkat was caught off guard and the punch actually made him stagger a bit. "Asshole!" He hissed, he'd been punched to the face! It didn't really hurt that much, compared to his usual injuries a punch from this dumb teenager was nothing but he was embarrassed over himself for getting punched by said dumb teenager!

And he couldn't even fight back. Karkat realized as he dodged another punch from Rick, he had no idea how much stronger he was compared to a normal human. He could *try* to fight back, but he couldn't remember whether or not Karkat had fought back before in his human memories. How strong had he been before? Could he break a bone or two and get away with it?

"AH! GET OFF!" Shit, and not only that but there was a random human who oddly looked a bit like Jake in this bullshit with him! And just looking at him, Karkat could tell this kid was not a fighter. Karkat gritted his teeth and weaved around the angry Rick towards Ross, he tried to both be quick and not quick to get by Ross, hands wrenching the tightly gripping arms of one of the bullies off of Ross' arm.

Karkat winced as the teen let out a pained shout, shit, had he broken anything? “*Vantas!*” Can’t think about that right no-

*SLAM*

“*FUCK!*” Karkat shouted, forcibly slammed into the metal lockers by Rick. Fuck, *second time* he’d been caught offguard by this asshole- how embarrassing. Ross whimpered as he too, was slammed into the lockers by one of bullies.

Rick snarled by his ear, “Cocky *little piece of shi-*”

“***KARKAT!!***”

Karkat forced his head to turn to see who the fuck was shouting his name- “*FUCK!*” Rick screamed as he was suddenly tackled. Free from the asshole, Karkat turned and was *horrified* to see that *both* Sollux *and* Jake had tackled Rick down. Mirroring snarls on their faces.

“Get off of him!” Jane shouted as she and Jade did the same for the other bully, freeing Ross. Dumbfounded, Ross shrunk against the lockers with wide eyes as the bullies were suddenly overwhelmed with overprotective friends.

“*Attack!*” Vriska dramatically exclaimed as she, Eridan and Feferi took down the one bully whose hand that Karkat probably broke.

The last one was dealt swiftly by Aradia and Terezi.

“*Get the fuck off me-*” Rick snarled, trying to fight Sollux and Jake off of him only for Dirk and Dave to join in holding him down.

“*Oh fuck me.*” Karkat breathed at the scene- thankfully the rest of his ‘friends’ were just standing to the side but they were glaring at the bullies all the same.

“Sorry Karkat but you’re not my type!” John laughed from said side, “But hey! We’re here! Hi Karkat!”

“Karkat! Are you okay? Oh dear, your cheek!” Kanaya exclaimed, quickly coming to Karkat’s side and fussing over him. Karkat cringed and batted away her hands but told her that he was fine! His cheek was fine.

“Like hell you’re fine! KK, your cheek’s all bruithed!” Sollux exclaimed, grunting as he, Jake, Dirk and Dave kept Rick down. The older teen was cursing them, threatening violence.

“It is?! Oh Karkat, are you quite alright?!” Jake fussed, though he was firmly making sure that Rick couldn’t move whatsoever. He gave the bully a murderous glare, Rick actually froze as Jake growled, “*You hurt him...*”

Karkat was quick to sidestep Kanaya and go over and lay a hand on Jake’s shoulder, “I’m *fine*.” He stressed to not only Jake but to Sollux as well. “It’s just a fucking bruise! Calm your fucking tits everyone!”

“You still got hurt though Karkitty!” Nepeta pointed out with a frown. “You shouldn’t have gotten hurt.”

Before Karkat could even retort, he was interrupted with a chorus from a certain trio. “*Ross?!* ”

Ross, who had awkwardly faded into the background, winced and waved meekly at his friends.

“Okay, *what the fuck happened here?!* ” Vivian exclaimed as she, Harry and Yvette joined the group. They gaped at the pinned bullies as well as the united cooperation of previously separate friend groups.

“That’s what *I* want to know.”

Everyone froze as what seemed like from nowhere, a teacher- who the fuck was this teacher? - appeared behind the newly arrived three. She had her eyes narrowed and her hands on her hips, “Just what is going on here?!” She demanded, “Get off of them this instant!”

Ah fuck.

So much for a peaceful first day.

---

“Your phone is ringing.”

Griselda hummed, setting down her cup. “That it is.” She acknowledged, reaching out for her phone to answer the call. “Excuse me for a moment.” She told her guest, standing to take the call by the doorway.

Polypa watched her, eyes narrowed but calm. As Griselda answered the call, the oliveblood focused on a few other things. She looked back to the two files on the table, laid open right besides the half-empty plates of cookies and cups of tea. She still felt a little skeptical over everything she and Griselda discussed, but she couldn’t refute anything the older human woman told her.

If what she’s said so far was the truth, then her mission. *Their* mission, everyone on her team as well as the other teams, their purpose would be jeopardized. Not to mention they’d all be in danger, this was starting to get out of hand. She’d have to contact Tegiri and a few others.

They were the ones she could trust the most after all, and like hell she was going to let Dammek know about this first despite the fact she should probably be telling him first.

A sharp but exasperated sigh snapped her out of her thoughts and she glanced at Griselda, whoever was at the other side of the call seemed to have made her... Tired? Annoyed? Just a bit amused? It was all mixed on Griselda’s face as she spoke into her phone. “I see. Thank you Principal, I’ll come as soon as I can and I’ll let the others know as well.”

With that, she ended the call and pinched the bridge of her nose. Though annoyed she seemed to be, there was a conflicting smile on her face. “I’m going to guess that’s my cue to leave.” Polypa said, already standing, reaching over to captchalogue the rest of the cookies and drain the rest of the tea from her cup.

“Yes, it seems that my daughter and her friends have made quite the impression on the first day of school.” Griselda sighed, shaking her head then looked over to her. “Feel free to take the files with you.”

Polypa paused, “You want me to take them?”

“It’d benefit the both of us if you took them. Keep them for me, they’ll be safer with you than they will be with me. I just know that if I keep them around, they’ll be found and read by unwanted eyes and that is something I don’t want happening yet. And I know you’d love to conduct research on your own.”

“... I want to bring in more of my people. People I can trust,” Polypa started cautiously, watching her reaction. Griselda’s face blanked as she continued, “From the sound of things, I won’t be able to do this alone. As skillful as I am, I need back up. And so do you for the matter of fact.” She waited, wondering if Griselda would agree. Even if she didn’t, Polypa would just do it anyway. Still, it would be nice if they were on the same page.

For a tense moment, Griselda’s face went through a few emotions that Polypa couldn’t exactly name. Human faces were so expressive and malleable. Eventually though, the usual serene look Griselda wore was back on her face and she gave Polypa a smile. “If you trust them and you’re sure. Then by all means, go ahead.” That was surprising. “*But,*” Ah. “If *anything* happens, anything negative at least, happens to my family, friends, anyone I claimed as *mine* and you or one of your trolls are involved... I will not hesitate to gouge as many eyes from as many eye sockets and skulls warranted with my hairpins. And from there? Well, let’s just say I can be very *creative* with my work.”

Polypa shivered at the *very real threat* Griselda gave her. The troll knew that this human woman meant it. Griselda’s hairpins, the very ones she was wearing right now, looked so very sharp if one *truly* looked at them. For all the grace and elegance that Griselda exuded, Polypa could feel the predatory aura of someone who was far more skilled than they looked.

Wary, and maybe just a *bit* awed, the oliveblood nodded. “Noted.” She had to give it to the woman, she deserved every begrudging respect Polypa had for her. She swiped the two files from the table, securing them in her sylladex.

“Goodbye Ms. Goezee. Till next time.” Griselda hummed, watching her guest disappear out the window. She took in a calming breath and looked at her phone. She had a few friends to call, and a school to get to.

At least things were being kept interesting at Aradia’s side of life, though in all honesty she had indeed expected *something* to happen during the first day of school for her youngest. She didn’t know what happened though, just that her youngest daughter as well as her friend’s youngest children was involved in ‘fight’ and she as well as the others had to get to school to hear the whole story and discuss their children’s punishment.

Possible punishment.

She couldn’t wait to hear the details.

---

Harry fidgeted as he sat with his friends in the crowded room that was right outside the Principal’s office. They’d been ushered there by the teacher. Though at first Ross, Karkat and Zack had been sent to the infirmary to get checked on, it didn’t take long for Ross to return when it was confirmed he wasn’t exactly hurt. Maybe a bit bruised but nothing serious.

Karkat only had a bruised cheek to worry about. But Zack? Rick’s friend who apparently tried something with Ross, had sprained his arm somehow. Zack tried to blame it on Karkat which was ridiculous since Karkat wasn’t even as tall or big as him and couldn’t be as strong.

There were about twenty eight students in the room right now including him and his friends. Four of which were Richard and his three friends who were glaring at them, though Richard was specifically glaring at Karkat, Sollux, Jake, Dirk and Dave. Twelve being Karkat and his friends, eight more being John and his friends and finally four being Harry and his friends.

This was a lot of students, he, Yvette and Vivian had only arrived at the scene too! They didn’t even *do* anything!



But, even then, they probably would've stuck around for Ross who was unfortunately caught up in the whole mess.

There were two teachers overseeing them, making sure they wouldn't cause trouble while the Principal called their parents. Harry gulped at that, nervous at the thought of his father being called- probably being interrupted from something important.

Oh god, he'd just interrupted his dad's important military general work by being involved in all this. He was going to be so disappointed! But wait, it wasn't really his fault right? It was Rick for even trying to bully Ross and Karkat.

It calmed him a bit, but the idea of his dad being interrupted in his very important work to deal with something like *this*? And on Harry's *first day no less*? It still made him feel bad.

Harry sighed, looking over the room one more time. Richard and his three friends were on the other side of the room. Far away from them. Which was good. Harry himself, was with Ross, Yvette and Vivian in their own little part of the room, keeping together.

As for Karkat and John's group... well...

They've merged into one big group of twenty, which was certainly strange.

"Though it was through unfortunate circumstances, it is a pleasure to meet Jake's sister and friends today." Kanaya Maryam said with a smile, offering a hand to the closest to her. Which was Rose Lalonde who was giving her a steady but possibly dazed gaze.

"The pleasure is all ours." Rose finally answered after Roxy coughed and jabbed her in the side. "I'm Rose Lalonde." She introduced with a smile, (an actual, full on smile from Rose Lalonde herself!) as she accepted the hand.

Karkat, Dave, Jake, John and Roxy shared a hidden knowing look. But after that, there were introductions all around. Some weren't really needed as

some of them already knew each other's name if only because they were in the same club as each other or through some past interactions. But ultimately, everyone now knew everyone.

Apparently Eridan, Vriska, Dirk and Jade were in an online RP group together. (Nepeta and Roxy had been so appalled, wanting to know more about the RP and possibly wanting to join it.) Roxy, Dave, Jake and John already knew Karkat beforehand before any of their other friends. Jake had already met Karkat's group as well as their families and such while Jake's friends hadn't even met Karkat before today and-

It sounded like a lot of drama. Drama that Yvette and Vivian were greedily and shamelessly listening in. And by extension, so were Ross and Harry. However, they weren't the only ones who were listening in.

The teachers were as well, though they were thankfully minding their own business and were just making sure none of them were causing trouble. But other than them...

"Hah! *Boyfriends?* With *Vantas?*" Rick suddenly said aloud, tone mocking and cruel. "Wow, your tastes must be fucking awful Harley. Why would you be dating *him* of all people?" Harry straightened along with everyone else in the room.

"Got a problem with that you homophobic trashfuck?" Vriska Serket questioned roughly with a glare.

"Ms. Serket." One teacher warned but was interrupted by Rick.

He scoffed, "*Please-* I don't have a fucking problem with them being *gay*-my cousin's gay bitch. It's just the fact that Harley is dating *Vantas* of all people is the thing. Who would want to be with *him?*" He sneered, glaring at Karakt who stared back at him with a stony look on his face. It pissed Rick off. "Just *look* at him- he's an emo wannabe freak-"

"*Richard Williams that is enough!*" The other teacher barked, glaring at the older teenager.

They weren't the only one though, majority, if not *all* of the group were glaring at Rick. "As a matter of fact *I do* Williams, *I* want to be with him. And I think myself downright *blessed* to be with him." Jake replied coldly, and though Harry didn't really interact with Jake Harley that much he knew that it was rather unnatural to hear Jake Harley speak in such a chilled and hard tone. "Karkat Vantas is *nothing* as you say he is, anyone would be gosh-darned *fucking lucky* to be with him."

Karkat, who was sitting by Jake, flushed bright red at his boyfriend's words. Harry didn't notice a couple of sour but reluctantly approving looks that came from Sollux Captor and Dirk Strider, Yvette and Vivian did though. "Shut up Jake, it's fine. He's just being a cunt and bitching because you, Sollux, Dirk and Dave managed to tackle and pin him down. He's actually just feeling very humiliated and compensating for that and other shit by spewing bullshit to make himself feel better."

There was a brief moment of silence before the mirth took in full force, spearheaded by Vriska, Terezi and Roxy's loud laughter. Infected by the laughter, Harry couldn't help but chuckle himself, Ross too. Vivan and Yvette were just cackling.

Rick's face contorted with anger, accented by the red rushing into his face by both anger and humiliation. Harry couldn't stop his chuckling though, not with the fact he was probably really safe right now and that if all else fails. They outnumbered Rick and his friends.

"Language Mr. Vantas." Sighed one of the teachers. Harry kind of felt bad for them, but they weren't really doing much at the moment but keep an eye on them and try to rein them in verbally. Though he knew that they knew that it was pointless to scold Karkat on his foul mouth.

Before anything else could happen though, the door to the room opened and in poured countless adults. Though not every adult yet it seems. It was just half of Karkat's group, some of Rick's friends' parents.

Harry shifted in his seat, nervous to see his dad.

It was both relieving but a bit disappointing to see Wander enter the room instead of his father. “Hey Uncle Wander.” He greeted weakly after standing to meet with him. “Dad’s busy?”

“He’s in a meetin’ with our superiors, don’t worry, he’ll be home tonight though. He’ll certainly want to hear all about what happened.” Wander said with amusement, though he seemed very distracted. He kept glancing at the other adults and- oh right. Wasn’t Eridan his nephew of a sorts? So by technicality, wasn’t Eridan like his cousin in a way? Cronus too? Harry *was* Wander’s godchild after all.

“Heya Wander!” Vivian greeted brightly, grinning at his uncle.

“H-Hello, Mr. Ampora.” “Hey Wander.” Ross and Yvette greeted as well.

“Hello squirts, your parents are comin’ soon too. Promise ya that.” Wander greeted back with a small smirk. Vivian and Yvette groaned in unison while Ross sighed in both exasperation and nervousness.

If the room was crowded then, it was certainly starting to crowd now with the added adults into the mix. They all tried to make room, but thankfully it wasn’t that bad. At least Rick was keeping quiet.

Wander was distracted though, his uncle was quickly called over by Eridan’s own father. His cousin and practical brother in their youth. Harry was pretty much dragged in as his godchild and the fact Wander was the one who was going to meet the Principal in his father’s stead. And when Harry was dragged in, so were his friends.

And just like that, Harry, Ross, Yvette and Vivian were officially introduced to the group.

“This is your godkid? Harry right? Night to meet ya there kiddo.” Alpheus Ampora greeted, offering a calloused hand towards him. Harry smiled nervously but tried to give Alpheus a firm handshake, first impressions were important after all.

“It’s uh, nice to meet you too Mr. Ampora.”

Alpheus laughed, “Call me Alpheus, I’m not *that* old yet. And you're practically family boy, no need for formalities eh Wander?” He nudged his cousin, grinning widely as his smart relative rolled his eyes.

“Uh, okay, Alpheus?” God, Harry felt so awkward right now. But thankfully, he wasn’t the only one. There were several other awkward kids in the room with him. His own sort-of cousin Eridan was clearly awkward as well as he offered his own handshake to him. “Hey there Eridan. Guess we’re family now?”

Eridan gave him a lopsided smile, “Guess wwe are.”

“*You have GOT to be FUCKING with me right now...*” Karkat whispered in the background.

“Welcome to the family!” Leonor Leijon cheered with her daughter, “You’re welcome to join our regular family outings whenever you want Harry! You *and* Wander- we certainly want him back in our pride.” She winked at her old friend and practical family member.

Wander gave her a helpless smile, “I won’t promise anything, I’ll be busy most of the time- and what of Harry’s *actual* father?”

“Of course he’s welcome as well.” Kelvin Vantas said with a soft smile that really, Harry found a bit boggling as he glanced between that same soft smile and the irritated scowl on Kelvin’s youngest son’s face. “I’ve always wanted to meet this Eric Valiant, you say many great things about him, Wander. Surely he’d be a wonderful addition to our tight knit group, his son as well. We’re always open for more members of our little family community here and we dearly miss you old friend.” He said with a slight twinkle in his eye.

Wander couldn’t really say no to *Kelvin* of all people. The smiling soft-hearted prick. “I’ll tell Eric and we shall see... Perhaps it’ll benefit everyone if Harry and possibly his friends, get to know everyone.” He glanced at his godson who was looking very lost and conflicted over the matter. Yvette and Vivian on the other hand looked absolutely delighted, Ross- well, he was faring well. Defeated, but well.

“Of course, Harry’s friends and their parents are welcomed to be family as well.” Corinna Maryam said with a similarly soft smile.

Out of nowhere, Jade spoke up, “Well get ready for even more family members because hi there! I’m Jade Harley and my brother is dating Karkat! Our Grandpa is coming along with everyone else’s parents!” She exclaimed with bravado and a shining smile. Suddenly Karkat is trying to hide into his sweater with a loud groan as the adults turn to look at her. Jake winced and patted his back, chuckling nervously at the looks.

Kelvin’s eyes twinkle even more, “Is that so?”

Harry Valiant had no idea what to expect for his first day at school. But whatever it was, it certainly wasn’t *this* .

And this was *just* the beginning of the madness as soon afterwards, apparently there’s some drama between Aradia’s mother as well as the fathers of the Crockerbert duo? Also his uncle’s headaches have been getting a bit worse and more frequent so Harry was more worried about him.

He just hoped everything would turn out okay in the end.

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## Chapter End Notes

a chapter more or two until outside perspective will be over.  
i'll do my best to get it out as soon as i can but i make no promises  
because really, my motivation, inspiration and procrastination are hard  
to predict.

hope you enjoyed the chapter at least. till next time!

## Outside Perspective (3)

### Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jack sighed as he and his brother arrived at the school's parking lot. They arrived in Joe's car with Joe of course at the wheel. "Is it bad that I am disappointed in John getting in trouble during the first day of school? For the reasons of being involved with a fight *instead* of a prank?" He questioned aloud before they left the car.

His brother snorted, "Perhaps. At least with a prank you could praise his ingenuity, though I have a feeling that it won't *just* be for that we were called here. I'm sure John did something quite mischievous today during school as well." Hopefully not *too* mischievous. The barbasol explosions from last year had been edging the line. "Though I am very surprised to hear that Jane was involved, something big must have happened."

"True." Jack smiled tiredly, though it quickly turned into a thoughtful frown.

Both their children were well-behaved kids, though they were pranksters and masters of japery, Jack couldn't see them being involved with any kind of fights other than self-defence. So when Jack received a call about his son and niece being involved with a fight, his first thought was exactly that.

He just hoped they were alright, though the Principal had said there were no major injuries and their children were fine, he couldn't help the small doubt he had.

"The others as well, it really must have been a big incident... I hope they're alright." Jack mumbled, already fearing the worst.

He was broken out of his fears by Joe, who gave him a brotherly comforting pat to the shoulder. "Now now brother, the children are fine. We'll see them soon and confirm it ourselves and find out what happened. Now come on, let's get out of this car, I think I see Roxanne parking nearby." He points out with a grin.

Perking, Jack quickly scanned around the parking area, "What? Where?!"

He ignored his brother's snickers as Jack quickly spotted the soft pink car and the womanly figure leaving its drivers seat. "There she is. And she brought Dereck with him." The eldest Strider closed the car door behind him, talking with Roxanne over the car roof and obviously pointed towards him and his brother and bringing Roxanne's attention to them.

Spotting them, Roxanne beamed and waved happily towards their direction. She and Dereck walked over as both brothers exited the car.

"Joe! Jack! Hey!" Roxanne exclaimed in greeting, giving both of them a hug. "Guess the Principal wasn't kidding when he was calling everyone huh?"

"Nope. All we need is old man Jacob and the kids are set." Dereck Strider said, adjusting the hat on his head. "It's about time Dave and Dirk got into a fight, betcha they won." He smirked at them, snorting at both Jack and Joe's aghast expressions.

"Dereck!"

"What? You can't tell me you and Jack-a-boy there didn't get into some scruffs and shit when you were kids. Sure I wasn't expecting much of fights in this school, it does a damn better job than my shit childhood one and both my bros are good at avoiding trouble but that doesn't mean I wasn't expecting it." Bro points out with a shrug. "Honestly I'm surprised it took till now for them to get mentioned in a fight."

Roxane rolled her eyes and gave Bro a firm smack on the arm. "Ignore him boys, we know he doesn't really approve of this... And we also know he's



right. Dave and Dirk could *totally* whoop any other boys ass. Along with Rose and Roxy or really *any* of our kids!”

“Damn right!” The two brothers sighed in unison as the blonde duo high-fived.

“Nevermind this, let’s just get inside and meet with our children.” Joe urged, about to usher his friends and brother into the school only to pause as the familiar sound of an old engine came. “Ah, Jacob’s here. Right on time I suppose.”

The four of them waited as Jacob’s old green car parked right beside Joe’s vehicle, the old man chuckling as he got out of his car. “Well, we’re certainly having quite the reunion today hm?” He says, smiling warmly at them, “And so soon after our last get together, on the first day of school! Our children are quite the rascals aren’t they?”

“Very.” Jack agreed with a slight chuckle. He felt a bit more at ease at the presence of his close friends. Roxanne especially. “Well, shall we find out just what kind of trouble they were involved with?”

“And just what kind of punishment the principal wants to dish out.” Dereck added in.

Jacob hummed, “We shall. I do hope that whatever fisticuffs happened, Jake and Jade at least had the upper hand.” He grinned, laughing at Joe and Jack’s complicated faces and Dereck’s smirk, Roxanne joined his laughter.

“See? Jacob gets me!”

“Unfortunately.” Joe sighed as the five adults strolled into the school premises and headed towards the Principal’s Office. Which unfortunately took a bit as the school itself was impressively big. There had been plenty of renovations and improvements over the years.

Paint Highschool was a relatively young school compared to the other schools in their city. Jack certainly didn’t attend the school when he and Joe were young, it hadn’t existed then. Not really, the building had been

different hadn't it? Had it been a business place before it was converted into a highschool? A science institution? He honestly couldn't remember.

But by the time Jack and Joe had been adults and had their children in their lives, Paint Highschool started and was already garnering attention as an upcoming big school that produced plenty of successful graduates and students and such. Causing it to grow even bigger and more successful.

Their children were certainly lucky weren't they? To grow up wonderfully with such a tight knit group of friends, staying in touch not only through online means but also in real life from their regular family get together and hang outs to also attend school together.

Jack and his brother had been admittedly a bit hesitant to let their children attend Paint Highschool, it was big, a bit expensive and the fastest way to get to school was by car and such. There was a highschool closer to their house within walking distance but they couldn't separate their children from their friends could they?

And it helped that the others were doing it as well, a bit surprising really but it was a pleasant surprise.

At any rate, their previous hesitation was long gone.

Arriving at the room where their children were, they were startled to find it so crowded. Their children huddled closely together and mingling with both each other, other children and actually with a few of the other adults there. "Girls!" Roxanne exclaimed, not even hesitating to get to her daughters. Roxy and Rose perking and accepting their mother's tight hug.

Similarly, the others reunited with their respective children.

"Would you mind telling us what happened exactly that had you children involved with this mess?" Joe questioned his daughter, nephew and their friends as they settled together. He couldn't help but stray his eyes to the others as his daughter explained to him. The explanation was lost and somewhat useless in the end as he sees *her* .

His breath stuttered and his attention immediately switched as he saw a familiar face in the crowd of young faces. Different but so familiar and similar to someone seared into his own memories.

“Damara?”

It wasn't him who said the name aloud. It was Jack.

He had seen her as well, staring at her with wide eyes.

Rust red eyes glanced at them both, confusion clear in them. “No, I'm Aradia.” The young woman said, her friends shuffling closer to her and giving both he and Jack looks of confusion and wariness. They're not the only ones though, his children along with their friends were giving them looks. Instead of wariness though it was mostly concerned.

Unseen by most, Karkat gave a bewildered look to John who could only helplessly shrug. He had no idea how his dad knew Damara's name!

Jack shook his head, giving her a strained but apologetic smile. “Ah, I see. I'm quite sorry young lady, I- I thought you looked familiar to someone I knew beforehand.” He explained sheepishly, he looked over to his twin who looked understanding to his plight.

Aradia tilted her head, “You know my sister?” She questioned, trying to connect the points that were laid before her.

Both adults jolted in place, “Your sister?” Joe asked, his heartbeat quickening slightly.

“Yeah her sister, Damara. You know her?” A girl with cerulean eyes questioned with a suspicious narrowed glare.

“Oh chaps...” Jacob gasps softly. Out of everyone, he was the only one who knew the full story about the Crockerbert brother's past and the origins of their children. He was, after all, present for some of that past drama. “Is your sister named Damara Yukida by chance young lass?”

Aradia blinked confusedly, “What? No, it’s Megido. Damara Megido, not Yukida.”

The disappointment and confusion that the brothers felt didn’t stay long as a voice interrupted anyone who was about to speak. “Now that’s a name I haven’t heard in years.”

Heads turned to see Griselda Megido standing at the doorway, more adults behind her but she took the attention of the whole room as Joe and Jack stood straight and stared at her with conflicted blue eyes. “Damara...” Joe whispered, sounding lost and heartbroken. Both his and Jack’s face matched his tone of voice as Griselda stood before them. A sea of children between the brothers and their old flame.

“*What.* ”

Griselda ignored the hushed and hissed whispers and gave both men a gentle smile, it didn’t reach her eyes. “It’s Griselda now Joey, Jack. Griselda Megido. Damara Yukida is a name set in the past... and I’ve given the name of Damara to my eldest daughter.”

Like a match, many heads turned towards the Crockerbert fathers. Their faces complicated and pale. “Eldest *daughter?* ” Jack repeated, though he was standing straight and tall, he couldn’t help but feel that the world around him and Joe was wobbling, swirling around them both while threatening to swallow them whole.

“Griselda,” One of the adults, a hulking man with wild hair and purple eyes, “My sister from another mister, dearest sweetest Griselda... Mind telling us what the fuckmothering hell is going on right now?”

“Kieran!” An elegant lady scolded beside him, swatting his shoulder.

Her fellow lady in fuchsia pink snorted, “Hey clownfish here’s not wrong to ask, I can *taste* the tension and drama here on my tongue Corinna.” She glanced over to Griselda and the Crockerbert brothers. “What the flipping fuck is happening between the three of them there?”

A loaded question that most of them wanted to know.

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The amount of tension in the room was ridiculous, and the underlying drama was deliciously tempting and Vivian dearly wanted to know what said drama and tension was about.

Her friends accused her of being a gossiping and information digging bitch and honestly, that was fair. She wasn't ashamed to admit that she found gossip great to find out and listen about- though she wasn't much of a gossip *er* though. With the exception of her close friends of course.

She always gossiped to them about whatever she heard and nagged on them to hear what *they* have heard in turn. It was just what she did.

She liked to think of herself as a lowkey information broker, or collector to be more accurate.

No matter what kind of gossip, information, story, she wanted to know. Even if it wasn't about sunshine and rainbows or such, even if there were probably or even definitely consequences in learning about that topic. If there was some type of drama? Oh you know that she wanted to know.

There was tea and she dearly wanted it to either be spilled or sip some of it herself.

What can she say, her throat's regularly dry and she likes to be entertained.

That didn't mean that she would be callous about the matter, she would learn and gather gossip but rarely ever let out a squeak about it to anyone else that wasn't Yvette, Harry or Ross. Even from them sometimes if she thinks they really didn't have to know about it.

But back to the point and long story short; Vivian liked gossip and drama.

And there was *definitely something* between John and Jane's fathers and Aradia's mother.

The room was tense and awkward, the groups were once again separated from each other though Karkat and Jake were certainly making the effort of staying close together which made things a bit more awkward as Jake and Jade's grandfather would also frequently glance over to the asian mother that was serenely standing beside her own friends and child. Though unlike the Crockerbert's glances, his was more skeptical and thoughtful.

Said twin fathers were trying and failing not to stare at Miss Megido.

"You're enjoying this too much." Ross whispered to her.

Vivian grinned at him, "Obviously." She whispered back, smiling innocently which contradicted her mischievous eyes.

"Viv, girl, I love you and all but this seems complicated as hell. Mind not butting in?" Yvette also whispered- she liked gossip as much as Vivian but unlike her, she was more hesitant to try and find out more. She usually just relied on Vivian to give her the scoop.

"Please for the love of god, don't butt in or snoop around Viv." Harry begged quietly, going as far as to jab her arm.

Vivian complained lightly, dramatically rubbing her arm, "You're all being so mean to me. I didn't even do anything."

"Yet. "

All three of them chorused a bit louder than they intended, which attracted a lot of attention much to their chagrin. They tried to wave it off and focus on Vivian who pouted at them.

"Vivian." She froze at the older voice that chimed in, Wander. "Leave it alone. Whatever happened with Gris- Griselda and... those two, ain't you or anyone else's business." He told her quietly and firmly. He knew how much of a snooping little shit she was, but he couldn't blame her. He wasn't going to lie; he wasn't curious as to what the hell happened between the three adults over there but Griselda was already underneath enough scrutiny and prodding from his cousin and the others.

There was... **something** about the whole ordeal that was bothering him though.

Like he *should* know what happened but forgot, which was frustrating for him and made no sense. How would he know about this nonsense anyway? He hardly knew the two gentlemen that apparently knew Griselda somehow and someway.

He hasn't been in touch with the rest in a long time, Griselda could have kept this all under secret for her own reasons and such!

But...

*"It's nice to hear you're havin' fun over there 'Damara'." He mused aloud through the receiver, chromatic eyes reading line after line. Over the phone, he could hear her huff.*

Something...

*"Shut your whore mouth. Fun? What's so fun about being sent on a solo mission with just the bitch around?" She retorted hotly and he felt just a bit more sympathetic. "... Okay so I might be enjoying the peace and quiet, and hey, I got to eat a shit ton of cupcakes and some ice cream cake yesterday." His sympathy was instantly gone at her smug voice.*

Was...

*"You're getting spoiled by those Egbert boys. Should I be expectin' wedding bells soon? Which of them are you goin' for there? Or are ya aimin' for both?" He joked, rolling his eyes as he shifted a bit in his bunk.*

Missing...

*He doesn't expect the prolonged silence from the other side, "... Don't joke about that." She murmured quietly, smug voice gone and replaced with a type of fragility that he hasn't heard in **years**. "I- this is just a mission. I can't stay here and I sure as hell can't meet with them afterwards." He closed his eyes and sighed quietly.*

*“Right, sorry Gris.”*

Wander massaged his forehead, breath getting a bit heavy and strained as he tried to push back the migraine that suddenly came out of nowhere. “Uncle Wander, are you okay?” His god son questioned worriedly as he supported himself on the chair that Harry shared with his friends.

“I’m-” He tried to reply, “Fucking hell Wander, you alright there?” Alpheus interrupted, looking concerned for his cousin.

Wander breathed in and out, “Yes Alpheus, I’m alright. Just a headache, nothing too bad.” He reassured his cousin and godson. He catches Griselda’s eye, she looks thoughtful and when she notices him she gives him a benign smile.

That- Wander shook his head, shaking away the strange feeling and smiled back at her. It’s been a long time since he’d seen Griselda, they haven’t stayed that much in touch much to his regret. Though this might be his opportunity to truly reconnect with his family and old friends.

But then again, it wasn’t like he had a choice. Kelvin and the others had already decided for him anyway, he was going to be dragged back to them whether he liked it or not. And likewise he wasn’t going back alone, he’d drag Eric and Harry with him.

Probably a bit cruel but hey, Eric would finally meet his cousin, old friends and Harry would gain more friends his age aside from Yvette, Ross and Vivian. And finally, he’d be reunited with his past. Honestly, it was surprising that he hasn’t kept as close of a touch with the others over the years, but that was life.

---

“Zachary, Karkat, come inside my office please.”

Karkat stared dumbfoundedly at the pensive-looking Principal, what was his name again? Standing there at the doorway, motioning both teens to come to him.



It's been a while since the adults piled into the office after the rest of the adults arrived. Which included not-Jak- Ross , Vivian, Yvette and the bullies' parents and or guardians.

The office was well soundproofed supposedly, but even then they could all hear the muffled loud noises coming from the room. They could only imagine what was going on in there, what sort of commotion was happening between the older generations of humans.

Though now Karkat wouldn't have to imagine it seems.

"Both of you, inside. Right now."

Hesitantly, Karkat squeezed Jake's hand before he let go and stood up. "Chin up diamond! It'll be alright in the end!" Jake reassured him, smiling at him brightly. Karkat spluttered at him with a flushed face, that fucking nickname!

"Stop calling me that!" Karkat complained, embarrassed beyond belief. He briefly smacked Jake in the shoulder before storming off towards the open door of the office- the dumb fucker Zack-Zachary something having gotten there first.

"Aww , you call Karkitty diamond?" He heard Nepeta slyly say and his face colors more, briefly he's actually a bit thankful that the human Principal was calling him to get into the office.

The *very crowded office* .

Filled with adults.

Suddenly he's not feeling as thankful as before.

His breath hitches and he nearly freezes up right then and there, but through sheer force of will and a firm mental reminder that he was *safe* here *despite* the circumstances. Karkat miraculously manages to keep his cool and not end up doing something he'd regret.

Like defenestrating himself out the fucking window.

There were more adults than he was comfortable with in one single room with him- but his friends, both kinds *and* Jake, were right behind him in another room. If all else fails, run out of the room into their safety. Either that or throw himself out the window, humans could survive a two story fall right?

“First off we come to the present matter of Zachary and Karkat’s injuries.” The Principal, Oliver Wesley says his nameplate on the desk, clears his throat, settling down in his seat and giving a wide glancing sweep to them all within the room.

The sides were obviously divided, Karkat being dwarfed and surrounded by *seventeen* adults around him though Kelvin, Leonor, Dexter and Corinna the ones who were personally by him. Zack on the other hand was surrounded by a pitiful six adults including his own parents. Awkwardly in the middle and standing mostly neutral were the remaining five adults, Ross’ father, Vivian and Yvette’s mothers.

“Obviously he should get suspended! Just look at his wrist- how can he play shotput with a broken wrist?!” Zack’s mother exclaimed righteously with her husband nodding in agreement. Zack was now looking just as uncomfortable as Karkat, oh sure he was pissed at Vantas but with the tension in the office and the amount of adults crowded in it it was hard to stay angry even with his ‘broken wrist’.

Kelvin levelled a look with them, “Mrs. Gretchen, your son’s wrist *is not broken* . His arm is *sprained* . There’s a difference, please keep that in mind.” He told her somewhat passive aggressively. Kieran coughed behind him, trying to stifle his snicker at the annoyed look on the woman’s face.

“And what does shotput even have to do with this current bullshit?” Dexter added underneath his breath much to the amusement of Leonor. Corinna subtly jabbed him though, less amused.

Oliver sighed, “Thank you for the clarity Mr. Vantas. Continuing on, would you please recount on how exactly did you both gain your injuries and why exactly were you and your group of friends found in a rather precarious situation?” Zack paled while Karkat groaned.

Gog this was going to take forever wasn't it?

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Griselda kept a calm face as she listened to Karkat's recounting, she kept her gaze on him even as she felt the occasional glances from a certain few that couldn't stop turning their eyes her way.

Out of everything that's happened today, *this* was something she hadn't taken account for or even expected. She was talking about seeing the two boys from an old photo once again, both now grown men. They'd grown handsomely, Jack and Joey Egbert.

Crocker, she internally corrected herself. Having remembered what Principal Wesley had called the sky blue eyed twin way earlier on. Joey's last name had changed while Jack had stayed the same.

Traitorously, her mind wondered if Joey was now married to have his last name changed like that.

Immediately that thought was thrown away. What did matter to her? She hadn't even remembered them until recently and even then, she couldn't remember everything, only bits and pieces of a time of her life where they were involved. She tried to focus back at the matter at hand; look see- in the moment she'd been distracted, Leonor was now snarling at a woman whose name barely escaped her. Gretchen? Had apparently called dear sweet little Karkat something rather unsavory, something that Lenor didn't take well of course.

"Leo-Leonor, *please*, she has no right to call Karkat that but please calm yourself!" Kelvin exclaimed, he and Dexter keeping a firm hand on her just in case she tried anything. Though both men looked disgruntled and displeased even as they anchored Leonor from doing anything reckless.

From besides them, the old man, Jacob Harley, stepped up with a stern look on his face.

"Now I've only heard about Karkat from my grandson but I am very sure that Karkat is *not* how you're describing her *madam* ." Jacob snapped, also

looking displeased and disapproving. “Anyone who my grandson is willing to defend is someone I take considerate and careful thought about.”

Griselda couldn't keep back her amusement as she saw how shocked Karkat seemed. Kelvin's boy was always a source of entertainment and such.

“I don't care what your grandson thinks, that boy still has to face the consequence of breaking my son's wrist!” Gretchen snapped back and the Megido matriarch was almost impressed from how fast the woman switched from fearful and wary to righteous and angry.

Almost.

As amusing as it was to watch this all, Griselda would rather go back home and carefully adjust her plans now that her past was now resurfacing. More so than what she had planned.

“First off and for the last time woman,” She started loudly, stepping away from the others to stand out. “Your son's *arm* is *sprained* , I wonder if you're focusing on your son's supposed athletics career of shotput because you know he's not that impressive in the intelligence department with *you* as his mother.” Behind her, she heard Moira and Ondine's snickers, as well as a few others.

“*I can see why you two liked her.* ” A man whispered, she glanced back, it was the man with the pointed shades, he was whispering to Joey and Jack. Her focus swivels back to the woman, can't get distracted Griselda.

“Second off, if we're speaking about consequences then we should speak about *your son's* consequences. His and his friend's consequences for attempting to bully someone a younger grade than them, both verbally and physically.” Griselda pointed out to them with a sweet smile, taking in the opposing parents and guardians' pale faces that showed their every emotion. Ranging from appalled, disgruntled, some denial but ultimately indignant.

“Richard knows better-” Griselda met eyes with Cosima who grinned sharply at her and interrupted the woman, one of the other mothers.

“Whether or not your child knew better or not, it doesn’t change the fact that an older graded student *supposedly* cornered the kid of my dear friend here. Before you even suggest otherwise, why not ask the other children for what happened hmm?”

Griselda let Cosima take the stage, letting herself step back into the group seamlessly, exchanging grins and nods with her friends. Though, she felt someone gently pat her back, gaining her attention. She looked back-

There, Joey and Jack stood, twin faces set in a thoughtful frown. “Dama-no, Griselda... Perhaps after this, we should talk?” Jack, it had to be Jack, his eyes were a deep blue that matched the ink on the photo and the eyes of the boy from one side, said to her.

“Please.” Joey, lighter blue like the sky, added.

A horrible feeling settled in her stomach, the feeling of guilt veiled with confusion.

Nonetheless she gave them a smile, “After this, we should focus on the children first.” Their faces shifted at the word ‘children’ and Griselda had to wonder why.

Afterwards.

Focus on this afterwards.

Try and figure everything else afterwards.

---

Sitting down, he hummed idly, lightly dusting off whatever lint or dust that was on his formal suit before reaching out to press a small hidden button in his desk. He watched patiently with a benign smile as a certain little perch covered by a secure glass case rose from the hidden compartment.

He gingerly worked a glove off of one of his hands, pressing a finger against the metallic little slot on the glass case which opened seconds

afterwards. He slips his glove back on and reaches into the case, taking out the important little bauble from its confines.

Clasping it with both hands, he leans back and closes his eyes.

---

*Over the horizon, shifting eyes kept a steady stare at the multi-colored dome that laid off far in the distance.*

*Its colors shifted from one shade to another, at the edges of the dome, certain symbols shifted with it though most of the symbols were obscured by the amount of creatures hounding the dome, scratching, slamming, pounding- anything that could possibly damage the magical protection that stood between them and the other side.*

*Her eyes narrowed and she scowled, gripping her double-ended trident tightly, an impatient look on her face. She almost took a step forward.*

*Almost.*

*She couldn't breach that dome just yet even if she wanted to. It just 'wasn't time'. She scoffed but turned on her heels.*

*"Impatient aren't we?"*

*She tensed and gave the offending speaker a glare. It caused nothing but amused laughter though, her scowl darkened and she huffed. "What th'fuck do you want motherglubber?" She demanded, resisting the urge to use her trident to stab the arrogant motherfucker before her. She couldn't, not if she wanted her situation to get worse. She preferred this shithead than their shared fucking 'boss'.*

*"Nothing much. I was merely checking upon you." Was her reply, she rolled her eyes. "And I wanted to inform you on information from the other side." That caught her full attention.*

*"Yeah? Water of it hmm? Can I fin-ally go or am I stuck baitin' some more? The urge to krill those otha' sucka's is growin' y'know. 'Spesh that weaker*

*faker version of me.” She was still offended on behalf of both of them that the pathetic woman had cut her luxurious hair just after their first and only meeting.*

*Of course the human’s hair couldn’t even compare to hers but still, that had been a clear sign of weakness. How dare she show weakness? She’d been expecting better from her human self.*

*Her expectations were unfortunately let down.*

*“Patience Meenah.” The Condesce twitched at her young juvenile name, her glare went from annoyed to straight on malice. “Your time is coming, and unfortunately now is not that time. I’ve come to inform you that the pieces are now all finally starting to gather together, each and every one of them are almost ready for the first act.”*

*The Condesce smirked, “Good. Beaches gon’ get everyfin’ I’mma fish out to them.” She chuckled lowly, looking back towards the dome that protected not only the current entrance to the new universe, but the rest of those brat players. “Whale, what else ya got fer me ya damned ball-fuckin’ puppet?”*

*Scratch doesn’t have a mouth or face, not on this side anyway. But if he had, from his voice alone, Her Imperious Condescension just knew that the bastard would be smiling.*

*“Well...”*

---

*“Almost everyone’s together now.” Rose murmured, watching through the window with a bemused look on her face. By her side, both Terezi and Kankri stood. The three Seers united to watch the ongoings of the universe they didn’t have access to.*

*The three seers watched in momentary silence as the adults poured into the principal’s office, leaving the children back in the room. Rose waved a hand and the view split between the room of adults and the room of children.*

*The principal looked rather intimidated at the amount of adults that were in his office right now. “Ahem,” He started, recomposing himself and facing the crowd of adults that stood before him, “Now, I’ve called you all here today because your children were involved with-”*

*“Finally!” Terezi groaned, “It’s about time we all got together like that!”*

*Kankri sighed, “Indeed, it would benefit us all if we were all together- however unfortunately the room there is rather crowded as it is. And I’d say we could have met through better circumstances. How bothersome that the official gathering for us there would be through Karkat’s rather troubling circumstances?”*

*“Are you kidding?! That’s the perfect way to meet!” Terezi cackled, remembering the hilarious moments of Karkat dodging the bullies. It ended rather sourly but it was still very entertaining! “Didn’t you see how everyone reacted to Karkles being cornered like that? Just wow!”*

*Rose let out a small chuckle, “I will admit, it was rather amusing.” She admitted, smiling softly. Though the smile dropped as she glanced back at the window. “But right now all I’m feeling is frustration... Just what is going on over there?!” Usually she wasn’t this frustrated, however from recent viewings and other incidents it just started to be more and more common.*

*Her only comfort to it was Kanaya... And the fact that she wasn’t the only one perturbed over the mystery of everything.*

*Terezi wasn’t helping though, with her noncommittal shrug. “Who knows lavender eyes, who knows.”*

*“ Someone does.” Kankri countered dryly as he stared into the window. His eyes flash an unnatural red, “This however I know is an unforeseen turn of events. The two faded threads I’ve seen from Griselda do indeed, connect with both Joe Crocker and Jack Egbert.” The strings danced in his vision, he traced each and every one for a moment before closing his eyes.*



*“Which means that Elder Raspberry has connections to the Elder John and Boy Jane!” Terezi declared, looking fascinated and then licking the window. She recoiled and visibly gagged, “Yep! That’s definitely the taste of drama and tension between them!”*

*Rose pinched the bridge of her nose, “But why?” She stressed, trying to figure out how and why and generally everything that was happening between the Crockerbert patriarchs and the Megido matriarch. It was surprising enough to find out that Griselda had a faded but well preserved picture of the three of them together.*

*She had no idea what was going on in the new universe, and though she loved the challenge of finding everything out, the fact she didn’t have all the facts and couldn’t get them was starting to tick her off.*

*“We won’t be able to find out for now.” Kankri sighed out which made Rose sigh similarly.*

*All three of them glanced back to see Karkat being pulled into the room along with one of the older teenage bullies, the one whose arm he accidentally sprained it seems. Karkat looked very uncomfortable and they could only guess why and feel sympathy for it. They, Rose included, have never been surrounded with so many adults, human or otherwise. And in such a cramped room too.*

*“ First off we come to the present matter of Zachary and Karkat’s injuries.” The principal said from his chair, looking at the group within his office.*

*A woman, the mother of the boy with the sprained arm, opened her mouth to start first. “ Obviously-” It went on a bit, just the three of them watching the ongoings of the meeting, commenting along until a loud voice caught their attention.*

*“ROSE!” All three seers paused from their viewings to glance at whoever was calling the Seer of Light.*

*It was a fellow Light Player, the Thief of Light specifically. Vriska. Rose’s face twitched into a smirk, watching the incoming cerulean troll land in*

front of her and her fellow seers. “Vriska.” She replied calmly, her smirk growing slightly at the scowl on Vriska’s face. It was always gratifying to see that.

“Lalonde get your ass over to that stupid spot, it’s your turn.” Vriska told her before turning to Terezi, “Heeeeeeeey Tez, we can finally hang out now, Latula can handle going on for a while longer.” She grinned happily, it grew when Terezi mirrored her grin.

“-n’t you dare call Karkat that!!” A loud voice interrupted them, the four players glanced over to the window to see Leonor snarling in front of the mother of the injured boy. She recoiled, frightened by Leonor’s aggression.

“Leo-Leonor, please , she has no right to call Karkat that but please calm yourself!” Kelvin exclaimed, he and Dexter kept a firm hand on her just in case she tried anything. He looked disgruntled and displeased but at least he was holding his emotions better than Leonor and a few others.

“Now I’ve only heard about Karkat from my grandson but I am very sure that Karkat is not how you’re describing her madam .” Jacob snapped, also looking displeased and disapproving. “Anyone who my grandson is willing to defend is someone I take considerate and careful thought about.” Karkat looked absolutely gobsmacked, it was quite hilarious with his tiny stature surrounded by others that towered over him.

“Geeeeeeeeez what the fuck happened there? What’d I miss?” Vriska questioned, glancing between the arguing human adults that were on one side of the window screen, the other side just showed the younger humans just murmuring uneasily from the muffled noise coming from the office.

“I’ll let Terezi fill you in, but the gist of it is that school is as complicated as I seem to remember, though it is more or less of a hassle depending on how you see it.” Rose replied before lifting off from the ground towards where Aranea and the others would be.

She had to switch with Aranea after all. They couldn’t risk the dome being very weak at the moment, they had decided to give John and the others a bit

*of reprieve. Especially after what happened, that had been their partial fault but ultimately it was **their** fault for sending off those underlings.*

*The laughter that came when the barrier was temporarily down and the 12th type prototyped underlings spilled in was just as grating and haunting as ever.*

*At the very least, they managed to clear off the rest of the underlings before they entered the universe and had the barrier up again before any more could escape.*

---

He chuckled, certainly sounding a smidge smug as he rolled the white ball back into the glass case and onto the small plush green pillow that served as its comfortable pedestal.

“How marvelous, everything is going oh so smoothly.”

He closes the case, hearing the lock click into place and he stands from his desk as the case sinks back into the hidden compartment, out of sight and safe.

He strolled up to the glass window, with half-lidded eyes and a curling smile he stared out of it and into the fine, beautiful skies.

What a beautiful day it was...

It would be more beautiful with a few *other* things in the sky aside from clouds, however that would have to wait a few days or so.

*Patience...*

---

“Okay to list it off, Karkat, Sollux, Eridan, Vriska, Me, Terezi, Ross, Jane, Jade, Dirk, and Dave have suspension for about a week or so while the rest of you guys have detention for the same time.” Aradia said as they all gathered outside the school. They were all grouped together for a moment,

all twenty four kids mingling together while their parents chatted and discussed a few things at the side.

The meeting had lasted for a couple of hours, and there more than a few moments of shouting but hey, they were going home early today.

“Yep.” Yvette confirmed, arms behind her head as she idly kicked the ground. “Really it sucks, Viv, Harry and I just arrived there- we didn’t even *do* anything.” She complained with a pout. She perked when Jade patted her shoulder.

“At least you only have detention! I can’t believe we got suspended on the first day of school!” She exclaimed, crossing her arms, pouting as well. She quickly dropped it and shrugged instead, “Oh well! At least it was for a good cause!”

“Speaking of said cause,” Rose started, turning towards Karkat. “It’s rather nice to finally meet you face to face Karkat Vantas. I somewhat wish we met under better circumstances.” She said, extending a hand towards Karkat.

Aradia watched Karkat’s face twist a bit, “Yeah. Sorry about all that bullshit.” He replied, accepting the hand. Though he let out a startled yelp when Jade suddenly cut between him and Rose.

“So *you’re* my lil brother’s boyfriend huh?” She questioned slyly, simultaneously Karkat and Jake spluttered while most of the others laughed. Aradia herself laughed, though it was short as she spotted Sollux’s sour look aimed at Jake.

She shook her head, she was about to sidle over to him before she caught sight of her mother breaking away from the group. Trailing after her were Jane and John’s fathers.

She wasn’t the only one to notice.

“I wonder when your dads met Aradia’s mom.” Feferi wondered aloud, glancing over to Jane and John who were by her. Both of them shrugged,

but John seemed thoughtful and a bit pensive.

“What uh, what do you think they’re talking about?” Tavros questioned, leaning against Gamzee who happily supported him.

Vriska grinned widely, “Why don’t we find out?”

Vivian brightened and mirrored her smile eerily, “Yeah, why don’t we?”

“Vriska/Vivian *no* .” Was chorused by several individuals of their group.

Aradia was a bit disappointed, she actually kind of wanted Vriska to go and find out. She would’ve gone but it was just better to let Vriska go find out, that way if she was found out, it was Vriska who was in trouble.

Still, the youngest Megido wondered exactly what was going on between her mom and the Crockerbert brother patriarchs.

Oh well, she’d probably learn in the end.

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## Chapter End Notes

and we are done with this arc and moving on to the next!

42 chapters in and finally everyone is meeting each other and you even got to see a glimpse on the other side of the rifts!

did you think it'd take this long? neither did i! but then again i never expected this one story of mind to snowball into 43 chapters and get this complicated.

i would like everyone to know that at the start i was entirely winging this and i am STILL winging this.

like sure i have some plotlines planned in but, i'm not so sure i'm putting it all effectively and coherently.

at any rate, i hope you enjoy and see you next time!

Works inspired by this one: [The Forgotten's Tale](#) by [SaltwaterEldritch](#), [Our messy lives.](#) by [PepNpaps](#), [Splitting coins](#) by [niacdoial](#), [How To Live A Normal Life As A Space Rock](#) by [damndan](#), [The Alternate Game](#) by [Ghastjio](#), [Not so secret identities](#) by [cyberneticNeon](#), [The Domino Effect.](#) by [InflatableLoungerWaterproofAntiAirLeaki](#), [Mystery Noodles](#) by [Calico Chatty](#), [To live a normal life? How unusual!](#) by [Calico Chatty](#), [To Live a Normal Life? How annoying!](#) by [ScatteredStarlight413](#), [Seerofscratch](#)

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